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TURNING POINTS IN LIFE.

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TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE.

BY THE

REV. FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A.,

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

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TO

HENRY WILMOTT, Esq.,

OF HATHERLEY LAWN, CHELTENHAM.

My dear Wilmott,—I ask your acceptance of this little work in the recollection of many pleasant hours spent at Hatherley Lawn, and of the kindness, sympathy, friendship, and hospitality accorded to me there. You will, I am sure, overlook its many imperfections in its attempt to promote those supreme objects which are dear to the hearts of all Christian people.

Yours ever,

FREDERICK ARNOLD.

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TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Thoughts.

ANY one who has arrived at that era of his own history in which Memory more than Hope governs the horizon of human life—who analyzes the motives and muses on the events of his own life-story, and who learns to watch with intense human interest that drama of life which day by day is unfolding in all the relationships that surround him—will, I think, understand the title of this work, and the line of thought indicated by the phrase. There are, unquestionably, "turning-points" both in the history of the race and in the history of the individual. Such are the great battles, the great revolutions, the great discoveries of history. Each art, each science, has its "turning-points"—its moments. Such are evermore to be found in the lives of individuals. These turning-points are not mere accidents. They have generally a moral significance, and are fraught with special lessons.

In what men regard as mere chance-work there is often order and design. What we call a "turning-point" is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to a result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them. For instance, Erskine made himself famous when the chance came to him of making a great forensic display, but unless he had trained himself for the chance, the chance would only have made him

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ridiculous. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.

Next, the realm of the fortuitous is also the domain of Providence. The subject is difficult enough, but some principles seem perfectly clear: that the universe is not bereft of the fatherhood of God; that as the child is trained and directed aright by its father, so, with the education of the individual, the education of the world is progressively carried on. The world is given to man that he may conquer and subdue it; the world is the appointed theatre for the exercise of his intelligence and his energies. We may expect that the providence of God will interpose at critical conjunctures to favor the ends which he designed. That general training which is afforded to the faculties with which we are endowed seems subordinated through the events of life to a law within the law, to a life beyond the life.

Every life as it unrolls has its turning-points—its critical moments. Among these turning-points there is often one that constitutes the crisis of being. School, college, business, friendship, love, accidents, deaths, may all prove such to us. None the less are our schemes, our chances, or our mistakes and disappointments. There comes also a great spiritual crisis to which ordinary life is related, either as the preparation or the result. In looking at the governing facts of individual human history there are certain distinctions which require to be carefully drawn. We may see that in the moral world there are laws as certain as the laws of the material world. We see that courage, energy, enterprise, good faith, kindness, are truly fertile with results and with rewards. These indicate the ordinary modes by which our turning-points in life are affected. Beyond this there is the vague, vast chapter of incident, that seems capricious, but is probably an ordered plan. Taking a larger field of vision, we see that this present life can not be

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understood without reference to supernatural facts and another life. Those who have achieved the most for our race, or have struggled to attain the loftiest ideal of character for themselves, have often fallen in the conflict. Their story is taken up and finished in the life beyond. The banner of humanity, soiled and torn here, will be planted in triumph on a happier shore.

Let me endeavor, at greater length, to work out this line of discussion.

A man must have some self-knowledge, some self-insight, before he can dispassionately review his own history. A man can not see his blunders while he is playing his game; but when the game is very nearly over he can see little else except his blunders. And yet he may have played a very fair game after all. And it is a truth in military science that no battle is fought without blunders, and the goodness of generalship practically consists in the comparative fewness of blunders. It is very touching to see such renowned statesmen as Earl Russell and the late Sir James Graham—men who zealously contended during their political career for the absolute indefeasibility of their conduct—as the shadows darken, confess candidly the number and greatness of their blunders. And if calm, meditative introspection is rare, it is something still more difficult to understand others, to do justice to them, to "put yourself in his place," to forget rivalries and feuds in sympathy and appreciation. Really to do so is a mixed moral and intellectual achievement of a somewhat high order. There are certain stages of growth before a man can do this. First of all, man has the sense of novelty, the desire, ever unsatisfied, to see, or hear, or do something fresh. Then intelligent admiration succeeds the mere sense of wonder. Men desire to have a knowledge of the laws that pervade the world of matter and the world of mind around them.

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Then comes, higher still, I think, in the scale, the faculty that interests man in the human interests that surround him. On the intellectual side this faculty enables him to grasp by mental acts the shifting panorama of history and the poetry and passion of life, and on the moral side it gives him sympathy and gumption, and the desire to act justly, charitably, and purely—with the practical wish to do all the good he can in all the ways he can to all the people he can.

Besides this conscious feeling of having blundered, and the wholesome humility such a feeling should inspire, there will ensue on any such retrospect the feeling that there have been great "turning-points in life." Some of these blunders will certainly be connected with some of these turning-points, and some of these turning-points will connect themselves with the very reverse of blunders, that is, with what has been best and worthiest in our imperfect lives. But many of them will be odd, strange, inexplicable. After eliminating all that can be explained as the legitimate results of certain practical lines of conduct, it is still remarkable how large a realm in human life is occupied by what is simply and absolutely fortuitous. And this presence of chance can not really be a matter of chance. So far from that, it is, I believe, part of the constitution of things under which we live. Just as we live in an order of nature, where the seasons succeed each other, not in mere arithmetical order, but in all sweet variety, so events do not succeed each other according to a clearly defined system of causation, but with a liability to the constant recurrence of what is accidental and fortuitous. Probably all the phenomena of human life, as of nature, are referable to law; but still it would be wearisome work to us, constituted as we are, to watch all the unvaried sequences of order. Instead of that we only dimly see the vague skirts, the vast shadowy forms of such laws, and most things below the skies remain as uncer-

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tain, uncertified, transitory as the skies themselves. And this weird, fortuitous realm is doubtless ordered for the best, and is no mystery to the great Lawgiver, although his laws are inexplicable to us, and are to us as confused as the rush and roar of complicated machinery when first from the sweet South we enter the grim establishments of those masterful Northern manufacturers.

As I have been speaking of the fortuitous, let us mark off clearly a set of cases peculiarly likely to be confounded with it. A man finds a watch upon the ground. This was Paley's famous illustration, which has a regular pedigree in the history of literature. To employ this used-up teleological watch once more, it is by no means a fortuitous event, whether the man seeks to restore the watch to its owner or forthwith appropriates the same. To one man the watch will be an overmastering temptation, and he will pocket it; to another the watch will be destitute of the least power of exciting temptation, and he would immediately deposit it with the town crier. The result, in either case, is simply the result of a man's disposition, character, and antecedent history. The same sort of thing happens under much more difficult and complicated circumstances. A man makes a certain decision, and in after-life he is spoken of as having made such a very wise or unwise decision; or it is said that in a certain emergency he acted with such vigor, or promptness, or justness, or the reverse. Now what I wish to deny altogether is the apparently fortuitous character of such transactions. The whole previous life, so to speak, had been a preparation for that particular minute of momentous action. It was a sum, duly cast up, giving the result in particular figures. The practical force of these considerations is evident. A man is dismissed his ship for drunkenness. It seems a sharp penalty. Yes, but the intoxication was not a fortuitous event. There must have

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been a *crescendo* series of ungentlemanly acts culminating in this punishable misdemeanor. A woman runs away with her groom; but what a progressive debasement of heart and mind there must have been before all culture and gentle associations are forgotten! A man is convicted of a criminal offense at the bar of some tribunal. There are a crowd of witnesses to character. He has not a witness who would have thought him capable of such an act. Yet his mind had been familiarized with such acts, and probably his practice with acts only just evading the character of transgression against positive law. It often happens, also, that extenuating circumstances are, in truth, aggravating circumstances. And this may suggest a consideration on the character of scruples. Bishop Temple has a sermon on the subject, and when I read it—and also when I heard it preached by one of his admirers as his own—I thought the treatment very unsatisfactory. Scruples are often tedious, tiresome things, mere matters of anise and cummin. And yet, though their absolute importance may be little, to some minds their relative importance is very great. Scruples are often the advanced outposts of conscience. Sometimes they are outposts which command the citadel. When the outposts fall, one by one, there is often no use at all in defending the city. The lines are drawn round it, and it must fall. Which things are an allegory. As consequences have their antecedents, so apparently fortuitous acts have their anterior order.

When, therefore, I speak of turning-points in life, I mean, first, those events which undoubtedly have a fortuitous character, though this is perhaps more apparent that real; and next, those events which, though they may seem fortuitous, are distinctly nothing of the sort; and thirdly, thoses stages and crises in individual history when a man, *nolens volens*, is obliged to take his line, and when not to take a line is the

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most distinct line of all, *i.e.*, whether a man will get married, or take to a profession, or practically decides that he will not marry and will not take to a profession. In human history, from time to time, these turning-points emerge. Men tell us so, and we see it. We all know how Shakespeare says that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. That turning of the tide is frequently dramatic or even tragic enough. So we have heard of persons cut off by the tide and left stranded on some rock out at sea. The hungry, crawling foam reaches the feet, the knees, the loins, the breast, the lips. There is the death-agony of apprehension. Then suddenly the water recedes. It is the turn of the tide. The romance is told of such unlooked-for safety, but those erect no tablets who perish. We sometimes see something analogous to this in life. Once nothing succeeded, but now every thing turns to gold. Once they drew all blanks, now the prizes are all before them. As the Yankee parson said, "So mote it be."

Sometimes circumstances purely fortuitous have colored and influenced a whole lifetime. I have met with two instances of this in my recent reading. The other day I was within a magnificent library—a library that belonged to one of the greatest scholars that England has ever known. I took down a tall thick folio, bound in vellum—such books with such coverings its owner loved—and opened the volume of Justin Martyr which contained the dialogue with Trypho. I read that remarkable passage in which Justin recounts to his chance companions the truest and strangest of all passages of his history. One day he had been musing on the sea-shore, when he was accosted by an aged and benevolent stranger, who ventured to ask him the nature of his meditations. Justin explained to him how he was musing on the philosophers; but his new-found companion asked him wheth-

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er he knew aught about the prophets. Then ensued the conversation which determined the tenor and complexion of all Justin's future life. Perhaps some of us may have had such rare seasons of converse with gifted minds, which have been as an *open sesame* to open up whole realms of thought and truth which otherwise might have eluded our sphere of observation. I noticed the other instance in Mrs. Gordon's interesting little book respecting her illustrious father, Sir David Brewster. On the very threshold of his great scientific researches his sight began to fail him. He had every reason to fear that his eyes must go; and in his case most earthly good would have failed with his failing vision. Then some one told him that, for such cases, the great surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie, recommended a particular prescription. It was a very simple one, common snuff being the chief ingredient. He took it, and was completely cured. Years after Sir David met Sir Benjamin; but Sir Benjamin was surprised at the matter, and said the prescription was none of his.

Now let us take some illustrations from life; and truly that was a true saying, that though arguments are pillars, yet illustrations are the windows that let in the light.

There is no doubt but the moment in which, at a family conclave, there is a choice of school or college is a very important turning-point of life. It is remarkable on how slight a hinge the choice turns—what a slight impulse settles the question. Unfortunately the matter is often settled the wrong way. There are some boys for whom the public school is the very thing. It is especially the thing for those boys who are adapted by nature for our English public life. It develops the mind; it forms the manners; it carries the boy successfully on in his work; it surrounds him with friends who often form a phalanx around him on whose shoulders

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he is carried onward to prosperity and eminence. But, on the other hand, there are boys who are peculiarly fitted for home education, or the gentlest training abroad. They have delicate flowers of character and feeling which would blossom in the shade, but are withered in the glare of sunshine. Cowper's misery at Westminster has been often reproduced in his sensitiveness, if not in his genius. I have a hearty love of Eton and Etonians. But take some obtuse youth of eighteen, who has never received the individual separate attention which he has required—who has been slowly shuffled through class after class without attaining to its level of attainment—on whom the distinctive advantages of the place have been almost altogether thrown away, and he has gained, I grant you, good manners — that is the never-failing acquisition which Eton always gives her sons—but otherwise the early years of his life have been almost irretrievably wasted. He is just the sort of man on whom careful, patient training would have wrought every thing that could be wrought on a poor limited nature; but now if he can get into the army or smuggled into a family living, it is the only use to which he is susceptible of being put.

Similarly as to college. A man goes to a certain college because his father was there before him, or because his uncle had a fellowship there, or because some paltry scholarship is attached to his native county. But a knowing Cambridge tutor would say, "That is just the man for Trinity," or a knowing Oxford tutor, "That is just the man for Christ Church, or just the man for Baliol." Why should you send a hard-reading man to Exeter, or an indolent, dressy man to Baliol? Why should a gentleman be sent to the drinking, smoking set of a "fast," which means a slow college? and why should not some wavering natures be developed into something better by the best collegiate influences? All over the world the square

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peg goes into the round hole, and *vice versâ*. There is something very odd about men at small colleges, but as the Trinity man said, according to Mr. Leslie Stephen, "They, too, are God's creatures." A man will go to his little college—where you might live in a university town for a dozen years without knowing it—and like it, and stand up for it, and consider it the epitome of the world, as some Oxonians stand up for Christ Church or Baliol, and Cantabs for Trinity and St. John's.

Let us now look at some instances of "turning-points" in our social life around us. In professional life we often find anecdotes of success that are very good, and, what can not always be said of good stories, very well guaranteed. There was a London curate sitting one day in his vestry, very much after the manner of his order. These London curates are sometimes a sort of relieving officers. They often sit an hour a day in the vestry, distributing dispensary tickets or orders for soup and flannel, or writing down the names of poor people who may be in some dire distress, and on whom they intend to call. If you want to have a five minutes' chat with this sort of parson, you know when and where to find him. There came a tap at a certain vestry door, and the curate shouted his "come in," with full belief that there was another Irish pauper. A gentleman came in, who asked after the aristocratic and well-known rector. The curate explained that his rector was out of town, but that he himself would be very pleased to do any thing he could for him. The gentleman hummed and hesitated, but at last explained his business. It so happened that he was the patron of a valuable living which had just fallen in, and knowing nothing about clergymen, he had called to ask the rector whether he knew any one on whom the presentation would be fittingly bestowed. The curate was no fool. A turning-point had come. He saw he

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had a chance, and he took it. He said there was an individual, whom modesty prevented him from naming, who was admirably qualified for a good living. The ingenuous shamefacedness was overcome, and the curate gave ample evidence that he had worked long and arduously. He dropped into a very good living, rather to the disgust of the rector, who would have liked better to have given it to some of his own belongings. I remember another lucky hit. It was that of a clergyman meeting with a lord chancellor. The chancellor was not Lord Hatherley, but it was a predecessor of his in no very remote degree. The parson—he was a tutor at one of the Oxford colleges—was a very early riser, and so was the lord chancellor. It so happened that they were visiting together at the same country-house. They met one fresh early morning in the library when all the rest of the world was drowned in sleep. This similarity led to a long conversation, in which other similarities of taste and feeling were developed. The result was that the lord chancellor gave him a capital living. There is a great difference among lord chancellors. Such a chancellor as Lord Westbury did not care for his small Church patronage, and brought in a bill which enabled him to get rid of it. Other chancellors, however, are truly "grasping" about it, if one may use that unpleasant term. The fact is, chancellors ought not to be allowed to hold ecclesiastical patronage. Livings are not the proper prizes to be given away in recollection of electioneering contests or sharp legal businesses.

The readers of those somewhat mendacious volumes, Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," will recollect the sudden, unexpected turns by which great lawyers have trod to fame and fortune. I often think of a great advocate rising up to take advantage of his first chance, and feeling as if his wife and children were tugging at his robe and exhorting him to do his best. Then nearly every doctor in good practice

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has his story of days when he had no practice at all, and of the lucky incidents which brought him into the notice which he deserved. Much may be said of various other pursuits in life. I once knew a man who got into Parliament through the simple accident of meeting a man on the steps of the Carlton Club. This man said that he was going to try for a borough on the great Buff interest, and he wanted another man, a Buff, like himself, but a better talker, to try along with him, and he would stand all the expenses. The two Buffs were duly returned. If you believe Dr. Johnson's definition of genius—I don't—that it is great natural ability accidentally turned into a particular direction, then every career of great intellectual eminence has been accidentally determined by the stress of some turning-point in life. A lucky incident determined the career of that great prelate and acute thinker, Bishop Herbert Marsh. If you don't know much about Bishop Marsh, just turn to that volume of the British Museum library where his works are enrolled; or, better still, in that learned mass of annotation with which Mr. Mayor has supplemented the publication of the Baker MS. on St. John's College. Herbert Marsh wrote German with the force and facility of a native. He published in that language, in 1800, "The History of the Politics of Great Britain and France . . . containing a Narrative of the Attempt made by the British Government to restore Peace." This history was based on authentic documents, which showed that the French, and not the British, were the authors of the war. Its publication did our country a signal service at the time. You will still find many ignorant writers who insist that Pitt's glorious continental wars were quite a mistake, and altogether unnecessary. I would only advise them to go to their books and study the materials of authentic history. Pitt sent for Marsh, and gave him some five hundred a year until he should give him a bishopric. Another illus-

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trious Englishman owed his fortune to that evil genius of Europe, Napoleon. When that monster of selfishness and cruelty was caged in the *Bellerophon*, and the vessel lay in Plymouth Sound, at the latter end of that memorable July—oh, what a midsummer was that for our England!—a young painter took boat day by day, and hovered about the vessel for every glimpse of the captive. Every evening, about six, Napoleon used to appear on the gangway and make his bow to the thousands who came out to see him. There is some reason to believe that Napoleon divined and approved of the artist's intention. So Charles Eastlake made a good portrait, and from it constructed a large painting of the emperor, for which the gentlemen of Plymouth gave him a thousand pounds, and sent him to Rome, and made the fortune of the future President of the Royal Academy.

Marriage is unquestionably as decided a turning-point in human destiny as can be. It is, however, a turning-point which, least of all, should be left to mere blind chance. Yet mere blind chance often rules the result. Every body now recollects how Lord Byron staked on a toss-up whether he should make his offer to Miss Milbanke or not. Mr. Grant asserts that there is an English duke now living, who wrote the following letter, when marquis, to a friend with whom he had agreed to inspect some carriages in Long Acre: "'It will not be necessary to meet me to-morrow, to go to Long Acre to look for a carriage. From a remark made by the duke [his father] to-day, I fancy I am going to be married.' Not only had the marquis left his father to choose a bride for him and to make the other necessary matrimonial arrangements, but when the intimation was made to him by the duke that the future marchioness had been fixed on, he seemed to view the whole affair as if it had been one which did not concern him in the least." I should hope that sensible men do

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not often leave the choice of a wife to be determined in this indeterminate way. Nor yet, I hope, for the matter of that, the choice of a profession—more especially if that profession is the Church. I see that a set of gentlemen are now trying, vehemently, to release themselves from the shackles of their ordination vows, and to a certain extent have done so. They say, in effect, that they were young; that they were inexperienced; that they have seen what they have liked better; that they ought to have the liberty of another choice. I offer no opinion on this reasoning. But it is worth while to point out that every one of these considerations would equally apply to a claim to be released from marriage. Milton set forth the whole claim in his "Tetrachordon." Yet this is a length to which any legislature would decline to go.

Every now and then, in history, or in the history of literature and science, we find some striking historical instance of turning-points in life. On such ground we see how a scandal about a bracelet, or the prohibition of a banquet, wrought a revolution and precipitated a dynasty. Look at literary or scientific biography. Think of Crabbe timorously calling on Edmund Burke, and inducing him to look at his poetry. I have no doubt but Burke was very busy. But with lightning glance he looked over the lines, and satisfied himself that real genius was there. When Crabbe left the statesman he was a made man. Burke, ever generous and enlightened, had made up his mind to take care of him. Or look at Faraday. He was only a poor bookseller's poor boy, working hard and honestly, but disliking his employment and inspired with a pure thirst for knowledge. He had managed, somehow or other, to hear the great chemist, Humphrey Davy, at the Royal Institution; and, with trembling solicitude, he sends him a fair copy of the notes which he had made of his lectures. The result is that Michael Faraday receives an appointment at the

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Royal Institution, and lays the foundation of his splendid and beneficent career. Looking back to the past, that was a great moment in the life of Columbus, when, resting on a sultry day beneath the fierce Spanish sun, he asked for a drink of cold water at a convent-door. The prior entered into a conversation with him, and—struck by his appearance, and afterward by the magnificent simplicity of his ideas—gave him the introductions he so sorely needed; and thus Columbus gave to Castile and Aragon a new world.

And greater than any merely national event of outward honor or importance, a more wondrous turning-point in life is that when some great thought, some great discovery, has first loomed distinctly before the mind. One of Mr. Hugh Macmillan's admirable works reminds us of such a "moment." Seventeen years ago, late one afternoon, a hunter, led by the chase, came to a secluded spot in a forest on a slope, four thousand feet high, of the range of the Sierra Nevada. There, to his astonishment, he beheld vast dark-red trunks of trees rising for three or four hundred feet in the air, dwarfing all the surrounding forest, whose tops were still aglow in the sunset when darkness had fallen on all meaner growths. Thus was discovered the *Wellingtonea gigantea* of California, the most splendid addition of this generation to natural history.* You may walk, you may even ride on horseback through the trunk of a fallen tree. Those alive are between two and three thousand years old, and those prostrate may have lain for thousands of years and have been thousands of years old when they fell. The huntsman who first beheld them hastened away, as one enchanted, to tell the marvelous story, and was not believed until repeated visits and measurements

* The Americans don't like their great tree being called the Wellingtonea, and so they call it the Washingtonea; arborists now give it the purely scientific appellation of *Sequoia gigantea.*

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had been made. There is an eminent American writer who considers that there are two moments which stand pre-eminent in the intellectual history of our race. One of them was when Galileo for the first time looked through the first telescope, and the phases of Venus and the moons of Jupiter whispered to him the idea of myriad space peopled with myriads of worlds like our own. A second such "moment" was when a large quantity of fossil bones and shells was placed before the aged Buffon for inspection. To his amazement, he found that these remains corresponded with no known remains of living creatures of the earth. In a moment there came before the old man's mind the vast idea of infinite time, peopled with other creations than our own. "Filled with awe, the old man, then over eighty years of age, published his discovery. In a kind of sacred frenzy, he spoke of the magnificence of the prospect, and prophesied of the future glories of the new science, which he was, alas! too old to pursue." Only the other day we had a splendid scientific generalization, which Mr. Charles Kingsley thinks will work a new era in bio-geology. Dr. Carpenter, in his "Report of the Dredging Operations of the *Lightning*," says that "The globeigerina mud is not merely *a* chalk formation, but a continuation of *the* chalk formation; so that we may be said *to be still living in the age of chalk.*" Yes, layer by layer, the live atomies are laying the floorings of a new continent, which we shall not see. It is a sublime thought. Perhaps still more interesting are his discoveries of abundance of active life far down in depths where all the philosophers had considered that life was impossible, thus checking the seemingly most final and authoritative decisions of science. Well, the philosopher may take a lesson, may take to heart the first and humblest lesson of science, to look on all opinions as in solution, all hypotheses as tentative; and if some of our scientific luminaries be-

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come a little more modest and a little less dogmatic, it will be a wonderful era in their own lives and a special blessing to the meetings of the British Association.

Then accidents are turning-points, which may bring you to a sudden pause—to a dead wall. There are many accidents, fatal accidents, which, humanly speaking, might be avoided by taking things quietly. For instance, I almost wish we had a statistical account of the number of people *who have dropped down dead through running to catch the train.* I saw in a provincial paper the other day a very queer account of a man attending his own inquest. A coroner's jury had been summoned to hold an inquiry respecting the end of some deceased person. One of the jurymen so summoned was rather late. He and his fellow-jurors were to meet at a public-house. From the door of the hostel they watched him hastening very fast, and presently running. Suddenly he dropped. They hastened to him, but found that life was altogether extinct. The coroner, a shrewd, busy man, suggested that as they were all there it would be as well if they empaneled another juryman, and held both inquests at the same sitting. This was done; and within an hour or two of the poor fellow's proceeding to attend the inquest, an inquest was held upon himself.

Then as to the morality of our theme. It was an old Greek sophist, Prodicus by name, one of a body whom we think, despite Mr. Grote, to be justly enough abused, who gave us—Xenophon tells the story—that beautiful fable of the Choice of Hercules, which has been repeated in many forms and in many languages. It has been beautifully reproduced by Mr. Tennyson, when lone Œnone tells "many-fountained" Ida of the choice of Paris, when he turned away from Athené with her wisdom to Aphrodité with her love. Pythagoras took the letter Y as the symbol of human life:

"Et tibi, quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos."—PERSIUS.

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The stem of the letter denoted that part of human life during which character is still unformed; the right-hand branch, the finer of the two, represents the path of virtue, the other that of vice. As one of the commentators says, "The fancy took mightily with the ancients." There is a clearly defined turning-point in life for you! Of such turning-points as I have here lightly touched upon, I shall in my other pages endeavor to give some sort of *rationale*. My thesis is that most of them are to be eliminated from the catalogue of the contingent and the accidental, as being the legitimate effect and product of character; and, next, admitting the existence of what is fortuitous, I argue that the presence of chance is not a matter of chance, but designed by the great Artist who builds up individual life, and weaves it into the common warp and woof of all human life around us.

Once more, to quote some words of the late Dean Alford's, *novissima verba* as they proved: "There are moments that are worth more than years. We can not help it: there is no proportion between spaces of time in importance nor in value. A sick man may have the unwearied attendance of his physician for weeks, and then may perish in a minute because he is not by. A stray un-thought-of five minutes may contain the event of a life. And this all-important moment, this moment disproportionate to all other moments, who can tell when it will be upon us? What a lesson to have our resources for meeting it available and at hand!"

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CHAPTER II.

Some Considerations on Habits.

WHEN we speak of turning-points in life, probably the first notion suggested is that of something merely fortuitous and accidental—some sort of sparkling incident which is the pivot of a romance. There are such incidents certainly; one should neither deny their existence nor exaggerate their importance. But of such incidents habit makes the most essential part. Given the most favorable set of circumstances, they are really nothing unless there is a disposition established, a training accomplished, which will enable you to turn them to account.

Youth, that loves adventure, always looks forward with eager interest to opening the great campaign of life in London. There is a sense in which the streets are paved with gold or even with costlier things. As the laureate says:

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field;
And at night along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

In London, indeed, more than any where else, habit is the ground-work on which all the chequered incidents of life are displayed.

For example, take the stock incident of the feeble novelist. A young lady's horse runs away with her. It is in danger of

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leaping a cliff or of rushing down the line while the express rushes after it. Such an incident would be obviously thrown away upon a hero who was not used to horses, and who had not acquired a steady eye and hand, and habits of coolness and courage. There is a noble house which traces back all its prosperous fortunes to the incident of a 'prentice lad plunging into the Thames to recover his fair young mistress. He married her and became partner in the business of his master. There must at least have been a useful habit of swimming before he could plunge into the river. And unless there were those good habits which the merchants of London so highly prize, he would not have gone into the business, or if he had gone, would have done nothing at it.

It is very interesting to read of a great advocate awaiting patiently for his chance. It comes at last, and he fancied that wife and children were tugging at his robe and exhorting him for their sakes to do his best. Then the full, brilliant speech is made. Or hear the famous argument of plain John Scott, afterward Lord Eldon, in the leading case of "Akroyd *v.* Smithson." An attorney whispers the homely but heart-cheering words, "Young man, your bread and butter is made," and, indeed, the young man has started straight and fair for the Great Seal.

Such incidents do not happen so very unfrequently after all. The man and the hour approach. The man is equal to the occasion; but often, perhaps oftener, the man is unequal to it. What would have been the use of the chance coming to men who are unequal to the chance? There are barristers who, if such a chance came to them, would simply have to sit down and tell the sitting judge, truly enough, that they could not get on without their leader. The lawyer who rises to conduct a difficult case in his leader's absence, the surgeon or doctor that has a sudden chance presented to him, must have

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had a long preparatory training before he could skillfully avail himself of any sort of emergency. These are occasions for the exhibition of ability, and are powerless to create the ability itself. So even in what appear to be fortuitous events the element of chance does not very much prevail. Good men, by a natural gravitation, come to the front, and accident, or want of accident, only temporarily retards or repels them.

So when a man looks forward to his chances in life, his great business is to prepare himself for those chances.

Now, habit is the subtlest and strongest of all agencies. It is a second nature, or rather the mould into which nature is thrown. All the foundation of character must be laid in the very earliest days. It is almost awful to think at how early an age, humanly speaking, the destinies of young children are shaped and framed by their habits; how their future is in their own hands; how, in Wordsworth's phrase, the boy is father to the man. I believe some American author holds that habits are formed by the age of twelve—a curious theory, which has nevertheless a basis of truth.

Childhood is the secret laboratory where all manner of hidden processes are being evolved for development and perfection hereafter. In Robert Browning's fine poem of "Lazarus," the intense importance of the actions of the young is shadowed forth. Lazarus restored from the dead can view his child in illness or danger, being altogether unperturbed. But he is in a very agony of sorrow and alarm if he notices any outburst of sin or selfishness. There is a very instructive lesson for the young to be learned from the Memoirs of Hugh Miller. I remember, many years ago, hearing an account of a gentleman who, journeying in a steamer, saw an unwonted degree of attention bestowed on a mason who was sitting on the right hand of the captain, and in whose favor other people seemed slighted. When he learned that it was Hugh Miller,

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and who Hugh Miller was, he perfectly acquiesced in the arrangement. But Hugh Miller never had any business to be a stone-mason. When he was a child he obstinately refused to learn, and played truant for weeks together. He became a distinguished man, not by reason of being a stone-mason, but in spite of it. We are told that, during his hard work in the quarry and under the shed, his robust constitution was shaken, and the seeds of ineradicable disease were sown in his frame. He himself says that the obscurity and hardship of his working life were a "punishment for his early carelessness." Perhaps the dark catastrophe which terminated his life might be traced to the foolishness of his boyhood. His biographer, Mr. Bayne, truly remarks: "To check the lawlessness natural to man, to break self-will to the yoke, to change the faculties from a confused barbarian herd or horde (*heer* of the old German tribes) into a disciplined or exercised company (*exercitus* of the Romans), must ever be an essential part of the training of youth. Educated human nature is more natural than uneducated."

Look back on those old school-days—days as potent in their influence as in their associations and recollections. There is no point that requires nicer discrimination than the line of early life to be marked out for a boy: whether, for instance, he should go to a public school or only to a small school, or should be brought up at home. I believe that the masters of our great public schools can discern much more clearly than parents how certain boys ought to be held disqualified for public-school life, although it is by no means very clear on the surface why this should be the case. There is the boy of weak health, who is quite unfitted to rough it, even under the improved condition of things at public schools. We can not, as was done in Spartan days, subject all to the same conditions, and let the strong live and the weak die.

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Again, there is the boy who is morally weak, who has little bone or sinew in his character, easily led, unable to resist temptation, almost inviting outrage and oppression. Once more, there is the dull boy, always gravitating to the bottom of his class, who in a mechanical way is pushed through the routine of a school without ever mastering any real knowledge. A clever boy gets on well at a public school, and receives every care and encouragement, while the stupid boy ordinarily goes to the wall. Schoolmasters do not even yet sufficiently realize the fact that the true test of the excellence of a school is not so much the turning out of some brilliant scholars as maintaining a high general average.

There are no days more important than school-days. Then the strongest habits are fixed. Then the firmest friendships are contracted. The permanent character of a man is perhaps more truly shadowed forth in school-days than in college-days. In later life a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was at college. Then line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, becomes the rule of life.

I remember very well my first view of Liverpool across the Mersey. From the green country side, across the broad tidal river, I looked upon the magnificent great town which has arisen upon the marshes over which the lorn liver once croaked and flew. Far up in the sky appeared a cloud, like a dense pall—a cloud of smoke and fog—all the lifelong day overspreading the heavens. Of course this would belong also to London and all great towns, but I was never more struck with it than those many years ago at Liverpool. When I journeyed about the great town, moved about the streets and docks and halls of Liverpool, the consciousness of the pall in which we were wrapped wore off; after a fashion we felt the sun and the breezes, and now in the populous city

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pent we thought little how from the green river-side the aspect of the big town had seemed so cloudy and unwholesome. Even so from the green river-side of childhood we look forward with eager expectation to the crowded thoroughfares of life; we detect in those early generous days the gloom and worldliness of things, but unconsciously we pass into the cloud, and the pall is over us as over others. Ah, happy those who on the lawns and uplands lay in fresh stores of vigor and health, who can at times seek once more for the freshness of those fields and streams, and can look forward to renew in age the Elysium of youth—in the happiest sense, the second childhood, which has the love most free from fear, the obedience most removed from restraint!

The law of habit is that general habits are formed by particular acts. I have seen a mighty river, on whose bosom a whole navy might repose, at its well-head on the moors. You might then easily step across the infant stream. So that irresistible force of habit which, when ingrained, gains an indomitable power, is at the commencement a force easily capable of being measured and guided. The habit is created by the repetition of innumerable little acts. The object and the main anxiety of life must be to watch and direct aright this great motive force of life. It is said in the words of Infinite Truth that he who despises small things shall perish by little and little. We are told that line must be upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little. So too we are told that he who is faithful in that which is greatest is also faithful in that which is least.

As we stand in some vast manufactory in the North, we perhaps wonder, amid the whirring of wheels and the clang of machinery, at the ease and adroitness with which even young children can perform their allotted part. They nimbly move with the wheels, and deftly handle the threads. It is

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easy to notice the readiness and unconsciousness with which they get through their work. Now this is in accordance with the second nature of habit. This is in exact accordance with the laws of habit. We acquire a habit, and even forget how we acquired it. The more perfectly we have acquired a habit, the more unconsciously we obey it. And it is easy to see in the nature of things why this should be the case. If we had to deliberate on each action, the day would not suffice for its duties. So it is that habit supplies promptness and celerity. We could not inform each detail of conduct with its philosophy, reason out each act as it occurs. Nevertheless, where the habit is fixed on solid ground, we ought to be able to analyze the act, to refer the act to the habit, and the habit to the law. As Dean Howson says, "There is a blessedness for those who have learned the unconscious habit of joyous obedience; who serve God without effort and without reluctance; who rise, as the sun rises, to travel the appointed journey, and who sleep as those who have been guided all day long in the way of peace."

If we endeavored to carry out the motto *approfondissez*, get to the bottom of the subject, the consideration of habits would lead us into a curious vein of inquiry. Nearly all the philosophers have had their discussions on "habits." They define habit as a *facility* in doing a thing and an *inclination* to do it. Habits may be formed not only by acts, but by refraining from acts. Indolence is a habit formed by neglecting to do what ought to be done. Voluntary acts become involuntary, cases of volitional acts pass into automatic. Aristotle points out that there is positive pain in resisting a formed habit. The moralists discuss habits *objectively*, as generic and specific; and *subjectively*, as active and passive. With a little puzzling out, the reader will find out easily the meaning of the classification. Then they are very anxious to guard against the mis-

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chievous delusion that the power of evil habit is giving way when they are not doing any thing which, in accordance with the law of habit, would strengthen it. Probably there is only a pause of exhaustion or repletion, or the removal of the means of gratifying them, or the exchange of one bad habit for a cognate one. They have also discussed whether habit is limited to living beings. Is not the acclimatization of plants a resemblance of habit? Do we not see the same thing in the docility of animals, which, according to modern teaching, are removed from us by so light and variable a line. The connection between habit and instinct, and the connection between habit and association, are very interesting and important questions. Another very important question is, how far we are influenced by the habits of our forefathers, or may influence the habits of our descendants. It is a very important consideration how far by our own habits we may be affecting other moral and physical life. This subject is called Atavism. There are, for instance, various orders of disease which in fifty per cent. of the cases are of an inherited character. And what is Atavism? perhaps you ask. Briefly it may be answered that Atavism is a tendency on the part of offspring to revert to some more or less remote ancestral type. The subject belongs to that great general subject of inheritance on which Mr. Darwin has written so much, and on which other writers in following him have had so much to say. In his work on "Animals and Plants under Domestication" there are an immense number of instances of reversion. Mr. Darwin takes his instances from pansies and roses, from silk-worms, from hybrids, from pigs and pigeons, from men and dogs. Let us look at the nobler human subject. Mr. Darwin speaks of the strong likeness through the line of the Austrian emperors, and quotes Niebuhr's remarks on the old Roman families. There are some curious medical facts re-

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lating to the subject. Thus, in cases of hereditary illness, children will fall ill about the same age as their fathers did; in nine cases out of ten, Mr. Paget says, it will be a little earlier. These are very unpleasant facts in relation to Atavism. It is all very well that one should recall the features of an illustrious ancestor. When Lord Shaftesbury stood lately at an exhibition below the portrait of his ancestor the likeness was most remarkable; he might have stepped down from the canvas. There used to be a man about London who was supposed to be a lineal descendant of James the Second, and who certainly looked much more like a cavalier of the seventeenth century than belonging to these modern days. Moreover, Mr. Galton in his well-known book has shown us how cleverness is inherited, and that it is the tendency of genius to reappear. This is the agreeable side of Atavism. We have mentioned the other side indicated by sagacious medical theory, that the physician should look closely to the child at the period when any grave heritable disease attacked the parent. Thus inexplicable neuralgic affections have attacked parents and children—although we may fairly hope that in these days neuralgia is becoming strictly amenable to medical science. Blindness is sadly hereditary: in one case thirty-seven members of a race. Another family suffered from ferocious headaches which always ceased at a certain age.

A great many important practical questions turn on this subject of Atavism. For instance, there is the important practical question, which cousins seem in such a hurry to answer in the affirmative, whether cousins ought to marry. Another very important question is, whether consumptives ought to marry. Dr. Charles J. B. Williams says that he has so "advised many a consumptive, and in numerous instances the results have been happy." He also very truly says—and the saying illustrates the proverbial selfishness of love—that the

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objection that children may inherit the consumptive tendency is an objection more valid with physicians and friends than with the consumptives whose affections are engaged. In reference to inherited disease, very strange is the fact that we may see one member of a family surviving in good health to a good old age, while all the other members of the family fall victims to consumption or some other form of inherited disease; a fact which indicates, among other things, how chaotic and problematical is the real knowledge of chest diseases.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has an ingenious argument on the subject of Atavism. He discusses the subject of our appreciation of scenery, which he is not content to refer simply to the tastes or associations of an individual man himself. He goes beyond this to "certain deeper, but now vague, combinations of states, that were organized in the race during barbarous times, when its pleasurable activities were among the mountains, woods, and waters. Out of these excitations, some of them actual, but most of them nascent, is composed the emotion which a fine landscape produces in us." If I understand Mr. Spencer's theory, to which Professor Tyndall gives his adhesion, we have here a new phase of the doctrine of Atavism. Just as Mr. Darwin seized from Mr. Woolner that little protuberance of the ear which he imagines identifies us with our simian ancestry, so Mr. Spencer thinks that he detects in our love of scenery involving adventures the traces of our barbaric descent. In this way the race in its progress absorbs and contains in itself the characteristics of the different generations.

But there is another aspect of Atavism, necessarily untouched by physiologists, on which I should desire to say a few words. There is the curious subject of the recurrence of moral characteristics, where the mental and moral characteristics of men dormant for generations singularly wake up in their

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descendants. There are some fine lines in George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy" which bring out the subject, and poetry is here as true as physiology:

> "I read a record deeper than the skin.
> What! Shall the trick of nostril and of lips
> Descend through generations, and the soul
> That moves within our frame like God in worlds—
> Convulsing, urging, melting, withering—
> Imprint no record, leave no documents
> Of her great history? Shall men bequeath
> The fancies of their palates to their sons,
> And shall the shudder of restraining awe,
> The slow-wept tears of contrite memory,
> Faith's prayerful labor, and the food divine
> Of fasts ecstatic—shall these pass away,
> Like wind upon the waters, tracklessly?
> Shall the mere curl of eyelashes remain,
> And God-enshrining symbols leave no trace
> Of tremors reverent? That maiden's blood
> Is as unchristian as the leopard's."

Just as you may transmit peculiarities of hair, eye, and lip, you may also transmit a sceptical, or meditative, or irritable tendency. Not only the trick of nostril and lip, but the meditative or devotional vein is transmitted to posterity. There is many a parent who grieves over his own errors reproduced; but a grandfather often takes more notice of a child's ways even than his father, and may, perhaps, according to the principle of Atavism, often see his own ways reproduced. And now a further principle comes into play, a moral law of a very peculiar character.

We often notice how there are certain faults which we call "family failings" that seem transmitted from generation to generation. Sometimes fiery passion seems inherent in a line, sometimes covetousness or untruth; again and again there is some ugly phase of human nature produced of the

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same type. And now look at another set of correlated instances. Do you ever notice how some particular kind of misfortunes dogs certain families? Sometimes it is childlessness; there is never more than one son in a family, or title and estates never come by direct succession. Sometimes the children are all early swept away by death. Sometimes there is chronic struggle and poverty; sometimes chronic disease. It seems impossible to connect any special form of moral evil with any special form of misfortune, in such descent. What, for instance, has the childlessness of people got to do with their covetousness? Yet if we admit the theory of the moral government of the universe, it is by no means inconceivable that in a wonderful way this kind of sorrow may be penalty and corrective for this kind of moral evil. We may be powerless to trace the connection, but still a subtle connection may exist. There certainly seems a kind of Atavism in the moral government of the world; the good and evil of a family manifesting itself to distant generations, and when the same kind of evil is exhibited, the same kind of penalty revives. The subject is obscure and difficult, but we seem dimly to discern the outlines of a moral law.

It is not at all uncommon to find men shielding themselves behind their habits, and referring these habits to the mode of bringing up in their youth. There is, however, a kind of fatalism in this argument; it is the plea of necessity. It is a plea which, in early years, and to a certain extent, has great force. But the time comes when reason and conscience should become more potent influences than the suggestions of the instinct of habit. It may be granted that those whose careless or unguarded youth has been spent in the slavery of evil habits start heavily weighted in the race of life. For such persons there is a doubly hard self-conquest to be attained before any other true conquest is possible.

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There are optimist views and pessimist views of life, both of which are probably equally remote from the truth. Perhaps a man starts in life heavily weighted with some grievance. Through his own carelessness, or that of some one else, he broke his leg, and evermore any running that he can make in a race is that of a lame man. It seems absurd to take an optimist point of view, and to say that the best thing possible for the man was that his leg should be broken. It is equally absurd to be always groaning as you shoulder the crutch. Here are the given circumstances, and you have to make the best of them. Nature, with her countless adaptations, perhaps makes some exquisite atonement for that which seemed marred and wasted. I think we may all venture to be optimists, not in the sense that every thing is for the best —which appears to me to be hardly religious or rational— but in the sense that we may make the best of every thing. The Christian is told that all things will work together for his good; but he is not told that better things would not have worked for a higher good.

It is sad indeed to watch the moral wreck that is exhibited by some wretched victim who is vanquished by the dominant power of some evil habit. Aristotle has traced the progress of the man who has no self-control to the state of the man whom no remedies can amend.* At times there seems so much that is winning and estimable about some man of whom we are told that he is the helpless slave of some vice or hideous passion. The details of such an unfortunate state of mind at times appear to be not unlike those of demoniacal possession, and to suggest the possibility that there may be still those possessed like the Gadarenes of old. Thucydides tells us that at the time of the plague of Athens other diseases disappeared, or, if any existed, they ran into the prevalent type of illness.

* ἀκρατής, ἀκόλαστος.

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So the man who has some master vice often shows a singular freedom from other viciousness and moral obliquity, and exhibits a remarkable grace and attractiveness. He will charm us by his amiability and intellectual powers, and then suddenly we shall see a sudden and awful revelation of depravity. He is like a lunatic who is able to simulate sanity; who on many points will baffle the acuteness of counsel, and finally will exhibit some frightful delusion. Often the helpless victim endeavors to struggle against the coils of that evil habit, against which all his better nature unavailingly protests. How sad and plaintive is the language of a true genius, the victim of a dominant vice, speaking of the Magdalene!—

> "She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
> She wiped the feet she was so blest to touch.
> And He wiped off the railing of despair
> From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.
> I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
> Make me a humble thing of love and tears."

That is a frightful "turning-point" in the life of a man or woman when the evil habit, after many struggles, asserts its supremacy. That is an infinitely blessed "moment" when once more there is the rising tide of good habit. The moral disease of the soul often requires much of the skillful diagnosis and careful treatment of a bodily disease. The only sane way of overpowering and eradicating evil habits is the encouragement of good habits and a systematic perseverance in them. There is a divine science in those things. *Cease to do evil; learn to do well.* Here is both the negative and the positive side of well-doing. It is much to abstain from the act of sin; that its opportunity should recur, and that no advantage should be taken of it; that the temptation should be encountered and mastered. It is much, too, that the opposite tendencies should be encouraged, that the good habits should be constituted

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whose nature is to conflict with and destroy the opposite vices. It is often good that the sickly soul should be placed under entirely new conditions, where it shall be sheltered from baneful influences, and be brought within salutary influences. There was a man of high position who attributed all his prosperity and health to a sentence of penal servitude which he once underwent. He was a man of extravagant, intemperate habits, who had stabbed some one in a fit of drunken fury. Imprisonment and hard labor debarred him from temptation, and encouraged the formation of regular habits. Physical and moral health returned once more. On his release he came into a large property, married well, and became an active magistrate. It is now, we believe, an accepted observation, that it is the long sentences, and not the short sentences, of penal servitude that really promote the reformation of offenders against the law.

There is always the danger of a relapse. There is an inevitable reaction on the cessation of a system of discipline. It is as when the unclean spirit has gone out of the house of a human soul and left it swept and garnished. But the strengthened, purified soul will be able to resist. A medical analogy will help us here. Physicians will tell us that in the gradual amelioration of symptoms the constitutional vigor will be renewed, and the chronic disease thrown off. So after being in the school of ceasing to do evil and learning to do well, it may be found that when the temptation recurs it is altogether inoperative to tempt.

The diseased soul can not find a true remedy in itself. Elsewhere must be sought the physician and the balm. There is no more important "turning-point" in life than when the insidious advance of an evil habit is noted, and we flee to God for help. Such seasons involve the deeper issues of the soul, which are more important than any external event. The

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young and ardent may in airy imagination construct visionary scenes of those decisive events which shall be the turning-points of their lives, and accomplish for them the fulfillment of their day-dreams. Such events may appear, or, more probably, they may not. It is in the steady formation of favorable habits alone that we can form any moral certitude that something analogous may occur. These will assure that when the opportunity arises it will be grasped and turned to the best advantage, or that the good habits in their slow, unfelt persistence have reaped all the solid good, and more than could be gained by any merely fortuitous occurrence.

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CHAPTER III.

Critical "Moments" of Life.

THERE occur from time to time in human life signal moments, which become the landmarks of its history. These are indeed the momentous moments of life. They come upon us unawares. The air is charged with no sense of oppression and awe. There is no visible sign to the most observant or to the most superstitious. The "moment" itself often comes in the most ordinary and common-place guise. It is perhaps only a call, a letter, an interview, a sudden suggestion, a few minutes' talk at a railway-station, and with a suddenness and abruptness one section of life is clasped, and an entirely new page of its ledger opened up. "Do you remember writing me a letter one day, giving M.'s proposition?" said a man to me the other day. "It was the turning-point of my life. When your proposal came I had also a proposition to go to Scotland. I made my election, and it colored all my life." In the interesting biography of Mr. Barham lately published, it is mentioned that he was going along St. Paul's Churchyard when he met a friend with a letter in his hand. The letter was to invite a clergyman from the country to come up and stand for a minor canonry at St. Paul's. It occurred to him that Mr. Barham would do just as well, and accordingly the great humorist settled down into a metropolitan wit and diner-out. I hardly know whether he was exactly at home in his vocation as a clergyman, but he and Sidney Smith together were the cheerful influences of the chapter, and probably

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in a better position there than in a pastoral charge. Smith alternated his tremendous spirits with deep fits of depression, and there is hardly any more melancholy story than of the carelessness which ultimately destroyed Barham's life. There was a short young fellow studying in the reading-room of the British Museum. It hardly seemed that he had any higher chance in life than to become usher in a commercial school, and perhaps in course of time win his way to have a commercial school of his own. He attracted the attention of a gentleman who was reading there, who sent him to Oxford, and after taking his degree he soon made his thousand a year. I am sorry to say that to him, as to many a clever fellow, the success was ruinous in the issue. I remember hearing of a man who, while hunting about for a pair of horses, encountered an old college friend in a state of great seediness and dejection. He was a poor curate who did not care to stay in England, and wanted some post abroad. He was told of a trifling chaplaincy in a remote place on the Continent. It seemed as if he was cutting himself off from every avenue to professional advancement at home. But the English embassador, it so happened, came to this little town, and was so charmed with the temporary chaplain that he succeeded in getting him high preferment in England.

It is here that the great importance of the subject of habit indicates itself. The crucial moment comes. It comes as a matter of chance, and it appears to be as a matter of chance how it shall be treated. But it is not really so. Habit has established an instinct of the mind. The soul, when a sudden demand is made upon it for a decision, instinctively throws itself back upon its past experience, and answers the demand in precise accordance with the habits of its essential life. For many years the life has been unconsciously shaping and training itself toward the solution of some problem

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which presents itself at the last. We should all be anxious to utilize to the utmost such a moment of fate.

This is eloquently put in a young girl's marvelous story of "Jane Eyre:" "The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God, sanctioned by man. I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad—as I am now. Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation; they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise against their rigor. Stringent as they are; inviolate shall they be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth? They have a worth, so I have always believed; and if I can not believe it now, it is because I am insane—quite insane; with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all that I have at this hour to stand by: there I plant my foot."

But here is the intense importance of the habit. The present is the only time, and the golden time. Each action of life ought to be susceptible of being referred to a principle and a *rationale*, and so when the momentous moment arrives it comes not on us unawares, "but at a convenient season."

> "Stay, stay the present instant,
> Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!
> O let it not elude thy grasp, but like
> The good old patriarch upon record
> Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"

Then it is a distinct moment in life when first one meets with some friends, whose intercourse probably colors all subsequent history. The readers and writers of novels appear to look upon love-making as the great event in human history, but probably the friendships which a man makes with

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men form a more enduring influence. There is a time in the days of youth when the mind is full of active, fermenting thought, and seems to wait for the impregnating moment that shall fertilize it. To the boy fresh from school, whose mind is full of the active or intellectual pursuits of life, the moment when he is drawn into intimacy with some man eminent in that line to which his special interest is being drawn, is almost a supreme moment in life. The youth has had a natural taste for art, and he has been thrown into intimacy with an artist. He has had a love of letters, and for the first time some friend guides his taste, and the riches of a great library are put at his disposal. He has had a natural taste for mechanical contrivance, and some engineer sees and likes him, and explains to him the principles of his craft. Such friendships as develop natural tastes, and lead into new fields of knowledge, form in their commencement real crises and turning-points of life. So Lord Shelburne said of a visit to the aged Malesherbes: "I have traveled much, but I have never been so influenced by personal contact with any man; and if ever I accomplish any good in the course of my life, I am certain that the recollection of M. de Malesherbes will animate my soul." "I always remembered," said Flaxman, "Romney's notice of my boyish years and productions with gratitude; I shall feel the benefit of his acquaintance."

Then, early intellectual moments in life, I imagine, imprint themselves as strongly upon the memory as any events of the outer life. We have spoken of the irrepressible delight with which the boy or girl produces a poem, or what seems to them as such, and there is a sense of a new power. But so it is when the same young hero first discovers that he can swim, or can draw, or can stand up and make a speech. Who is there who can not recollect the wild delight with which he first read the "Arabian Nights" or "Robinson Cru-

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soe," or his maturer years in which he first read the picturesque pages of Macaulay, devoured the works of Scott or Dickens, or was inoculated with the epidemic enthusiasm for Tennyson! No doubt it has often been the reading of some particular book which has determined a man to be an artist, a traveler, or a student of nature. I remember as a young man there were three books which the University of Oxford put into our hands as young students, which were calculated to do us very real service. I am afraid that I did not make as much use as I might have done of them, but doubtless they did me a great service, and I shall always feel grateful to the Kind Mother who directed my attention to them. I can very well understand how, when Dr. Arnold was hesitating whether he should send his son to Cambridge or Oxford, "dear old 'Tottle'" settled the day. He could not bear that his son should not have the advantage of the course of philosophy at Oxford. I was not very much impressed with the little I read of Aristotle. In those days we did nothing much beyond the "Ethics," but the first time I read the "Republic" of Plato through, especially with the advantage, not altogether unmixed, of Mr. Jowett's lectures, quite a new world of thought broke in upon me. The other two works were those of authors of our own, who are universally known and quoted—the "Analogy" of Butler, and the "Novum Organon" of Bacon. If the University of Oxford teaches a man nothing else, it at least teaches him how to read a book carefully and thoroughly. Let me also say it delights me to pay this parting tribute to the memory of a wise and excellent man—that reading through the first two volumes of Alford's Greek Testament was a wonderful help and a good introduction to "Biblical Criticism" to those of us who took orders after his work was completed. "I remember," says an Oxford *alter ego*, "the few striking events of an ordinary life—seeing a great fire, being

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nearly drowned in the Rhine, nearly lost on hills, catching a fever, thrown out of a carriage, seeing the queen, and so on—but hardly any events have been more vivid than the reading of the Oxford class-books for 'Greats.'"

Many instances might be given of the contact of mind with mind, of the fertile results that have come to pass when some receptive has been brought into contact with some fertilizing mind. Perhaps there was no man who exercised a more astonishing influence on young people than Dr. Arnold. Thus we read in a recent "Life of Bishop Cotton," the Metropolitan of India, how he came to Rugby as an Assistant Master, and he is described in "Tom Brown's School Days" as the "model young master." The biographer says, "The influences of this appointment on his after life were incalculable. First among these must be counted the impression produced upon him by the character and teaching of his great chief. It is not too much to say that there was none of all the direct pupils of Dr. Arnold on whom so deep and exclusive a mark of their master's mind was produced as on Cotton. . . . In later years, in many instances, its particular effects were more or less rudely effaced either by the impulses of their own growing thoughts, or by the disturbing attractions of other men and other schools of thought." This by the way truly indicates what there was of decline in Arnold's influence. But Cotton came into contact with him after his mind had been already formed, and yet before he had been swayed by any other commanding influence. Mr. Francis William Newman, in his "Phases of Faith," gives a very interesting account of the various people whom he met, and who aided him in the formation of his opinions. Mr. Newman went out to Bagdad, apparently with the intention of converting the heathen, but in the result the heathen nearer home converted him. Dr. Arnold did not influence him, and his influence over Newman's mind declined. He

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thus gives an account of the incident which really seems to have been a turning-point to him: "When we were at Aleppo, I one day got into religious discourse with a Mohammedan carpenter, which left on me a lasting impression. Among other matters, I was peculiarly desirous of disabusing him of the current notion of his people, that our Gospels are spurious narratives of late dates. I found great difficulty of expression; but the man listened to me with much attention, and I was encouraged to exert myself. He waited patiently till I had done, and then spoke to the following effect: 'I will tell you, sir, how the case stands. God has given to you English a great many good gifts. You make fine ships, and sharp penknives, and good cloth and cottons; and you have rich nobles and brave soldiers; and you write and print many learned books (dictionaries and grammars); all this is of God. But there is one thing that God has withheld from you and revealed to us, and that is a knowledge of the true religion, by which one may be saved.' When he thus ignored my argument (which was probably quite unintelligible to him), and delivered his simple protest, I was silenced, and at the same time amused. But the more I thought it over, the more instruction I saw in the case. His position toward me was exactly that of a humble Christian toward an unbelieving philosopher; nay, that of the early apostles or Jewish prophets toward the proud, cultivated, worldly-wise, and powerful heathen."

It is very interesting to compare the experience of such a man as Francis Newman with that of such a man as his brother, John Henry Newman. We extract a passage from the famous "Apology." We see here a turning-point in individual life, and, more than that, in the religious history of the century.

"Especially, when I was left to myself, the thought came

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upon me that deliverance is wrought, not by the many, but by the few; not by bodies, but by persons. Now it was, I think, that I repeated to myself the words which had ever been dear to me from my school-days, 'Exoriare aliquis!' Now, too, that Southey's beautiful poem of 'Thalaba,' for which I had an immense liking, came forcibly to my mind, I began to think that I had a mission. There are sentences of my letters to my friends to this effect, if they are not destroyed. When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome. I said, with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished, but I said, 'I shall not die.' I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light; I have not sinned against light.' I have never been able to make out at all what I meant.

"I got to Castro Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Toward the end of May I set off for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn on the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed, and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.'

"I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo nearly three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange-boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonafacio. Then it was I wrote the lines 'Lead,

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Kindly Light,' which have since become well known. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of traveling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop night or day till I reached England and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the assize sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

Of a sudden turning-point in a man's destiny we may find an example in the "Life of Bishop Cotton." His whole course of life was changed very suddenly. When the news came to England of the death of Bishop Wilson, soon after the Mutiny, his great friend, Dr. Tait, determined if possible to secure the appointment for Dr. Cotton, the head-master of Marlborough. "The Bishop of London, with all the energy of his character, pressed Cotton's merits on the Government of that day, but, partly from an apprehension lest his modesty should throw some obstacle in the way, without consulting Cotton himself. Meanwhile, from causes unnecessary here to mention, the hope of accomplishing this object had faded away, and the subject was dropped, until the bishop was suddenly informed that if Cotton would take the post it was still at his disposal. There was not a moment of time to be lost. A change of Government had just taken place, and Mr. Vernon Smith, now Lord Lyveden, who was then the Secretary of State for India, was holding the post only till a new Ministry could be formed. The bishop telegraphed the offer to Marlborough. It was like a thunderbolt to Cotton in the midst of his peaceful labors. The telegram dropped from his hands,

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and he rushed from the school to his house, and thence hurried to London. . . . It was one of those decisive cases in which the mere decision is enough to shake the minds of most. Perhaps in Cotton's case an outside spectator would have been startled and even disappointed to observe how slightly he seemed to be agitated. The calm, disinterested view which on all occasions he would take of his own character and position, as of a third person, enabled him in all simplicity to accept the estimate of others concerning himself, and to acquiesce in a change in many ways so alien to his habits and feelings. On the following day he saw the Indian Minister, whose brief words dwelt in his memory as containing in a short compass the extent of his opportunities and responsibilities: 'I believe that in appointing you I have done the best for the interests of India, the Church of England, and of Christianity.' These words long dwelt in Cotton's mind. He kept them before him as what his episcopate should be, and we may now fairly say that it was an estimate which his episcopate did not disappoint." A friend has just told me that, taking coffee one day at a coffee-house in Ceylon, two men entered the room and joined him in the meal. They were dressed as laymen, and proved very pleasant companions. He happened to mention that the Metropolitan of India was expected in the diocese of Colombo, and then one of them introduced himself to him as the Bishop of Calcutta. It was a strange, out-of-the-way meeting-place. My friend, a missionary — and Cotton was not always popular with missionaries—thought him a wise and good man.

The story of Cotton's remarkable death will be remembered. The bishop's body was never recovered after he had lost his footing on the float and had been precipitated into the river. Yet I know of an officer who lost a signet ring in the same stream. He immediately affixed a pole to mark the

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spot, employed a diver, and recovered the ring. One would have thought a human body would have been more easily recoverable. It is singular that on the morning of the day on which he perished he had been consecrating a cemetery, and had said "that departed souls suffered no injury if their bodies were left in a desert place, or on a field of battle, or in any other way were unable to receive the rites of burial."

I think there are very few people—and the fact is sufficiently remarkable—who can look back upon their lives without seeing that there has been some time or other in which they have incurred the peril of a sudden, violent death. There is a curious story told of a man who came on the field of battle. The Duke of Wellington remonstrated with him, and the gentleman replied that his Grace was in the same peril. "Yes," said the duke, "but I am doing my duty." It was just at this moment that a ball struck the unfortunate man dead. We seem to be taught by such instances that there is "a time to be born and a time to die," and that while change and chance happen to all men, there are laws in these changes and chances, not indeed clearly visible—at times indeed appearing to act with odd caprice—but in the great emergencies of life manifesting an influence overruled for good.

Many curious instances of individual good fortune might be given. Some time ago there was a paragraph in the newspapers, which I believe was correct, stating that an old lady, childless and friendless, suddenly made up her mind to leave a large property to the children of some chemist or greengrocer at whose shop she had always received great civility. It is worth noting that civility has always had luck as an ally. There is the story told of some gentleman who, on a battlefield, happening to bow with much grace to some officer who addressed him, a cannon-ball just went through his hair, and took off the head of the other one. The officer, when he saw

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his marvelous escape, justly observed that a man never lost by politeness. Another curious story of luck on a battle-field is, I believe, perfectly authentic. A ball passed straight through a man's body, and the man recovered.* Thus much is not unparalleled, but there was something more, highly curious and lucky. The man was consumptive, and had formed tubercles. The ball carried away the tubercles, and the man recovered, not only from the wound, but from the consumption.

I myself knew a man who had been a poor Cornish miner, and, like so many of his class, had been forced to emigrate. He was long in Peru, but all his attempts to get on seemed utterly to fail. At last, when he was about to give up in despair, he suddenly came upon a vein of the purest silver. He returned to the west country, where he purchased one of its largest and best estates. He took me over his magnificent grounds, and told me what he had been able to do for good causes dear to his heart. His income had been returned for that year at sixty thousand pounds. I was told of a curious gleam of romance in this man's life. He had been engaged to a poor girl before he emigrated, and on his return he dressed himself in his old working clothes and went to the

* It might be thought that there is nothing more capricious than the billet of a bullet, but even this chance has a calculable element. Mr. Galton ("Hereditary Genius") says: The chance of a man being struck by accidental shots is in proportion to his sectional area—that is, to his shadow on a neighboring wall, cast by a distant light, or to his height multiplied into his natural breadth. However, it is equally easy, and more convenient, to calculate from the better-known data of his height and weight. One man differs from another in being more or less tall, and more or less thick-set. It is unnecessary to consider depth (of chest, for example) as well as width, for the two go together. Let h = a man's height, w = his weight, b = his average breadth, taken in any direction we please, but it must be in the same direction for all. Then his weight, w, varies as $h\,b^2$, and his sectional area varies as $h\,b$, or as $\sqrt{h} \times h\,b^2$, or as $\sqrt{h}\,w$.

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poor cottage, where he found his old love unchanged and welcoming him back. It was a glad surprise next day.

There once lived a man in the west of England—the story is well known there—who took a thousand shares in a mine, and never had to pay more than a pound apiece for them; and on those shares he lived sumptuously, and out of the income of those shares he bought an estate for a hundred thousand pounds, and, finally, he sold those shares for half-a-million of money. There is a man in Berkshire who has got a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets, and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waiting to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences, and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed a profit of a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. It is to be observed here that what we call luck is resolvable very often into what is really observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them when a sudden opportunity arises. The late Joseph Hume was a happy instance of this. He went out to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He saw that hardly any about him knew the native languages, so he applied himself to the hard work of mastering them, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of the necessary materials, and manufactured it

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for our troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India Directorate, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that, though he failed to get the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage. Marriage is, after all, the luckiest bit of luck when it is all it should be. When Henry Baring, the late Lord Ashburton, traveled in America—not merely *dilettante* traveling, but, like Lord Milton in our days, piercing into untraveled wilds, meeting only a stray, enthusiastic naturalist, like Audubon—he made his marriage with Miss Bingham, and so consolidated the American business of the great house of Baring. In an international point of view this was a happy marriage, for in after years it gave him a peculiar facility for concluding the great Ashburton treaty. When young Thesiger gave up the trade of midshipman, I dare say some kind friends pronounced him a failure; but no one would say that of Lord Chancellor Chelmsford. There was another man who became a British peer through circumstances full of luck for the country, but which he doubtless always considered of direst unluck to himself. A quiet, happy country gentleman was Mr. Graham, with abundant means and healthful tastes, a handsome estate and handsome wife. There is a tale of his prowess related about his wife. They were at Edinburgh, and were going to a great ball, when, to her infinite annoyance, she found that she had left her jewel-case behind her. The distance was sixty or seventy miles, and it was not many hours before the ball was to come off. Graham took a fleet horse, and at the top of his speed rode away homeward in search of the jewel-case. He did his ride of a hundred and fifty miles in marvelously short time, and the ornaments were in time for the ball. When the wife, for whose comfort and pleasure he had so chivalrously acted, died, Mr. Graham was

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inconsolable. To alleviate his deep-seated melancholy he joined the army as a volunteer. Then commenced his splendid career as a soldier, in which he proved himself one of the most efficient and gallant of Wellington's lieutenants, and fought his way to pension and peerage. Such was the turning-point in the history of the late Lord Lynedoch.

There are some cases where in a critical conjuncture of circumstances there almost seems a direct intervention. Some instances might be given from the long and curious list of tales about enlistment in the army. Thus we have a curious story about Mr. Wickham, the father of the eminent diplomatist. He was determined to be a soldier, but his grandfather could not endure the idea. He ran away and enlisted in the service of Piedmont. He was one day standing sentinel at the gate of Alexandria, when two men of rank whom he had known presented themselves with their passports. For the sake of the joke young Wickham could not resist giving them a military salute. One of them, Sir Charles Cotton, immediately recognized him, and stayed the whole day in Alexandria for the sole purpose of engaging him to write to friends, and with great difficulty persuaded the young man to do so. His grandfather gave way, and procured him a commission in the Guards, and the man who might have perished as a common soldier in foreign service became an honored and active magistrate and country gentleman, and the father of one of the most useful of our public servants. Still more remarkable was the case of Coleridge, who, having enlisted as a common soldier, wrote some lines in Latin which drew the attention of his superior officer, who procured his release. Sometimes the "intervention" assumes a character which hardly any one would shrink from terming strictly providential. Thus at the commencement of Washington's military career, a soldier in the enemy's army was on the point of picking him off

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when he was totally unaware of his danger. Thrice he raised his finger to the trigger, and thrice by an uncontrollable impulse he forbore to fire. There was a remarkable retributive kind of Providence in the case of Sir John Hawkins, the famous seaman in the days of great Elizabeth. He it was who, in an evil day for the English race, first inaugurated the slave-trade. It is a remarkable fact that Sir John's own son was taken prisoner by a Barbary corsair, and he died broken-hearted through grief.

Similarly in matters relating to the inner life. There are certain books which to certain men have proved a spiritual and mental crisis. Thus one hears of a man having his whole course of life altered through reading Scott's "Force of Truth." In religious biography we frequently meet instances in which the perusal of some volume has been a turning-point in life. In the lives of quiet thinkers, men who pass apparently uneventful lives, that are almost barren for biographical purposes, the leading events of their history are the sudden thoughts that strike them; the books they read which opened up avenues of intellectual interest, and conducted them into lines of separate investigation. The "moment" may have passed unnoticed by the world, and they may have a difficulty in fixing it for themselves, but it may be a crisis of spiritual and intellectual history—the best kind of history after all.

There are moments, too, which are those of supreme import —moments of keen temptation, unhappy doubt, intense sorrow—moments when men have gone as in very agony out of themselves to the Eternal Throne of God, seeking for a teaching, a help, a consolation that this earth would be powerless to afford. Then there has been some solemn moment in which a deep, grave resolve has been made, in which the resolution has been steadily formed to make some great act of

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self-denial; to abandon some evil habit; to conquer some overmastering temptation. The recollection of such a moment is potent to the last; such a moment is a true landmark in any human history, and has served to shape and develop the powers of the soul. In the moral life there frequently comes some moment which is the very centre of a life's history. A temptation has gradually been exerting its fascinating influence over a man's mind, and the temptation is obtaining an increasing force. The soul has long resisted, but the resistance shows a diminishing strength. The hour comes when the power of the temptation and the power of the resistance seem closely balanced. We are now reminded of the picture of the Devil playing at chess with a man for his soul. Then, by some mighty impulse, the soul makes election, although how that election was determined we can not say. All possible interests hang perchance upon the balance of a moment. Perhaps the leap into the abyss was then made; perhaps by a strong convulsive effort the man tore himself from the side of the precipice, and found himself safe on the spacious table-lands. This is that turning-point of the habits of which I have spoken. In the one case there was henceforth a gradual deterioration—who is there who knows London well who can not count up such mournful instances?—and in the other case, the man has burst away from the encircling chains, and has felt that he has been able to climb out of lonely hell.

And not only are there such terrific moments of conflict, but there are quiet, happy spots of life, on which the mind's eye may rest evermore with freshness and relief—green pastures and waters of comfort, to use that simple, touching emblem with which the King of Israel recalled his boyhood's shepherd life. The Caliph in the story scored up eleven happy days. I wonder whether that eleven was in excess or in

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deficiency of the average. Such days of perfect bliss are altogether abnormal, and after a time we simply cease to expect them. The purple light of youth, the gay hues of romance and splendid possibilities die off into the light of common day. We know what life has to give, and what it can not give. We cease to expect from travel or variety or adventure any thing that in any perceptible degree will materially move and influence us. To some men the acquisition of knowledge and ideas—to others, their advance in material prosperity—to others, the gradual purifying and strengthening of the inner life—becomes the great field wherein their powers and aspirations are to be exercised. But in the gray light of the long colorless afternoon it may delight at times to turn anew to the earlier pages of life, and recall those passages which gave emotions of delight and surprise—those moments which summed up eras in the past, and proved starting-points for the future. It is a blessed provision of our nature that the mind forgets its sorrow and remembers its joy. Though the iron may enter into the soul, yet nature will heal those wounds, save for the memorial scar; and though the pillars of our hopes be shattered, yet around those broken bases there gather the wild flowers and the clinging moss which veil deformity with beauty.

I wonder whether a man might be allowed to quote himself. Thus it was some ten years ago that I wrote down some memorial thought or moments in life, calling them the "Sunday Evening," referring to those quiet, sacred hours which any man desiring to be wise would fain secure for himself, and which often bring him into musing recollection of the past, and surely also of clear anticipations for the future.

"May I not, with a glad mind, thank God for many happy evenings which for their outward charm, and their relation to the inward, sacred history of the soul and mind, are to me as

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memorable as any most striking exterior event of life? That evening when through deepening twilight I passed on through Rydal and Grasmere—that glorious evening on Loch Katrine, when the rich gold of sunset mingled with the rich gold of autumn leaves, in the walk past Ellen's Isle—that evening, solitary and eventful, when from the casement of the château where I dwelt I gazed on the broad Rhine and the vine-clad heights—that evening when I first sailed the still waters of Lugano, or that when at midnight I looked upon solemn Maggiore, or that when, having sailed down the lake of Como, I came near and first beheld the noble Cathedral of Milan—that evening when, having wished the Superior of the hospice of the Simplon farewell, past crag and waterfall and piny forest I descended the precipitous pass—that evening when with kindly friends I floated past Venetian palaces, beneath skies of rare, pale loveliness reflected on the Adriatic waters! I remember, and evermore will remember all these, and as a miser counts over jewels and gold in vacant hours, in the 'sessions of sweet, silent thought' I surround myself with the imagery of these unforgotten things. But there are memories more precious still, and these are connected with English soil, and the English Sunday evening.

"Let me too, then, have my hour of reveries, and let me now summon to memory two pure recollections of the Sunday evening. One shall be of summer in the country, and one of winter in our great city.

"It is a country district, where the wild moorland is in some parts crowded by the dense population which our manufacturing genius has evoked; where the scenery once was beautiful, and where strange gleams of beauty still interrupt the sordid and common-place features of the landscape, by walk, by shaded brook, by tufted heights, by an expanse of fair water. The church, around which the roses in profusion

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cluster, and before which stretches the smooth, green, level sward, sanctifies and adorns the landscape. The late summer sun is slowly westering; softly through the oriel windows the rays fall on the kneeling villagers, and fling a saint-like glory on some dear head. The cadence of a noble voice is heard in silvery tones, 'Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord;' and then the simple hymn, perchance, in which our large, and as yet unbroken, household circle join. Such is the memorial imagery of simple country days, before later years brought a wider knowledge and a sadder wisdom. And now a glance at another Sunday evening, in the new London life. I am in the precincts of the mighty Abbey. I leave my friends, with whom I had been conversing, in the venerable close; and, threading my way through the quiet cloisters, I pass through a side door, and suddenly a wondrous scene reveals itself to me. Jets of foliated gas emerge from the antique pillars, thousands throng the vast nave, the crash of massive music breaks forth, which resounds to the dim, unlighted recesses of the far east of the Minster. It is one of the earliest Sunday evening services in Westminster Abbey, that new feature in the ever-young life of the Church of England. You remember it, too, but perhaps you can not have such associations with it as I have. And so it is that on these Sunday evenings both retrospect and anticipation are busy. We think of our lost friends, of those who were once the most familiar forms in our daily life, who have now passed away, living now in other lands, and beneath other stars; perchance, 'by the long wash of Australian seas;' or severed from us by inconstancy or falsehood or misfortune, or even—a kinder separation—by the cold hand that has silenced the lip, and laid the finger on the eyelid, but has not left us without a hope. As Lord Herbert of Cherbury says—the brother of that great saint and poet, George Herbert—in

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lines, the first example of that peculiar metre which 'In Memoriam' has rendered so familiar:

'These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
And hands again thine hands enfold,
And all chaste pleasures to be told,
Shall with us everlasting be.'

"That company of the loved and lost which was at first so sparse, a two or three—how the numbers increase, how the voices swell! Like the sand in the hour-glass, they hurry into the vacant space; they leave us, our sweet friends; they no longer are on our muster-roll; as silent shadows they steal off into yonder ghostly camp. That hour is coming to us, my friends. Like a pilgrim, we every night pitch our tent a day's march nearer home. We know it well. For the last time we shall listen to those sweet vesper chimes, and for the last time watch the soft splendor of that setting sun. And then for us, in years which we shall not see, some kindly friend in melancholy musing some such hour as this will have for us, perchance, that sorrowful recollection which we ourselves extend to those who have 'gone before.'

"Does this musing appear melancholy and regretful? Not altogether such, I trust, for, in very truth, the musings of Sunday evening have their lessons of calm and hope and consolation. They should teach us to look back upon the past without regret, and forward to the future without a sigh. If our dead friends can still think and feel for us, at such an hour as this their eternal regards may be fixed on us. If there are ministering spirits who in angelic mission attend on us, at such an hour we may listen to their heavenly whisperings. The Eternal Spirit that strives with men, and would fain make their lives and deaths blissful, is tenderly pleading with the poor, erring human spirit that still clings to the broken links of perishable things.

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"It is now the *Ave* hour of the Sunday evening. Such is the hour to listen to the voice of God; read some glorious page in which the burning hope of better things translates sorrow into serenity. Such is the hour of prayer; pray for your native land and for those you love, pray for forgiveness and for strength, pray for resolution to live a calm and Christian life, pray for those who have your sorrows without your hopes. And now to rehearse the last scene of all, by sinking into silence and forgetfulness. Yet for a moment pause. Withdraw the curtain, and view the large night looming in its wintry sky over this great London. See how the multitudinous stars come out, army upon army of the great hosts of heaven, and remember how the music of the herald angels of Bethlehem is still lingering upon our ears. May not our last thoughts be of the 'many mansions' of our Father's house, of which eternal truth has assured us, and promised to seekers in them a home?"

Bishop Latimer used to interrupt a discourse by saying, "And now I'll tell you a fable." I will conclude this chapter by telling a story of an Important Ten Minutes, which possesses the advantage of being quite true.

Piccadilly was at its liveliest and busiest. The continuous London roar rolled steadily on. Carriages, horsemen, vehicles of all sorts hurried past. By Apsley House, at the entrance to Hyde Park, the crush of carriages was especially great. Various glances were thrown at the historic mansion of "the duke," as all called his Grace of Wellington, as if there was no other, and never would be any other duke than that duke. I imagine in that popular notion people were tolerably right. I am speaking of the days when the duke was still living and at the summit of his popularity. Many, I say,

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were the glances at those iron-clad shutters which the duke found it necessary to employ at the riotous times of the Reform Bill, and which he grimly retained as a lasting memento of popular favor. Among the pedestrians there was one whose especial business it was that morning to call upon the Duke of Wellington. He will enter Apsley House as a well-known and honored visitant. With very good reason will he be received as such, for Colonel Beckwith has long served under the duke, and is an old Peninsular officer. He is disabled now—we see that he has lost a leg. Very proud, indeed, may he be of that honorable loss. The limb was left at Waterloo, where the soldier had bravely fought for our English hearts and homes.

The colonel was shown into the library of Apsley House, and sat down. The duke was very much engaged, but would see him presently. Could he wait ten minutes? Colonel Beckwith resigned himself to the delay, and waited for some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. On those few minutes depended the multiplied events of many years. The colonel, in after-life, used often to speak of that brief space of time as the turning crisis of his existence.

Perhaps Colonel Beckwith had heard of a certain remarkable saying of Napoleon's, and, as an old soldier, had probably seen it realized. "Although a battle may last a whole day," Napoleon used to say, "there were generally some ten minutes in which the fate of the engagement was practically decided." How often this is seen in life! In the course of a few minutes some thought is conceived, some deed committed, which tinges the color of the whole remainder of an existence. So it was to be now.

Before I proceed with the narrative I must stay to give one fact respecting the antecedent history of this honored soldier. Without knowing it we should be at a loss to understand the circumstances that ensued.

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Colonel Beckwith was a truly religious man. He kept close to his religion with soldierly simplicity and good faith. After the great field of Waterloo he had stayed in an invalided state at Brussels, a maimed and disabled man. Then it was that he read the Bible. He read it earnestly and diligently. Ah, how many of us require to be laid upon a bed of languor before we will patiently give heed to those sacred pages! General Beckwith—for he reached that rank—must have blessed this time, for it was then that he was brought to God.

How should Colonel Beckwith spend the ten minutes during which he was to wait for the great duke?

We have already said that he was in the library. It was, therefore, a natural step that he should walk up to the bookshelves. His eye carelessly wandered over the titles of the volumes. He put out his hand and took the first that offered. It was Gilly's "Waldenses." For ten minutes or more he was absorbed in the contents. Then a servant entered the library and announced that the duke would see him in the sitting-room. The illustrious chief and his distinguished subaltern then engaged in conversation, and shortly afterward General Beckwith took his leave.

The remembrance of what he had read during that ten minutes spent in the library haunted him. At least he accurately remembered the title of the volume, and could procure it at his bookseller's. He did so. Who was the author? A dignitary of the Church of England, the Very Rev. Dr. Gilly, Dean of Durham. He was so greatly excited that from reading this book he proceeded to read every other book connected with the subject. For this purpose he ransacked every library he knew. Finally, was it not possible to become acquainted with Dr. Gilly, the author of that remarkable book which he had devoured so ardently in the library of Apsley House? Certainly it was. There was no one whom the kind

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dean would be better pleased to see than an old Waterloo soldier who wished to speak to him on his favorite subject. They became great allies, and were both alike ever deeply interested in the Waldenses.

Another thought now occurred to him. Why should he not cross the sea and the mountains, and go and see the Waldenses for himself; see for himself that beautiful scenery, and by this means conceive fully in his mind his impressions of that strange history? He was a man without any ties. The great wars were all over now. Europe was forever safe from Napoleon, and the soldier's occupation was gone. His time and his means were entirely his own. He was unmarried, and, we believe, without near relatives.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1827, he made his first visit. He was rather hampered with some engagements on this occasion, and made only a hurried stay of three or four days. Next year, however, he went again, and stayed three months; the year following, six months. By-and-by he permanently established himself at Torre.

. . . . . .

Closely as General Beckwith was connected with the Waldenses, he became still more identified with them. He took a wife from among the daughters of the people. He was then well stricken in years, and it might have been questioned how far the Alpine maiden would suit the aged English gentleman and soldier; but, to use the words of old Isaac Walton, "the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual affection and compliance." She was a village maid of humble origin, but well educated as education was accounted there, and he lived very happily with her during the remaining eleven years of his life. In these latter days he had a love for the sea that equaled his love for the mountains. He was fully aware of the important sanitary truth, how beneficial

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is a timely change of air and residence. The sea-side residence which he selected was Calais. He went there so regularly and stayed so long that it was even thought the coasts of fair France were estranging him from the valleys of Piedmont. We know not how far this may have been the case, but it is certain that in his last illness his affection for his Alpine home was in all the fullness of its strength. He knew that he was dying, and his hope was that he might die among the people. In extreme weakness he turned southward and crossed the Alps, that he might lay his bones in beloved Torre.

At Torre, then, he gradually declined and died, amid the tears and blessings of an affectionate and grateful population. He left this world, July 19th, 1862. He lies buried in the church-yard of Torre, and for generations to come his tomb will be pointed out to the passing traveler. Some great Englishmen are lastingly identified with the Vaudois Protestants. Oliver Cromwell sent through his Latin secretary, John Milton, that famous dispatch which expostulated on their behalf with the Duke of Savoy.

King William the Third, in a treaty with Savoy, inserted terms which greatly ameliorated their condition. But even more than the memory of the great Protector, even more than the memory of the great Protestant deliverer, will the memory of General Beckwith be cherished in these valleys.

Assuredly his is the record of a great, simple, beneficent life! And all this came to pass, as he often used to say, from the short time that he spent in looking over a book in the library of Apsley House while waiting to see the great duke! Certainly that was an important ten minutes!

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CHAPTER IV.

University Careers.

I ADD a few words especially on the subject of university careers, inasmuch as the university is to an immense number of men essentially a great turning-point in life, and because, when different schemes for university extension are developed and bear fruit, the universities will become more than ever national institutions, and centres of intellectual life for the nation at large. I am hardly sanguine enough to believe that the time will ever return when, as in the days of Occam, some thirty thousand students will troop from all parts of the country to Oxford as the gateway of all knowledge. It is impossible to doubt that our universities are now in a transition state. This is symbolized by the demolition and reconstruction of the collegiate edifices themselves during the last decade; by the new examinations that have been instituted; by the constitution, in either university, of the new class of unattached students; by schemes for making the universities schools for special study on the arts and sciences. If we could look into the Oxford or the Cambridge of the future, the eyes of the old university man, already sorely dazzled by changes outward and inward even now existing, might behold, not without infinite trepidation, an expansion and metamorphosis of which his past experience could hardly suggest any idea. Any discussion of university life must relate chiefly to the historic aspect of the subject, and it may be that, with a proverbial slowness, we may linger long before the

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transition is accomplished; but a transition is in store for us, and we may hope that it will be for the best.

In speaking of university careers, a great deal depends on the conception which we may form of academical success. Differences of opinion depend mainly on a single point, namely, whether a successful college career is regarded as a means to an end, or as an end in itself. The notion of a successful university career usually implies a first-class and a fellowship; and, as this involves a modestly substantial income and a not undistinguished social position, such a career is looked upon as a good thing, worthy to be sought for its own sake. With many persons, on the other hand, a college career, however brilliant, is only regarded as a step toward ulterior objects. The real aim is in the direction of the church, parliament, or the bar, and a successful career at college is looked upon as a significant omen of the real success of after-life. There are many distinguished men now living, whose names are familiar enough to those who habitually handle the "University Calendar," who have amply justified any prognostics that might be drawn from early eminence. Christ Church has, pre-eminently, been the foster-parent of such men; that ancient foundation having given to the world a long line of illustrious statesmen, who have entered the House of Commons with a brilliant *prestige* for scholarship and ability. High university honors comprise, however, so many advantages of a lucrative kind that they excite a keen competition for them among those with whom they are a natural object of desire. One result is that men enter the university at a somewhat later age than was formerly the case; they bring up a larger stock of knowledge than they once used to do, and the standard of the honor-examination is proportionately raised. It was once possible for the same Cambridge man to obtain the highest place both in mathematics and classics; but we think it was the

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late Baron Alderson, who was one of the very few remarkable men thus distinguished, who used to say that the system of examination is now so far extended that it is impossible for any human being to repeat this particular kind of success. Men at present run for the great university prizes under a regular training system, as complete and as scientific as any other system of prize competition. There is now established a regular migration from the Scottish to the English universities. Men who have actually taken a master-of-arts degree at Edinburgh or Glasgow take the position of undergraduates who have only just discarded their jackets. Those who know any thing of Baliol College, Oxford, or of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, are aware of the great extent to which this kind of thing is carried. Some hardship seems involved, by this system, on younger competitors; but then older men pay a penalty in being proportionately late starters in the great business of life. However, they often consider that they have satisfactorily performed that business if they have obtained that academical success which will guarantee them a modest, permanent competence.

The competition for educational honors and advantages, which has ordinarily been supposed, with justice, to commence at the university, in accordance with modern notions of competition, has been pushed back to a still earlier age. The advantages are so questionable that it is to be hoped that the system will not receive any further extension. Great pecuniary advantages are now attainable by mere children at our great public schools. A very juvenile youngster may save his father many hundred pounds by gaining a place on the foundation of Eton or Winchester. While this is the case, we can not but fear that forcing establishments will gain in parental estimation, and many a young head and heart will be weighed down by a burden of too early thought and care. We ques-

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tion, also, if there is much real wisdom in playing a long game instead of a short game. The prematurely clever child, who is extraordinarily successful at school, will probably be only an ordinary man, with no special success at college. In the same way, the extraordinarily clever man at college in many instances will subsequently shade off into a very insignificant kind of being for the rest of his life. Among the crowds of young men in the fast-fleeting generations of the university, there are many who, by their force of ability, seconded by only moderate application, achieve the very highest degree of college success, and repeat that success, on a still broader scale, in the world. But, beyond these instances, it appears perfectly possible to crowd into a few years the intellectual labors of many years, and to impoverish and exhaust the mental soil by a system of unfairly high farming. Men are constantly met with who sweep the universities of all the prizes which it is in the power of those great corporations to bestow, and who find that their subsequent career can bear no kind of comparison with that brilliant early success. They have lost the fresh spring of youthful elasticity, the early ardor of intellectual exertion. The mind that has long run in a scholastic groove acquires a kind of mental immobility, and will not easily adapt itself to the untried career of an active professional life. Even zealous attempts to achieve something of the kind often prove real failures, and the college don who has tried to renew college success in politics or at the bar frequently falls back once more on the common-room or the combination-room, and takes his share in college tuition and the emoluments of college offices. But the university career which, after all, is confined within the limits of the university, is not, perhaps, such an enviable kind of success that it should be constantly held up to the admiration and imitation of all those who are starting on the race of life.

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Of course, here as elsewhere, we have to arbitrate between different orders of men, and different kinds of successes. It is a great success when a man has won his way to the headship of his college, with a clear prospective eye to bishopric or deanery. It is no less a success when the poor scholar, after wading through difficult waters, has obtained a college fellowship, and with grateful, contented mind waits for his college living. His horizon may be narrow and bounded, but it is, at least, satisfactorily filled. Still, the college career, which is limited and bounded by college objects, is often fraught with melancholy considerations. A merely merchantile element is often introduced, which can not be wholly deprived of a despicable character. We can hardly sympathize with young men who are always eagerly calculating the value of scholarships and fellowships, and subordinate every study to the question whether it will *pay*. Things are often bad enough at Oxford, but at Cambridge an essentially ignoble system is pursued to a most deleterious extent. It is often the fault of parents, who tell their sons that they must look to the university as the main source of the present and future subsistence. We have heard the case of a father who made his two sons handsome allowances, with the understanding that, after they took their degrees, they should entirely maintain themselves. We feel sure that nearly all our readers can recall similar instances. In this particular case, one of the sons went mad; the other, with broken health, won a fellowship, and, naturally, was on bad terms with his father ever afterward. The training system at Cambridge is carried to as high a degree of perfection as any system of trainer and jockey can be carried. The Johnian stables are particularly celebrated. Every particular of diet, rest, and exercise is sedulously attended to. The reading man will look with the utmost abhorrence upon the feeding man, simply because the

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feeding will interfere with the reading. He will also look with the utmost contempt upon the man who dabbles in literature, or indulges in oratorical flights at the Union. He has no notion of indulging in any kind of intellectual pursuit which may, in the least degree, divert his brain from the lucrative objects on which it is fixed. He tramples down remorselessly any flowers of imagination of poetry which may appear in the fresh dawn of intellectual life. The success aimed at is, at last, achieved; we, of course, pass over the very many cases in which success has been *all but* achieved, and grievous disappointment has been the result. The victorious student, in due time, subsides into a college don, who, in his own kind of way, is the most spoiled and pampered of men. But it is a condition of things in which an advance is not easily made, and where the first flush wears off into a dull kind of day. The undergraduate may admire the awful state of the don, but the don must often envy the elasticity and freshness of the undergraduate. Year by year the resident don finds the list of his friends narrowing within an ever narrowing circle. He may enjoy travel and society, but there is the corroding recollection that he is linked to his college position, and if that is abandoned, he will have to begin life over again. The men whose injudicious oratory and literature he despised, in the meantime are, perhaps, obtaining name and position in public life. Very often the don takes a college living, when it is no secret that he has but scanty sympathy with the sacred work to which he is devoting himself.

It is a common thing that, when such a man has attained all that the university can give him, he is seized with an exaggerated and morbid desire to get married. It must be owned that there is much in his surroundings to encourage this excessive tendency toward connubiality. All material

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wants are amply satisfied. The fellows live and rule like petty kings. Every day the high table is sumptuously spread for them, without any effort on their part; and costly refections, from buttery and kitchen, are ready at any moment. The fellow lives in comparative luxury and idleness; he is surrounded with pictures and poetry and art; he is often sensitive, susceptible, and imaginative to the highest degree. We have very rarely known a fellow of a college who was not more or less anxious to get married. Generally, also, these fellows are in the predicament of waiting for dead men's shoes, eagerly expecting the lapse of the college living which will enable them to marry. At the present time, the wonderful era has arrived when fellows of college are allowed to marry. This innovation was looked upon by the old school as being of the most alarming kind; and, certainly, there is something revolutionary in the spectacle of the venerated college grass-plat being converted into a croquet-ground by the wives of the fellows and their feminine belongings. Still, hitherto such fellowships have almost entirely, or entirely, been held by those who are professors, or whose services have been found to be absolutely necessary in carrying out the work of college tuition; and it is not at all probable that such a permission will be generally accorded to fellows. One effect of such regulations would be that there would be fewer vacancies in fellowships, and the chances of a successful university career would be materially abridged. From this enforced celibacy, or other causes, fellows of colleges are often restless, disappointed men; and, truly, the grand university success often turns out to be not much better than a failure and a mistake.

Still, after allowing for all these drawbacks, there is a worse kind of university career. There are university careers which fatally progress backward. A university man can exemplify,

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to any extent, the art of sinking. For many natures the university is a fiery crucible, which searches out destructively worthlessness and vice. It is a trial for a young man to find himself suddenly in unlimited credit at the wine-merchant's and confectioner's, and with full power to gratify any baneful thought of self-indulgence with which he is familiar. The defenses which surround him are, ordinarily, very slight. The college tutor, who is sometimes depicted as watching over his morals and endeavoring to exercise on his behalf a legitimate influence for good, is a being who is not ordinarily to be discovered in real life. The undergraduate is generally left to the brotherly agency of the proctor and his bull-dogs. If a man is viciously disposed, the descent to Avernus is as easy as possible for him. A little social or home influence would be a good thing for him, but general society is limited at Oxford and Cambridge, and only a small minority of men make their way to it. As it is, the man whose career is of a downward tendency speedily familiarizes himself with the best provincial imitations of metropolitan vice. This kind of career need not be dwelt upon, for it has been often described by that numerous tribe, the writers of university stories, and, unhappily, is only too familiar in ordinary experience. We have already said something on this sad subject. There are very few families who, in the ramifications of relationship and connections, can not count up a few black sheep. The Oxford credit system has much to answer for, but it has still some good points. It sometimes supplies a poor scholar with absolute necessaries, for which he was unable to pay at the time, and without which he could scarcely have passed through college. It is also to be said, to the ultimate credit both of graduate honesty and the sleuth-hound vigilance of tradesmen, that, comparatively speaking, only few bad debts are made at Oxford and Cambridge. There is a whole army of

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lawyers, agents, and collectors, a column whose insidious advances are screened from observation till the moment of attack. We question, however, if mere indebtedness is the general cause of the social tragedy of a downward college career. That must generally be an enormous profligacy and folly at college when, subsequently, a crooked career can by no means be made straight, nor recover itself through honest exertion and the help of friends. That must be an almost unmixed process of deterioration which, as the goal of a career, leaves a university man, as is sometimes the case, in the position of a billiard-marker or driver of a hansom cab.

It might be imagined that men who have really achieved a career at the university, and won its substantial honors, would be in the best possible position for winning further distinction. They have gained the vantage-ground from which they may best advance, and are furnished with the instruments with which they may best compete. They have attained so much that they are full of hope, and there is so much to be attained that they should be full of effort. An assured, moderate provision, with a really good chance of obtaining still better things, has been defined as the happiest position in itself, and furnishing the best incentive for exertion. Theoretically, this may be the case, but, practically, it is not found to work so. We do not, in any degree, desire to speak disparagingly of fellowships. It must, also, be specially remembered that the system of flinging the Oriel fellowships open to the world proved the inauguration of better days for Oxford, and was of the greatest "moment" to the university. Still, the competition is so keen, the strain so heavy and protracted, that men too often sacrifice the present for the future, and forget that a university career is not the only, nor yet the best, chance in life. Any university career, also, however apparently successful, is only maimed and incomplete that does

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not include a fair share of the social advantages of the university. It is the glory of Oxford and Cambridge that they not only make scholars, but that they make gentlemen and make men. Every man should seek to avail himself of the intellectual culture of the university; and there are now so many avenues to distinction that he must, indeed, be a dullard who despairs of making any appearance in any class-list. But it is something also to "catch the blossom of the flying terms;" something to make the friends and build up the character which are to stand a man in good stead in his after-life. We do not stay to dwell much on this aspect of matters, but he who has done thus much, and, while studying, can afford to look with equanimity on material success, whether it comes or goes, has really hit the golden mean, and pursued the kind of career which, if not the most distinguished, is, at least, the happiest and most salutary.

There is no subject more frequently debated than the comparative merits of the two universities, and none where the chance of unanimity is so doubtful or hopeless. The Oxford or Cambridge man who is susceptible of being argued into the conviction that the sister university is superior to his own *alma mater* is as rare as the knight of romance who, while championing the peerless beauty of his love, might avow that he was prepared to give an enlightened consideration to the possibly superior charms of some other competitor for the title of Queen of Beauty. It is right to argue and contend, but there is disloyalty or treason in the very thought that the argument can have more than one conclusion. It generally ends with the dogmatic statement that the arguer is positive that he is in the right, and an offer to back either the light blue or the dark blue, as the case may be, to any conceivable extent, for the next boat-race. There are a few persons, not many—the late Mr. Maurice furnished us with a remarkable

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example—who have studied at both universities, and may be supposed to possess better materials for forming a judgment, and a certain degree of impartiality. But even with these the tide of personal associations, from the influence of which the most philosophical are rarely able to extricate themselves, sets decidedly in a particular direction. And, indeed, as soon as we have gone at all thoroughly into the discussion, we perceive that other reasons besides an affectionate spirit of partisanship render a decision exceedingly difficult. For ourselves, we confess to our inability to strike a clear balance; but though we can not hope to settle the general question, there are many points on which it is quite easy to arbitrate, that may satisfy a man, not, indeed, as to which is the best university, considered on the absolute merits, but which is the best for *him*. It is to be regretted that a considerable number of men go up to the university without much careful consideration of this preliminary question. The matter ought to be settled on more definite grounds than that your father or uncle was there before you, or that your favorite school-fellow has gone to such a college. It is not unusual to meet with an Oxford man whose friends tell him that he ought to have gone to Cambridge, nor yet with the Cambridge man who will admit that, from all he has since learned, he believes that Oxford would have been the preferable university for him. In selecting a university, as in the more important matter of choosing a profession, there should be a due measure of inquiry and deliberation.

In very many cases, indeed, the incipient undergraduate follows a probably safe tradition. There is a legal and historical connection between some great schools and some great colleges, and there is also an undefined, but, at the same time, very strong connection between Eton and Christ Church, which has become illustrious through the many great states-

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men educated on the two foundations. But if a man does not feel—to employ the language of the bidding prayer—"in private duty bound" to resort to a particular college, he is then open to considerations on the general question. These considerations chiefly have respect to the nature of his training and the character of his mind. If, for instance, he is mathematically inclined, and desires that his mathematical powers should bring him reputation and profit, it is clear that Cambridge is the place for him, and Oxford is not. There are mathematical class-lists at Oxford in which, no doubt, men of remarkable attainments have been placed. But mathematical honors at Oxford have not the same ascertained and precise value as at Cambridge. A man may be a first-class in mathematics at Oxford, and be as good a mathematician as a senior wrangler, and yet he would gain hardly any thing of the credit and advantage which the senior wrangler achieves. There is no difficulty in speaking on the subject of mathematical honors, but when we go further we become conscious of considerable difficulties. This has been such a revolutionary era at the universities that if a man has left Oxford only a few years he finds it difficult to speak with certainty of the comparative value of its academic distinctions. We confess we feel great sympathy with the elders who maintain as unchallengeable the value of the old Oxford first, before it was broken up into the first and second public examinations. The result has been the deterioration of exact scholarship at Oxford, but, at the same time, the lending an impulse to the higher and more difficult subjects, which demand a close acquaintance with the ancient historians and philosophers, and the cognate literature. The first result of this was that most public schoolmen chiefly confined their attention to the moderations examination. It is now, however, unceasingly felt that the second public examination answers most, upon the whole,

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to the old first-class, and has a greater substantive value; and that men who devote themselves exclusively to languages are hardly sufficiently rewarded by the intermediate honors of moderations. It is also to be noted, that at Oxford a man may attain the highest classical honors, either in moderations or in the final examination, without writing a single line either of Greek or Latin verse. We suppose that it would be impossible for a Cambridge man to obtain even a low second-class without a considerable mastery of this accomplishment. The old saying used to be, that Cambridge excelled in mathematics, and Oxford in classics. It may still be claimed that Oxford classmen have the thorough and accurate knowledge of the books which they bring up, which, though it may at times be reached at Cambridge, has probably never been surpassed. But we believe that there can be scarcely any doubt but the palm of verbal scholarship in England now rather rests with the Cambridge classical tripos than with any Oxford class-list. If these facts are so, the general result seems to be, that if a man is born with an instinct for writing Greek iambics or Latin elegiacs, or has developed remarkable taste in the direction of the "Cratylus," he will find the best field for classics in the examination for the tripos. But then, again, it is claimed on behalf of Oxford that she advances toward a point which is far beyond the contemplation of the Cambridge system. Having satisfied herself that the candidates possess a thorough and critical knowledge of the languages, she proceeds to give chief attention to the subject-matter of the books, and to mental science. It may almost be said that Oxford has here taken the place of Cambridge. The original Cambridge *wrangling*, which has given its name to the mathematical examination, has altogether disappeared from Cambridge, but is reproduced very exactly at Oxford. Men may no longer discuss and reason and dispute at Cambridge, unless, in-

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deed, for a degree of divinity; but there is a very remarkable tincture of all this in the Oxford final examination. The ancient historians bring up the whole subject of history; the ancient philosophers, the subjects of ethical and metaphysical science. Nor is this knowledge of a wordy and barren kind. It is true that the Oxford student has studied for himself the "Organon" of Aristotle, but he has also the "Novum Organon" at his fingers' end, and is as well read in Comte and Mill as the most zealous reader of the *Westminster*. Thus, while insisting upon a high order of scholarship for her superior classes, the Oxford system especially encourages thought, research, originality, fosters the historical and philosophical spirit, and exercises the highest mental powers, rather than makes any extraordinary demand upon the memory and upon mere acuteness. In this way the old Cambridge wrangling element is a constant force at Oxford, not absent from the schools, and always pervading society. Oxford is the scene of incessant discussion, the place of ventilation for all new ideas. The old proverb, much quoted lately, is true enough, that any subject ardently debated at Oxford will be discussed all over the kingdom in the course of a few months. It is noticeable, as symptomatic of this, that the volume of "Reform Essays" is mainly by Oxford men, with only a slight admixture of Cambridge men; and, very possibly, a larger and better volume by other men holding other views might be easily put forth. Cambridge has, doubtless, many cultivated men who take a vivid interest in intellectual discussion; but this is quite apart from the university system, while at Oxford it is in perfect accordance with it. The establishment of the School of Law and Modern History, an institution peculiar to Oxford, has also done good service in fostering a spirit of historical inquiry, and bringing Oxford into accordance with the exigencies of modern education. It is noticeable that Christ Church,

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beyond any other college, has been honorably distinguished in the historical class-lists. Perhaps we should not be wrong in saying that Cambridge will best supply us with schoolmasters, and Oxford with statesmen. For systematical labor, critical accuracy, sheer work, and more remunerative honors, we believe that an obvious supremacy rests with Cambridge. But for a wider and deeper training, for the real education and development of the higher faculties, for the more genuine tincture of all that is implied by the expression *Literæ Humaniores*, there is reason for believing that the palm belongs to the elder university.

In the friendly comparison between Oxford and Cambridge a number of smaller matters arise, most of which would be chiefly worth noticing for the sake of the comparison, although their aggregate value would be not inconsiderable. Thus the Oxford freshmen must at once occupy rooms in college, and only at a late period they go into lodgings. On the other hand, the Cambridge freshman goes into lodgings, and subsequently obtains college rooms. The Cambridge man puts the plain name, but the Oxford man is in this, and other respects, a little more stately. The Cambridge don is generally exceedingly donnish; the Oxford don is exceedingly frank and familiar to the younger men with whom he is brought in contact. At Cambridge there is an odious expression constantly on the lips of reading men, which least becomes young men and votaries of knowledge, whether each course of reading will *pay*. The expression is well known at Oxford, but by no means prevails to the same extent. We like the Oxford plan of grouping the names of men in the same class alphabetically better than the graduated Cambridge system, as more generous in itself and lessening the unavoidable drawbacks that attend emulation and competition. Mr. Kingsley has, with some rancor, insisted that Cambridge men have a

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chivalry of their own toward women, in which Oxford men are painfully deficient. It would be interesting to ascertain on what actual facts Mr. Kingsley bases his conclusion; we have not ourselves found that circumstances point in this direction. One fact should be noted which is very much in favor of the University of Cambridge. At Cambridge every other man you meet is a reading man, at Oxford barely one man in four deserves that title. This state of things is greatly to be regretted, because the university curriculum at Oxford, apart from honors, does not give much work for any man of average intelligence, and there are so many avenues of distinction that most men should do something in the schools. Coming to the practical matter of expenditure, the expense of tutors is about a third more at Oxford than at Cambridge, and on a rough calculation the Oxford expenses are perhaps a third more than the Cambridge expenses. There are separate items in which Oxford is the less expensive of the two; thus the rooms are perhaps better, with the rent lower; but matters, on the whole, are somewhat on a more expensive scale. A man very often goes to Cambridge to make money, when he goes to Oxford to spend money. The debate will certainly be extended into a comparison of the scenic beauty which belongs to the respective localities. There is something absolutely unapproachable in the extreme beauty of the "backs" of colleges when the Cam steals between frequent arches and groves and lawns, beneath the shadows of venerable edifices. Neither is there any Oxford chapel which is the equal of King's College Chapel. Nevertheless, the view of Oxford, with its multiplicity of stately buildings, amid waters and gardens, fully realizes Wordsworth's epithet of "overpowering." The city is altogether on a wider and grander scale, and the girdle of surrounding country possesses a greater degree of interest. If from this we

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proceed to examine the muster-rolls of illustrious names, the two universities will poll man for man with much rapidity; but the great names of Bacon and Newton, Milton and Jeremy Taylor, invest Cambridge with peculiarly majestic associations.

It is impossible that any comparison can give us an undoubted result, because the terms have no common denominator. A man may easily decide which university is the best for him, but he will find it impossible to decide which university is best in itself. If England only possessed one, her educational system would show great drawbacks; but, in the diversities of the two, each supplements the other, and affords the nutriment that is best suited for particular orders of mind and variety of circumstance. One of the most thoughtful and accurate of modern observers, M. Taine, in his "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," has words respecting Oxford which apply equally to Cambridge—the truth of which we trust we shall never forfeit — that it affords "traces of the practical good sense which has accomplished revolutions without committing ravages; which, while improving every thing, has destroyed nothing; which has preserved its trees as its constitution, pruning out the old branches without felling the trunk, and now, alone among the nations, enjoys not only the present but the past."

But now there threaten to come upon Oxford and Cambridge a mighty battalion of men who have hitherto been seen only in casual detachments. This is the army of poor scholars. We rejoice to believe that their advent has now really been heralded. When a system of national education has been thoroughly organized, we may hope that the district schools will draught off their best scholars, and the endowed schools will, as a matter of course, send their best scholars to the universities. We hope there will be a golden academical

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age, in which insufficiency of means will never prevent a bright, good youth from going to college. The tendency of poor men at present is to go to Cambridge. At Cambridge the colleges are very rich, while the university itself is poor; while the University of Oxford is very rich, while the colleges are not so rich as those of Cambridge. If Mr. Rogers's calculations are correct, the University of Oxford will before long be enormously wealthy, and vast funds may be utilized for the purposes of education. At Cambridge a considerable number of men receive through college emoluments a large measure of help in their course, and, indeed, often obtain what may be called an academical subsistence. An immense sum is yearly given away, bestowed with the most scrupulous fairness. Indeed, any man by very shining ability and attainments may make good his footing at either university through the open scholarships. But beyond these there are many men of great powers of mind who nevertheless could not hope to be successful in a college competition, through not having enjoyed the thorough training which public schools or skillful labor have given to their antagonists. Many of the best men at Oxford have obtained very poor degrees. And beyond these there is the great want felt in the Church of young men to take holy orders, for whom scholarship and ability are not so requisite as devotedness of character and special adaptability for their work. It is here that such an institution as Keble College especially finds its place, in meeting an acknowledged need, and filling a vacant niche in the university system. The system of unattached students also meets this need, and in a somewhat wider way. For it meets the wants not only of young men who purpose to take orders, but of all those who in any way desire to train and equip themselves for intellectual life. It may be said that such students lose the advantages of associating with other young men of the university.

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The loss is certainly not entirely on their side. It would be well for the indolent and luxurious section of our universities to be brought into close contact with a plainer living, a greater industry, and a more robust understanding than their own. The loss of Oxford society might be a sensible loss, but it might be more than compensated by habits of frugality, self-denial, and foresight, and the acquisition of sterling qualities which might adorn a larger society hereafter.

We therefore look forward to an immense development of our university system. In the administration of vast funds it will be hoped that the founders' intentions of encouraging probity, industry, and religion will receive distinct attention, instead of competition being strictly limited to a place in the examination. We may trust that the universities will duly exhibit and duly foster the best young intellectual life of the country. The immense appliances of professoriates, libraries, and museums might be utilized for special ends. There can be no reason why there should not be great medical schools at Oxford and Cambridge, as much as at the sister universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that men taking orders should proceed on the Pauline principle of learning a trade, and should at the medical school qualify themselves to act as physicians for the body as well as physicians for the soul. We are sure that no man has ever yet gone to the university, or, at least, has truly used it, without feeling that to go there was indeed a moment, an era, a turning-point in his life, and desiring the extension of such blessings to the largest possible number of his countrymen, unless he indeed belong to those against whom the reproach was divinely given, that they had the key of knowledge, that they entered not in themselves, and that those who were entering in they hindered.

That is a real moment in life when first at Cambridge a

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man has gazed on the stately line of colleges nearer him, or has paced the Broad Walk of Oxford to the marge of the "lilied Cherwell," and the matchless tower of Magdalen. He who has worshiped in the gorgeous fanes, or studied in the antique libraries of either university, or has first listened or studied under the great leaders of modern thought and scholarship in their lecture-rooms, or has joined in the actual intellectual stir and strife of the place, or has formed here a first high tone of tastes and companionship, or has realized the ennobling memories and associations which surround him, will not fail to look back on his sojourn as days among the most momentous of all days, and, thinking of the university, will breathe a prayer as for the Zion of one's youth, that peace may be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces.

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CHAPTER V.

On the Choice of a Profession.

THE question of the choice of a profession is intensely important, and the choice is a veritable turning-point. It ought carefully to be kept in view for years in advance. Life is very like a battle or a game of chess, and there ought to be some plan of the campaign. These are especially days in which a man must make up his mind to be *something*. Men will go to the army or to the bar if only that they may be able to give the world some account of themselves. Those few men who do not enter a profession belong to a class which has the leisure and independence conferred by the possession of means and position, a class which has great duties imposed on it, and is so a profession in itself. A wise parent will watch his child carefully to see what his bias or tendency may be. Dr. Johnson has defined genius as strong natural talent accidentally directed in a particular direction. To say the least, this definition is not exhaustive. Great natural ability will doubtless enable a man to excel in almost any direction, but genius more ordinarily supposes a combination of abilities in a special direction. I believe a great deal is done in a child's education if you can discover a bias, and give shape and direction to it. Of course the preferences of youth are often imaginary, and are often subjected to revision. Still it is a great thing to get a lad to feel a distinct preference for any pursuit, to map out, even in outline, any thing like a chart of the future. It is pre-eminently the misfortune of the pres-

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ent day that so many young men are devoid of enthusiasm and have no object in life.

Let, however, a few words be said here which may assuage some anxious thoughts. I do not think that it really matters whether a young fellow has shining abilities or not. Of course there are some branches of life for which a man should have strong abilities and a strong bias, if he would indulge with fairness any high expectations of success. Such is authorship as a profession, or the artist's calling. The most money-getting departments of human life are those in which shining ability is not so much required as probity and common-sense. In most departments of life we have nothing more to expect than the manful performance of duty and its competent discharge. If a boy is not clever, this is a hint from nature to the parents not to assign him a path of life where superlative excellence is required with a view to success, but to find him an avocation amid the

> "Girdles of the middle mountain, happy realms of fruit and flower;
> Distant from ignoble weakness, distant from the height of power."

At the same time it is exceedingly difficult for parents to decide rightly on the question of the capacity of their children. Much misery is caused when a father thinks his son a fool and does not hesitate to tell him so. Again, if a son is found not to be doing well in any particular walk of life, that is simply a sign that there is some other walk in life in which he will probably do exceedingly well. There is the story of a father who found that his son was a great failure as a midshipman. He immediately concluded that he would do very well as a lawyer, and as a lawyer he rose to the top of his profession.

Let us now rapidly review a man's chances in a profession. Take first of all the Church, a profession which lies outside other professions, which is sometimes entered from the highest

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motives alone, sometimes from very low motives, and sometimes from mixed motives. A few words may here be added to what we have already said on the subject. There are those (the *Sunt qui* phrase which we so often have to use) who enter the Church because there is some valuable old ancestral living in store. The modern form of this abuse is that a worthy parent invests his savings for a son in a chancellor's living, which on the whole yields a very fair return as an investment, to which the young man succeeds in due course, after the process of waiting for a dead man's slippers. Then there are many young men who are easily persuaded or persuade themselves to enter Church as a fitting conclusion to a collegiate career. To a man who has taken his degree the Church is a profession easier of access than any other, and, unlike any other, yields immediately a modest income and a good social status.

The existence of a sordid element is a reproach and weakness of the Church. It is to be hoped that something in time may be done to remedy such a state of affairs: the remedy must chiefly be sought in the increased sense of responsibility among patrons and young men, and perhaps in some enactment that only curates of seven years' standing should be appointed to livings of a certain amount of value and population. Only a feeling of simple regard and reverence can exist for those who, urged by the loftiest motives irrespective of earthly considerations, devote themselves to their heavenly Master's work. And, taking human nature as it is, we will not think harshly of any who adopt this line of life, if only amid their mixed motives we recognize a humble and hearty desire to do good in the cause and service of Christ. Still it is of the utmost importance that the worldly aspect of the Church should be put clearly and honestly before those who from their inexperience are no judges of the position of life

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and the worldly chances of the minister of religion. Of those chances, unless in the case of a family living, or of commanding influence, very little can be said. If a man has a fervent desire for the ministry, let any father be very careful before he dares to interpose obstacles. But it is the father's duty clearly to put before his son that secular view of the matter which the son from his inexperience might be incompetent to understand.

He will tell him, therefore, that his average pay as a curate will be a hundred a year, or one pound eighteen and fivepence a week. He will also explain to him that his length of service in the Church will for many years be of no use, and will afterward operate as a disqualification. He will tell him that any preferment might just as well come in his first year as his fifteenth, or that it may not come at all. He will explain that the more earnestly and singly a man applies to his work, the less likely is he to make friends, to move about in the world, to form a literary or scholastic connection. It is quite true that eloquent and clever men may possibly make their way to the front, and obtain recognition and reward. But it is a lottery even with them, and the average hard-working curate has barely a chance. His bishop will probably be willing to do something for him, but the patronage of a bishop is very limited compared to the number of claimants. The endowments, provided at a time when the country was poor and the population thin, are utterly inadequate to a time when the country is populous and enormously wealthy. It might therefore be thought that the obligations devolved by the Bible upon each generation of Christians toward each generation of ministers would be recognized, and that voluntary efforts would make up for the inadequate endowments of poor incumbents and the non-existent endowments of poorer curates. It would have to be explained, however, that though this may be the

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case in some instances, there is not enough liberality and Christian obedience in the laity of the English Church to create any regular system of the kind, and that the scheme of a sustentation fund is unknown to the English Church. Moreover, the curate, as bred in gentle ways and unversed in the affairs of the world, will especially have to guard against the temptation to marriage and the meshes of debt.

One remedy for this state of things would be that the public patronage of the country now vested in the premier and the lord chancellor should not be left to their individual caprices, but be administered according to intelligible principles. Another and larger remedy would be that the area of work in which the clergy may occupy themselves should be indefinitely enlarged. There appears to be no valid objection why the clergy should not practice as doctors or surgeons. It is to be hoped that some corporate action will be taken in the matter, that some clerical school of medicine will be established. I also see no reason why those curates of the Establishment who may not be fit for intellectual work, or may not be able to find a market for it, should not enter into some kind of business. The apostle St. Paul was a tent-maker. I believe there is still a great deal of business done in tent-making, and should we be involved in war by-and-by, to purge us from our sins, there will doubtless be a great deal more. There should be some clerical tent-making company formed. It is better for clergymen to be employed in any sort of way than to cause scandal by running in debt.

I do not see that the Dissenting clergy, with all their boasts of the voluntary system, are really any better. At least we hear very great complaints, not ill-founded, of narrow income, and it has been the business of a whole class of able writers to acquaint us with the short-comings of the Dissenting ministerial position. The contrast seems to fail in the very point

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where it might seem most telling. It is true that an able man in full work, who might be receiving four or five hundred a year among the Dissenters, might only be getting a quarter of that in the Establishment. But the Dissenting Boanerges when he becomes old has probably only a very limited retirement allowance, while the Anglican, who has worked hard on a scanty remuneration most of his days, may in the evening of life find these conditions reversed—a good living and a very moderate population.

Let us now look at other businesses and professions. In nearly all of them the words of the poet are true—"All the gates are thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow." Take the bar. A man of real ability may have very long to wait, and the waiting process is a very costly one. It can hardly be done without a modest independent income by any one who would obey the great legal injunction, "to bear the port and carriage of a gentleman." Persevere, read hard, attend the courts, stick close when not in attendance on them to your chambers; don't even shrink from familiarizing yourself with the business of an attorney's office—so an "old stager" would say to a beginner—and you will at least deserve success, and in all probability you will attain it. Still I am afraid that to deserve success and to attain it are hardly synonymous terms. In all professions there is a vast mass of educated mediocrity that can do its work very respectably, but in every department positive excellence and pre-eminence is required, and this is exceedingly rare. Law is a luxury of civilization, and people who have a taste for luxuries like the most fashionable and the best.

We confess to a tender feeling—one of peculiar sympathy and appreciation—for briefless barristers. So far as we can see, they are quite as clever, and a great deal more amiable and amusing, than barristers with endless briefs. The general

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notion is that our briefless friend is a man of genius and culture, waiting for the chance which laggard fortune is so slow in giving him. If he only had the chance, it would be the Archimedes lever which would enable him to move the legal world, and grasp the seals. It rather militates against this idea that many briefless barristers are such of set purpose, and would be infinitely dismayed if briefs, and the chance of legal greatness, were thrust upon them. They have gone to the bar as the most gentlemanly of professions, and as giving them a kind of status which it is worth while acquiring. In England we have a prejudice in favor of a man's having a definite profession; and, unless his name is a guarantee for wealth or territory, we credit the idle man with being more or less of a vagabond. The status of a barrister is an "undeniable" one, neither is it particularly expensive, especially if the sham is acknowledged from the first, and there is no pretense of reading in a pleader's room. Again, many men become barristers who do not care to practice, but desire to qualify themselves for dropping into something good. Briefless barristers help to swell the class of waiters upon Providence—those who open their mouths, shut their eyes, and see what may be sent them. There are always a number of good things going, for which a barrister is often the only legally qualified candidate—magistracies, and so on—not only at home, but, to an extensive degree, in the colonies as well. We have known men, appointed to high judicial office in the colonies, whose legal library hardly extended beyond the "Comic Blackstone." It may be interesting to mention that they proved admirable judges, their decisions being always characterized by sound equity and strong common-sense. Indeed, our pleasant and gentlemanly friends, the briefless barristers, are a most deserving class, and we hardly know that good things could be better bestowed elsewhere. Many briefless barris-

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ters have no care or sympathy for the work of the bar, and many regard their membership as a step-stone to something more congenial. They would not mind being made judges at once, but they dislike the drudgery of the long initiation as working counsel. It is impossible not to appreciate their high-minded regret that, in this country, judicial appointments are not bestowed irrespectively of these merely professional considerations.

Still, briefless barristers mainly consist of those who would like briefs well enough if they could only get them. There are those who have never had a chance, and those who have had their chance and lost it. In the present day it is the most difficult thing in the world for a barrister to get a fair chance. A man is supposed to be doing all that he can if he assiduously attends the criminal courts, and waits his turn, which is supposed to come round in due course, of getting a brief for a prosecution. It is, indeed, in the criminal courts that most barristers make their first start, if, indeed, they succeed in being placed. But it is very hard to get up a criminal business; and, after all, it is rather a dirty kind of business. You have, besides, to know people whom you would rather cut, and be civil where you would rather snub. We have met extremely intelligent men who have argued, with much plausibility, that criminal business is the most important business at the bar; that it is better, *per se*, to plead for life and liberty than merely for property. But it is practically found that there is a frightful sameness in criminal business, that greed and passion have always the same kind of debasing story to tell, and that you can hardly get beyond the range of a certain monotonous vulgarity of crime. Moreover, a man's mind frequently revolts against the work to which it is put. A counsel, for instance, clearly sees that his garroting client deserves to be hanged or flogged; and it can be very little satisfaction to his mind

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that he has got him off his hanging or his flogging. The brieflessness of some barristers is, probably, due to their scruples or their disgust. A man of refined culture and a fastidious tone of mind finds himself utterly unable to brow-beat witnesses, or drag himself down to the level of a British jury. Sometimes the brieflessness is due to a less creditable cause. He has to own to himself that he is really not up to his work. He may be able keenly to detect a brother counsel's mistakes in the handling of a witness, or in the points which he puts to a jury; but when he is himself called upon to address a court, he finds that he has to use armor which he has not proved. He finds that he has not got the art of public speaking, and the oration, which seemed so neat and satisfactory when he composed it in his chamber, is lame and impotent when he has to bring it out. He then bitterly regrets that he never joined the "Union" at his university, and that he always looked with contempt on the little contemporary clubs for mutual discussion. For the want of a mere knack, which might have been acquired with ease and pleasure in younger days, many an able man subsides into a chamber counsel who might have made for himself a great public reputation. It is not encouraging to a young barrister, in his first essay, if a learned judge, after listening for a few minutes, opens the evening paper, and composes himself to the latest intelligence. Our judges are, of course, beyond the slightest whisper of partiality. Still, it is a great thing to be known to the presiding judge personally or by reputation, and it greatly affects the reputation in which a counsel is held by solicitors whether he is heard by the court with marked deference and attention or is hardly listened to at all.

A few years ago there was such a rapid series of elevations in the law courts that it has been popularly said in the profession that business to the extent of thirty thousand or forty

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thousand a year has been set free in the courts, to be disposed of among men who, save for those elevations, would not have had it. It is also popularly said that at present there is a great dearth of commanding talent on some of the circuits, and there was never a better opening for a first-rate man than at the present time. At the first blush all this sounds very well for our briefless friend, but, on examination, it is mere mirage. A man of first-rate powers will certainly succeed, but the man whose abilities are merely good has no such pleasing certainty. And the man of first-rate powers has to prove that he possesses such. No one will give him credit for it, and no one will help him to prove it. He has, perhaps, many years to wait for his opening; then the business will come in at a rush. He takes the tide, and goes on to fortune; the fat ears will make amends for the lean ears. To such a man the opening is every thing, but to such a man the opening may very possibly never come. There are tales on record—Lord Campbell has several such in his "Lives of the Chancellors"—which give us a romance of a forum. The leader is absent, and the junior counsel gloriously wins the cause. A man rises to address the jury quite unknown, and leaves the court immortalized. A good-natured attorney generously marks some young man of promise, and gives him an important brief. We may observe that the last kind of instance is becoming almost an impossibility. A solicitor, in a case which is at all important, knows that it is perilous work to intrust a brief to an unknown genius. With characteristic caution he has to rely upon talent that is proved, rather than on talent which has to assert itself. He has also interests of his own to serve, and will not concern himself with the interests of one who is an outsider to his circle. In cases involving property, he is obliged to avail himself of the highest talent which he can command, for his clients will insist on this,

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and it will be to their advantage, and ultimately to his own, that this should be the case. Otherwise, a solicitor will naturally give his business to his own friends and connections.

This brings us to another prevailing cause of brieflessness. To a considerable extent legal business is becoming a monopoly in the hands of a class. Formerly a great social distinction existed between barristers and solicitors, but absolutely no such distinction now exists. It was thought in the highest degree indecorous for a solicitor to make advances to a barrister; it was as bad as a modest maiden making advances to a bachelor. The fledgeling barristers sat in modest awe, palpitating for a proposal. To vary the image, the legal houris wondered to whom the sultan of a solicitor would throw the handkerchief. Theoretically, at least, and to a great extent practically, this high etiquette is maintained. In the meantime, however, the friends of barristers bring heavy pressure to bear upon solicitors in the matter of the disposal of their briefs. In the meantime, also, solicitors have reduced their patronage to a special system of their own. A legal firm, with a lucrative business, sends the son or relative of some leading member to the bar, and is able, in the legitimate course of business, even though his abilities are mediocre, to put a good professional income in his way. One of the most approved methods for a barrister to get into practice is to marry into the family of a solicitor. This kind of arrangement is now fully recognized. The lawyer may not be able to give his son-in-law a sum of money, but he can promise him business to the extent of £500 a year; that is, he pays him in kind—receives him on what are called terms of reciprocity. It is not at all a bad way for getting on at the bar to marry a solicitor's daughter.

But let us see how all this works for our briefless friend. He can not marry the daughter of the only influential solic-

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itor he knows, even although he is to be paid for it. He has no legal connection. He has simply entered a most honorable and ancient profession, relying on his character, culture, and ability. At first he is greatly impressed with the owl-like wisdom of the wig and gown. There is a pleasing excitement and variety in going circuit, in joining a brilliant mess, in gathering up the wit and stories of the court. He probably sees something of local society, and hopes that he will some day distinguish himself in the eyes that rain down sweet influence. He perhaps owns to himself, after a time, that there is a depressing monotony in that average fifty-pound note which going circuit costs him. Once it was thought a great thing to attend sessions by way of making business, but sessions are not now for barristers what they once were. Once it was held that a barrister might get business by affecting to be busy—by having a blue bag filled with papers, and many books and documents to consult; but this is now esteemed a baseless legend. Perhaps he becometh cynical. He thinks that Buzfuz (Sergeant) talked "utter bosh" in opening Mrs. Bardell's case; that Jones, Q.C., did not do half as well as he could have done in cross-examining that tough witness; and even that Starling (C.J.) got rather muddled in the issue which he left to the jury. Perhaps he thinks that its "dogged that does it," and elects a Westminister court to which he will regularly attend. He beguiles much time by taking portraits, profile and full face, of such men as Buzfuz (Sergeant), Jones, Q.C., and Starling (C.J.). Finally, he perhaps betakes himself to literature, or to some other downward path that leads to professional perdition. In Mr. Burgon's interesting life of Tytler, the historian, we find that, being the son of a well-known judge, he had a considerable practice at the Scotch criminal bar; but when the writers found that he was becoming known as an author, his practice quite forsook him. The late Mr. Just-

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ice Talfourd was a successful barrister and successful author, and—save the mark—a poet. Such a phenomenon is abnormal enough, and recalls the black swan, or rather the aloe, that blossoms but once in a hundred years.

We confess that we think our old friends Mr. Briefless and Mr. Dunup have been rather hardly dealt by. Every man ought to have a fair chance, and we can not see that they have had theirs. But we will forget the case of individuals in the larger consideration which brieflessness opens up. Two considerations occur to us which may be very concisely stated. If the bar degenerates into a class-profession which hardly gives independent men a chance, then there is a danger that independent men will not go to the bar, and that it will seriously fall off in efficiency and its general standard. Secondly, solicitors should consider that every man is a debtor to his profession, and should not only seek their own ends, but do what they can to promote the efficiency of the legal profession—an end which they will promote if they give unknown men a chance. To the briefless themselves there are certainly not wanting topics of consolation. They see a great deal of life and character. They have abundant space of time for meditation. They have the fairest opportunity for exercising that finest of virtues, patience. They have generally some means of their own—health, hope, fine tastes, energy, and culture. In the season of fruition they will perhaps desiderate the period of hope; in the season of oppressive business, the period of leisure. Leisure is, after all, the main boon and prize of life, and those who can use it well, though they may be briefless, will not, in the long run and in the best sense, be unsuccessful.

The success may come at last, but before the success may come there are some preliminary questions to be settled. The question of the morality of advocacy is one which, to a

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young man at that decisive turning-point of life which consists in choosing a profession, is often full of embarrassment. I have known of instances in which men who might have had good chances at the bar have held aloof from moral considerations. It was bad enough that on the legal cab-stand they should be at the beck and call of each hirer. It was bad enough that the energies of an immortal soul should be frittered away on such questions as whether a railway company should be liable for the lost goods of a passenger who had not duly registered them, or whether Jem Stubbs's destroying his wife's head by knocking it too much about with a poker was murder or manslaughter. It may be observed that, in the latter case, the verdict will probably be manslaughter, and the judge, in all probability, will pass a lenient sentence. Our judges appear to have a truly British respect for property, as compared with the person—with life and limb. Mr. Trollope is, of course, the great advocate against advocacy. It certainly seems intolerable that, when a man is plainly on the facts guilty of an atrocious murder, and the barrister leans to the belief that, on the whole, he would rather hang such a scoundrel than leave him unhanged, that the same barrister should be obliged to expend all his ability and ingenuity in getting him off. Practically, a barrister has no choice; he must take any case that is offered to him or he will lose business, although I believe that once or twice barristers have refused briefs in favor of criminals whom they abhorred. It is thus that St. Augustine writes of the matter: "And I resolved in thy sight, not tumultuously to tear, but gently to withdraw, the service of my tongue from the marts of lip-labor; that the young, no students in thy law, nor in thy peace, but in lying dotages, and lip-skirmishes, should no longer buy at my mouth arms for their madness. And (very seasonably) it now wanted very few days unto the vacation of the Vintage,

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and I resolved to endure them, then in a regular way to take my leave, and, having been purchased by thee, no more return for sale." There was a higher tone in the Roman forum than there is in our own. Cicero would refuse to defend a man of whose innocence he was not convinced. The answer to such reasoning is that the barrister is one component part of a complex machinery, the object of which is to elicit the truth. He does not feel called upon, as Cicero felt, to avow his belief in the innocence of his client. Indeed, such a course would be deemed to be in the worst taste. He is testing the worth of other statements; he is making his own statements; he is suggesting the theory that may probably be the right one. He is an active agent in bringing about a right decision, and in promoting the cause of justice. The general reasoning in favor of modern advocacy, of which this is a specimen, can hardly be asserted to be other than as a whole irrefragable. Still I can imagine, despite any amount of such special pleading, that a high-minded barrister will feel some qualms when he knows, for instance, that he has been the means of crushing and oppressing a poor widow. Still, some of the best practice of the bar consists in chamber practice, in equity, and in the common law cases, in which astuteness and learning may be carefully exercised. The bar is the avenue to the bench, and no one has a purer fame or does his country better service than the wise and upright judge.

Probably, of the entire income made by the practice of the law, only about ten per cent. goes to the barristers. On the other hand, all the distinctions of the profession belong to them. Of the solicitors, there is of course a class of whom every one thinks with deserved contempt and dislike. Probably this pettifogging class is both a small and a diminishing one. It has been my happiness to know lawyers who have been an ornament to their order, and raise one's opinion of

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human nature. I have known lawyers who have made a point of never allowing a case to go into court if it can possibly be helped, who never undertake a case of the substantial justice of which they are not convinced, and who really make no charge at all for a great deal of their correspondence and advice. It is satisfactory to know that such men have often immense practice, and make correspondingly large incomes. It is delightful to see that there is a real moral progress in the profession, and thus a plain, straightforward, simple way of doing business. Few men see more of the range and variety of human life than solicitors, and it is happy for them if they can pass through their perilous ordeal with a sound heart and an untainted mind.

There is no profession for which a man can have a heartier liking than for the medical profession. For while it may be said in the rough that the law feeds and battens upon the vices and passions of humanity, the medical profession pursues a godlike, beneficent mission in administering to our diseases and unhappiness. We may now and then hear of a medical man who evidently makes lucre his chief object, and acts severely toward the poor, but as a rule the medical man constantly relinquishes his just and hardly earned gains, and in many a household is an angel of help and consolation. It is a matter of regret that medicine is not a profession in which a man has a clear field and no favor. The man who wishes to be a consulting physician must wait long and spend much money, and drive about in a carriage to enable him to keep one. It is to be hoped that medical education and medical degrees will be put upon a better footing than has for some time been the case. It is lamentable to think of the young men who, by a process of cram, can pass their examinations, and forthwith obtain a license to kill, slay, and destroy. At the same time it is satisfactory to know that the profession

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abounds with able and deserving men, and that they contrive to do well in the long run. They do not make fortunes, but they get good incomes. Even the poorest man can struggle to the front. He walks the hospital to some purpose—becomes house surgeon; perhaps he is only an apothecary, but collects a connection and sinks the shop; perhaps he is assistant to a practitioner, obtains some public appointment, and gets into general practice. Perhaps there are as really good men in the provinces or in the East End of London as among the famous or titled physicians of the West End. Of all the professions that a man can practice, setting aside the ministerial—which may be considered the most important, but in which we can rarely trace visible results—there is none more glorious or elevating than the medical profession.

The scholastic profession alone could enter very closely into the comparison. This is a great and noble profession, which will probably receive a far larger development than it has hitherto attained. We are now only commencing a broad national education. The time will come when, with the common schools and the public schools and the colleges, education will be extended and cheapened at the universities and throughout the country. By-and-by we shall have a vast army of a hundred thousand schoolmasters for our state schools. At present our national schools are exceedingly good; our public schools exceedingly good; but the intermediate schools have been good, bad, and indifferent, without any means of testing their real efficiency. Much improvement has been effected, but we may look forward to an organized, scientific system of education, which may carry on our land at an accelerated progress to the van of the nations.

Every kind of education, scientific, technical, linguistic, as well as the old lines, will be more and more developed, as it is understood that we must add the German *Geist* to our Brit-

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ish stock. To teach fitly is as rare a gift as any endowment of eloquence or art. The scholastic profession will rise everywhere in social esteem and importance. Even now the average head-master of a great public school is at least as important as an average bishop. The responsibility of forming the character and foreshadowing the history of those committed to one's care is exceedingly great, and the honor should be correspondingly great.

The scholastic profession is now a regular business, of which the clergy have the largest part. The class-lists at the universities, especially perhaps at Cambridge, furnish the criterion by which the public mainly judge of the capacity of masters. Such a criterion, however, simply shows the capacity of a man for *imbibing* knowledge, and is not in itself a proof of his capacity to impart it. A good degree enables a man at once to obtain a lucrative mastership, and, as he gains experience, he goes on to the greater prizes of the profession. A good degree has thus a large monetary value. A senior wrangler or a senior classic ought to make his place on the list worth some ten thousand pounds to him, and a place only a little below his would have a not much inferior value. A good schoolmaster will show that he is fit not only to instruct, but to educate, to develop the character as well as the intellect of boys, treading in the steps of an Arnold or a Bradley.

We come now to the government appointments that are obtained by competitive examinations. The first example of these was the Indian civil service, and this service still offers the chief prizes in this direction. There is nowhere in the empire a nobler career open to a man, a career where the possibilities are so splendid as in India. To a man of good character and temperate habits, living in India is cheap and not unwholesome. The examination for the civil service is ex-

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ceedingly broad and fair, one of great compass and variety. A man may make almost any intellectual pursuit, almost any scrap of knowledge, available for this examination. If he has not had the advantage of a university education and good honors in classics and mathematics, still, if he thoroughly understands the language, literature, and history of his country, and other intellectual pursuits, his chance is good.

In 1870 a wide revolution was effected in every department of the civil service of the crown. The nomination system was almost entirely swept away, and the system of competitive examinations was substituted. The Order of Council issued at Balmoral threw open the whole vast civil patronage of England, and added a very sensible proviso that every appointment should be probationary for six months, and liable to be canceled through any unfitness of the person appointed. This order will probably lend a vast impetus to the educational progress of the country, and is, indeed, the proper appendix to our recent legislation on education. Perhaps an exaggerated value has been popularly assigned to government appointments, and when they are open instead of close there may not be such a lively appreciation of them. The service of the government is hardly so profitable as the service of the people. At the commencement and the end of a career a man perhaps obtains a distinct advantage, but a man in the full flush of energy and work has hardly sufficiently free expansion for his powers, and has lost the chances which active life affords him.

In any review of the professions, the army and navy should be considered, and the dangers and exigencies of the country will doubtless give an increased importance to the two arms of the service. No commissions are purchasable in the artillery, and it is to be hoped that this example will every where be followed. It is a regrettable circumstance that neither in

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the army nor in the navy can a man very easily subsist upon his pay. The position of the poor officer is in much analogous to that of the poor curate. He may see a younger man promoted over his head when all the merit is on his own side. It may be reasonably expected that before long every effort will be made to render the two arms more popular throughout the country, and to give them the substantial rewards they merit. The worth of the new arrangements has yet to be tested.

It would be interesting to make a survey of the various pursuits of trade and commerce, and it may be observed generally that, of those which deal with the luxuries of society, the work of the artist and architect and author, while in some cases they give gain and name, in many others they afford only a scanty and precarious subsistence. The businesses that deal with the actual wants of society, the eating and drinking and clothing, the home and travel, while they often yield enormous profits, are also more equable and permanent in their returns. There is sometimes a great deal of foolish pride generated in a comparison of professions and trades, which fosters the conventionality, the exclusiveness, the feelings of caste and class. There is much in this that is ignoble, that is narrow and narrowing; something, too, that is inhuman and unchristian. As Christians we have all innumerable points of contact and sympathy; the points in which men differ are as nothing to the points in which they agree. It makes very little difference what parts in life we are called upon to play, but it makes *all* the difference whether we act them well, simply, and nobly. To use an old similitude, it is not asked in any dramatic performance who played the king, or who the hero or the peasant; the only question is whether the character is played well or not. The noblest kind of fame is open to the lowliest; to quote the solemn music of Lycidas:

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"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world; nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and grows aloft in those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

Of course there is a very large class of people who have no call to enter a profession. To use a current expression, a man says that "he has had a father before him." The existence of such a class is a great element in the strength and ornament of a state. There is a great deal of work to be done in a country for which only in a very limited way there is any distinct class of workmen. For instance, in statesmanship, that is of necessity a very limited class that can afford to follow politics as a profession. Our statesmen must be mainly recruited from a class who are quite independent of its possible rewards. Again, take literature. We have a large class of literary men who find literature as regular, though hardly as gainful a calling as any other. In journalism it is absolutely necessary that there should be such a class. It forms now a distinct profession, to which the best men give their best energies. If the case were otherwise, our newspapers would not lead the entire newspaper press of the world. But literature, pure and simple, ought not to be considered a profession, and it must be a matter of regret that it is often so spoken of. Every man who has original ideas of his own, or a valuable experience of his own, is free of the company of authors, and can make his entry into their ranks. It is for the good of national literature that men should enter the ranks of literature who are not obliged to earn bread for the day that is passing over them, and who have the leisure and means that will enable them to think out thoroughly their ideas, and, if necessary, observe the Horatian rule of keeping their com-

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positions for years, and can calmly endure the neglect of the public in the faith that time will give them the recognition they deserve. So Bacon dedicated his works to Prince Posterity, and Swift inscribed one of his books to the generation after the next. The existence of an independent and cultured class who, liberated from the ordinary incentives to exertion, are able to devote themselves to the investigation of any kind of truth, is an immense gain to a nation and a nation's literature. Similarly in regard to works of philanthropy. Christian men, beyond the ordinary consecration of all their work to God, generally strive in some direct way to serve in some special work, such as the visitation of the poor or the instruction of the ignorant. Still the great work of philanthropy, in its complex organization, might languish if it were left to the surplus energies of hard-working men. Here, again, the immense importance of a leisurely and educated class is seen. Such a class ought to stand in the van of society. In politics it should stand in advance of professed politicians, as emancipated from temptations, liberated from the swaying power of many conflicting interests. In society it should be a great motive power in mitigating the effect of mere vulgar wealth, in giving a due pre-eminence to mind and character.

A very fine example of this class may be found in the late Edward Denison, who made great sacrifices, and devoted himself solely to the improvement and elevation of the working-classes. There are living men who might be similarly mentioned, but we must remember that it is not lawful to sacrifice to heroes before sunset. Yet such men as Mr. Peabody and Lord Shaftesbury may be named as among the most conspicuous instances. The Memoir of Mr. Denison was at first privately printed, like those of Lords Kingsdown, Broughton, and Chichester, but has since been published. Writing before the publication, we fell back on a paper in the *Saturday Re-*

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view to help us with our illustration of the philanthropic life. It is written in the best style of that variously hued periodical:

"Born at Salisbury in 1840, he was son of the then bishop of that diocese, and nephew of the speaker of the House of Commons. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, he was prevented from achieving equal university distinctions to those of his father and three uncles by ill-health resulting from over-training for the boat-races of his school-days. This ill-health clave to him more or less throughout the rest of his career, as may be surmised from the fact that he wrote many of his letters from Madeira, Italy, the South of France, Bournemouth, and other places visited in quest of stronger lungs and constitution. But every where the bent of his mind was toward a study of the condition and habits of the poor, and from 1862 to 1870, when he died, the work of his life seems to have been theoretical and experimental devotion to the amelioration, on sound principles, of the classes which come within the range of the poor-laws. With this end in view he went to Stepney to cope personally with the great East End distress, taking up his quarters for the best part of a year at Philpot Street, Mile End Road, and building and endowing a school there for the teaching of ragged children, while he himself lectured to working-class adults. He offered himself in 1868 for the borough of Newark, and, having been elected after a contest in which he distinguished himself by the candor and independence of his hustings speeches, sat as its member for a brief year, and drew the attention of thoughtful minds within and without the House by an able maiden-speech on Mr. Corrance's motion relative to pauperism (May 10, 1869). But the labors of the session precipitated his removal from a field of usefulness in which he made social questions his specialty. He had to leave England once more in quest of health, and after a visit to Guernsey, and the relinquishment of a projected visit to the

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United States, each planned with an eye to the absorbing purpose of his life, he finally repaired to Melbourne in a sailing ship, where, as the voyage had injured his health instead of improving it, he died (January 26, 1870) within a fortnight after landing.

"A mere summary, however, can not do justice to such a man's life and acts, much less to the animating principle of them, and to the carefully ripened and well-stored mind which avoided the visionary and grasped the practical in all that it attempted. The letters themselves must be studied for an insight into that mind and the work it did. Though here and there a fear is expressed lest it might be thought so, there was nothing narrow or timid, certainly nothing indicative of worship of expediency, in the character of Edward Denison's mind. Well-trained and taught, it shrank from violent changes and hasty choices. He held aloof, with instinctive caution, from divers schemes and associations as to which he was not satisfied about the wisdom of the promoters. 'I am ready,' he writes, in one place, 'to dig in the vineyard, but I don't feel bound to imitate every vagary of my fellow-laborers.' And one can understand why such a man, when solicited to join the Church Union, declined on the ground that 'he already belonged to the best possible union—that body which is the blessed company of all faithful people.' Whether in religion or politics or social science, he looked wistfully for the practical element, and where he suspected a lack of this he hung aloof, and risked the charge of lukewarmness rather than go blindfold with a clique putting undue trust in legislation for moral improvement, or commit himself to the dogmas of extreme partisans. Yet there was nothing halting in his rule of life. 'Real life,' he writes, 'is not dinner parties or small talk, nor even croquet and dancing.' Literature and study were with him means to an end; they were the cultiva-

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tion of his gifts with a view to enhancing his capacity to benefit his fellow-creatures. And so, in the course of elementary Bible teaching which he gave single-handed to a roomful of dock-laborers at the East End, and in which he used illustrations from human nature, natural religion, and secular history, we can not doubt that his reading reproduced itself with good effect. 'If John Baptist had stood up in a half-empty synagogue, and had said, I wish the publicans and harlots would come here, because then I would teach them to repent, how many would he have been likely to baptize? And if Christ had limited his teaching in the same way, what chance would there have been, think you, of founding Christianity?' But, having made the proffer, he did not fret about its acceptance or non-acceptance. 'No man may deliver his brother, he can but throw him a plank.' Meanwhile his personal self-abnegation stands out undesignedly on the face of his letters. If he dilates, in January, on the delights of skating, it leads him to remark that he would give up the pleasures of frost a thousand times rather than enjoy them 'poisoned by the misery of so many of our brethren.' 'I have come to this,' he writes in the September of 1867, 'that a walk along Piccadilly is a most exhilarating treat. I don't enjoy it above once in ten days, but therefore with double zest.'

"So minded, Edward Denison could not but carry out heartily that which his hand found to do. Convinced that the bad condition of the population at the East End was due chiefly to 'the total absence of residents of a better class, and to the dead level of labor,' convinced, too, that 'the mere presence of a gentleman known to be on the alert to keep local authorities up to their work is inestimable,' he took up his quarters in a district the precise locality of which one of his letters describes with a humorous topographical accuracy, and which was simply the antipodes of fashionable or even busi-

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ness London. There he set himself to wrestle with pauperism by setting his face against bread and meat and money doles, and by combining with others to deal radically with a few cases of aggravated distress; while he coped with irreligion and indifference by throwing himself into the work of a lay evangelist, and becoming the animating spirit of a working-men's club of the better sort, and an active, hopeful teacher of boys and adults as occasion required. Clearly convinced from the first that indiscriminate charity is mischievous, and that giving money only undoes the work of the new poor-law, he read and thought and traveled, whenever he did travel, with an eye to make assurance doubly sure.

"In an early letter he justifies lamentation over those who die with their part unfinished, and the first portion of their career broken off, as it were, with a ragged edge. A curious anticipation of his own cutting short! We may deem that, in the eye of Providence, the hour was not ripe; or such intensity of purpose, with so holy an end in view, would surely have been allowed to achieve, in a lengthened term of usefulness, the solution of the great problem of these latter days. That the end is not yet must be the secret of so sharp and premature a removal."

It must be allowed that the choice of a profession is one of the most important turning-points in life. If a man determines not to enter a profession, such a determination is probably a more decisive turning-point than any other. The best practical advice perhaps is that the bias and tendency of a boy should be understood, and the object in life early defined, to which he can work up. Nothing is more to be deprecated than the aimless, desultory way in which so many young men are unfortunately brought up; and nothing gives the character so much strength and energy as a definite object. That is a

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time of very great perplexity to young men when their path in life is obscure, and they doubt whither they shall turn. The way is often indicated to them by their self-knowledge, their knowledge of their own ability or inability, and by the openings which Providence seems to indicate to them. Well for them if they can realize the words of the sacred poet in choosing their path in life—words which they will, perhaps, often repeat while making their toilsome march through the careful years:

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Guide Thou my steps; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

"I was not always thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to see and choose my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

"So long Thy love has spared me, sure it will
Still lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night be gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
That I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

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CHAPTER VI.

Taking Holy Orders.

WHEN some men speak of "taking a living," Mrs. Glasse's suggestion about cooking a hare—that we should first catch it—may probably occur to the clerical reader. How to catch the living is, indeed, the anxious problem of the curate-mind. That mind is fully convinced that promotion does not come either from the east or from the west. The common notion of preferment is that of Sydney Smith, that it is all a lottery, where you may draw a prize, or, much more probably, a blank. But ecclesiastical preferment is not, as a matter of fact, a mere system of haphazard. Things work very much here as elsewhere—in a groove. It is not an uncommon thing to meet with a man who has refused a dozen or half-a-dozen livings. It is not an uncommon thing, either, to meet with a curate who has never known the pleasant excitement of such a proposition. That depends whether you are on the groove or off the groove, whether you are really on the line or have been shunted to some siding. However, when the living is really obtained, and the much-deserving ecclesiastic is admitted into the comfortable circle of those who obtain the temporalities of the Church, he becomes a person of enlarged social importance, and as such is liable to be subjected to a microscopical investigation by the philosophical sociologist, whose kind has been so largely developed of recent date.

A few preliminary words may, however, be said on the subject of getting a living. Livings are generally disposed of

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on so regular a system that only an inconsiderable proportion come under the definition of blanks or prizes. The family-living goes to some member of the family. The college-living goes to some fellow of the college. The chapter-living goes to some member of the chapter or his nominee. It may so happen that the younger son may rebel against the ecclesiastical arrangement; or that the fellows are all so cozy and comfortable that they do not care to move; or that the living in question may be beneath the serious attention of cathedral dignitaries, and thus even the benefices may wander—heaven-directed—to some poor parson. It is to be said, to the great credit of the bishops, that their patronage is generally administered on fair and intelligible principles. Some may favor the High Church, some the Low Church, and of one or two it is said that, with rigid impartiality, they bestow their patronage alternately. But it is commonly asserted in clerical circles that the man who has no interest in the Church does best to settle himself down quietly to some curacy for a great number of years, at the end of which his bishop may probably do something for him, or, at all events, if the bishop does not, no body else will. The curate who clings doggedly to his curacy for a great number of years is a great pet with bishops, but we are not at all certain that it might not have been better for the curate, and better for his people, that they should have had more change. Wesley's two-year system, now enlarged to three years, though an exaggeration, is an important and useful regulation. When the living comes, the success is often a source of congratulation and enjoyment. The curate reads with rapture a letter from his bishop, offering him the living of Marsh-cum-Bogland, with every expression of personal confidence and esteem. But when it is discovered that Marsh-cum-Bogland is worth sixty-five pounds a year, and has no house, the ardor of gratitude insensibly cools. It is never-

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theless very remarkable how even very small livings are eagerly sought for by dozens who have some modest patrimony of their own. We observed that when a patron of a small living lately advertised for an incumbent, he had hundreds of answers. When a chancellor's living becomes vacant, there are generally hundreds of applications, and his secretary of presentations must always be involved in voluminous correspondence. Some chancellors delight in the exercise of patronage, while others consider it the greatest of bores. But we imagine that the experience of most keepers of the great seal would show that they are not allowed to exercise it unmolested. Lord Eldon, we know, was greatly importuned by Queen Charlotte in the disposition of his patronage, and such royal influence is by no means out of date at the present time. Of course, political considerations frequently determine Church patronage; and, in the absence of any definite principles of promotion by desert, this system acts nearly as well as any other could. The minister himself—Lord Palmerston was a case in point—is sometimes so hampered by party considerations that he is unable to attend to his personal predilections. If a lord-lieutenant or a county member reports that it is absolutely necessary for his party in a certain part of his country that some vacancy should be filled up in a particular manner, the minister has to give way. We remember the case of a distinguished Oxford divine, who brought a Whig chancellor a very vehement demand from the lord-lieutenant of a county that he should be preferred to a vacant benefice. The chancellor came in his robes of office from the bench to his private room to see the applicant. He swore like a cabman when he read the letter, and gave the trembling clergyman the living with curses which an Ernulphus might envy.

We know a man with a very important position quite unable to trace how the unknown path of preferment opened up to

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him. One of our ablest bishops on the bench came to his position by mere accident. An important position, which generally led to a mitre, became vacant. It was offered to an aged clergyman, who said he was too old to accept it, but advised the premier to go to an obscure church in the neighborhood, where he might hear a really able man. This clergyman subsequently obtained the great preferment, which led afterward, in due course, to a bishopric. We have known of instances in which the patron, after service, has stepped into the vestry and offered preferment to the officiating clergyman. We trust that the mention of this circumstance will inspire patrons and preachers with a noble emulation. These anecdotes, however, are by no means of a uniformly pleasing type. A very worthy clergyman of my acquaintance, in bad health and with scanty means, received a communication one day from a prime minister to the effect that a very valuable living in the balmy Devonshire climate had been bestowed upon him. He was full of happiness; the preferment which he had been led to expect was come at last, and for him meant health, ease, and competence. A few weeks afterward he received another letter from the premier saying it was all a mistake, and that this living was bestowed elsewhere. It is hardly too much to say that the shock of the disappointment caused his death.

We will suppose that a patron has chosen his man. The proper thing for the patron to do is to have the deeds drawn up by his own solicitor, send an invitation to his clerical friend, and crown the evening by a pleasant surprise. This kind of ecclesiastical etiquette is highly appreciated in clerical circles. The expenses of induction to Church preferment are very great, and not unfrequently absorb the first year's income. It was mentioned the other day, at a public meeting in Cambridge, that the Bishop of Worcester, in appointing two clergy-

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men to livings, sent each of them a fifty-pound note toward the expenses. Then the clergyman informs the bishop's secretary of his nomination, with a view to institution. In some dioceses the clergyman is called upon to submit to an examination. This is a word of horror to the bucolic parson, whose mind has been greatly running into turnips. It is, indeed, rather severe to require a gray-haired man, who has long ceased to fret himself about the Articles, to submit to an examination by a young man who is comparatively fresh from the cram of a university. The examination, however, is now becoming a great rarity, and ought to be prized accordingly by the examinee. On an appointed day the promoted clergyman has to attend at the bishop's palace to receive institution.* The palace may be near at hand, or he may have to traverse a considerable section of the map of England before he gets there. Hospitality is an episcopal virtue, and the traveling ecclesiastic may confidently rely on a substantial lunch. Still, there are variations in hospitality. Some bishops are charming hosts, and an early lunch with such a one is a thing to be remembered. One or two of them do not "show" at the lunch, and, to some minds, thus fail in the chief requisite of a genuine hospitality. Then a variety of oaths is taken. *Inter alia*, the incumbent swears that he will do his "utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to Her Majesty, her heirs, and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies that may be formed against her or them." When these objurgations are complete, a mystic ceremony is transacted. A parchment is produced, with a huge seal attached; the clergyman kneels on a stool, holding the seal in his hand, while the bishop reads aloud the legal document which gives

* The Bishop of Lichfield, or one of his coadjutors, inducts the new incumbent into his parish church in the presence of the congregation—an example deserving general imitation.

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institution. The business of the day is over, with the important exception of the payment of fees in the muniment-room. Two other ceremonies are requisite before things are complete. The incumbent, when inducted into the living, is left alone in the church to toll the bell, and has to read aloud the Articles in the church, and declare his unfeigned consent to them. The incoming incumbent receives the income of the benefice from the very day of the decease, or cession, of his predecessor, excepting the statutable stipend of the curate, or the clergyman who has officiated at the instance of the church-warden during the interregnum. He has, probably, also to receive a sum of money, either large or small, from the estate of his predecessor, on the score of dilapidations.

The social position to be occupied by a man who has just taken a living is important and peculiar. He is coming to a place where, in all human probability, he will spend the remainder of his days, where his sayings and doings will be carefully scrutinized, and where his earliest proceedings will go forth to make or mar the happiness and usefulness of his career. He will have to secure the good opinion of the gentry, who will come up from places far and wide to call upon him; of the poor cottagers, who will eagerly expect his visits and his help; and of the watchful, jealous tradesmen, who will gossip about his expenditure, and be critical about his sermons. To this last class a slight is worse than heresy, and impecuniosity is a deadly sin. Still, a great deal of generous allowance and consideration will be shown him, which he will do well to conciliate and preserve. Such a man has a life-long work to do for God, and he has need of the qualities which will wear well. In a large town a popular preacher may fill a church; but in the country, preaching is altogether subordinate to practice. Whatever else he may be, he must be just, truthful, courteous, and modest. A well-managed

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parish will be dependent on a well-ordered household. When a man has once thoroughly conciliated the esteem of his parishioners, it is wonderful what he may venture to say and do among them; hardly a censorious voice will be heard so long as it is felt that he is thoroughly in earnest, and omits no duty. It is by such clergymen, thoroughly in earnest, and shirking no duty, that the great work of education, charity, religion, and civilization, is mainly carried on throughout the country. They ordinarily live remote, obscure, and noiseless lives, without the power or the will to attract any large measure of public attention to themselves; but none the less they do a great work, by gentle teaching and eloquent example, reclaiming many a moral wilderness, so that it "blossoms as the rose."

We add a clerical letter, written or supposed to be written by a clergyman long in orders to a young man at college, who is deliberating whether he shall enter the Church:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your kind and affectionate letter. I see that in your case the time has arrived, as to all of us, of taking some great resolve and acting upon it. You ask me, as a faithful counselor, to give you my advice about taking holy orders, to decide as I would decide myself, were I in your place. I would not shrink from undertaking much troublesome responsibility in order to serve you, but there are some things which it is impossible for one man to depute to another. I can not even advise you. I can only lay before you certain facts which may assist you in coming to a conclusion—that is to say, you may have, honestly enough, my own experience, and I hope it may be of use to you.

"At the same time, do not let this experience of mine weigh with you too far. It may seem to you sombre, perhaps unduly sombre, and that a *per contra* remains to be stated. This I am very far from denying. I am one of those whom the world calls disappointed men; but at the same time I do not see

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how I could have been able to avoid those disappointments. I am a *shunted* man. A hapless parliamentary train is shunted on to a side-cutting that the express, fast and splendid, may dash forward. I was a passenger in the parliamentary. I was shunted to the side-cutting. The likeness would be more accurate if you could suppose the parliamentary was permanently brought to a stand, that train after train, casting upon it a pitying glance, hurried forward triumphantly to a prosperous journey's end. If I had entered the army I might have had a chance of being immortalized by Mr. Kinglake. If I had joined the bar, I might have done as well as those of my contemporaries who have succeeded remarkably well. If I had pushed my way in polities and literature, I might have attained to some amount of income and some amount of distinction. But I took orders. I came down to the north of England, among a large and ignorant population. I am afraid I was not best suited to them. I could only handle a delicate penknife, whereas they required a second Whitefield, who could wield a theological battle-axe. Still, what work there was to be done, I honestly tried to do. I am afraid that my preaching, then and still, was, to a high degree, inoperative. My *physique* is poor and my voice thin. I am a slave to my manuscript, and in writing my manuscript I am a slave to my education. I have not that practical ability which would enable me to become every thing that I ought to my lowly congregation. I constantly find myself adopting lines of thought and falling into modes of expression unsuited to my people. I consider this an error of a very grave kind; and, please God, I will yet work myself free from it. Still I have done or striven to do all that I could, and much that was originally against the grain. I attend my schools regularly; I visit my sick assiduously. Mine is not a model parish, and I have no showy, magnificent results; but when I go among the sick,

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the poverty-stricken, and the aged, I find, with a secret joy which I would not exchange for a mitre, that my instructions and consolations have not been ineffectual.

"The population of my first parish was about sixteen thousand souls. The press of work was enormous, and it was work which an earnest man might multiply indefinitely, even to a destroying extent. First of all, the lighter accomplishments of life had fled—my music and my love of sketching scenery. Secondly, my correspondence with lettered and influential friends ceased, friends by whose means I might have hoped to have gained some elevation in the world. Thirdly, I was obliged to terminate my historical and general studies; I strove hard to retain them, giving up the scanty hours which after severe labor would fittingly have been devoted to relaxation. I finally sacrificed even these, confining myself strictly to the literature of my profession. I think I was mistaken in this, and of late years I have endeavored to retrace my steps. All phases of that active thought which characterizes our modern days ought to be familiar to that servant of God who desires fully to do his Master's work in his generation. For some time I let this go, for the less important of important things must at times be sacrificed. Consider, my friend, that my tired, thin hand had to write every word of the two sermons which I prepared weekly for my people. You may well believe that in such a population a large amount of active visitation was required; however, there were schools and other parish machinery to be diligently worked. I wondered at the days in which I found time hang heavy on my hands, and at those who repeat such language. Were the days thirty hours long, and our faculties could cope with such an extension, it would be little enough for the work which the hand can find to do. After serving as an obscure and hard-working curate for a number of years, the largest and poorest part of

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the parish was marked off as a separate district under Sir Robert Peel's Act. The bishop himself offered me the appointment, which I at once accepted. In a worldly point of view I perhaps scarcely did well to do so. Service was at first celebrated in a licensed school-room, and it was with infinite difficulty that a church was finally built. Since then a parsonage-house has been erected. If my narrative is not an encouraging one, multitudes of my brethren would furnish you with one still less so. Multitudes do not attain even the scanty preferment which I have obtained, for I assure you that my net income is a hundred and sixty pounds a year.

"Perhaps, with the hopes natural to a young man just about to enter a great profession, you indulge yourself in a very different picture. Some West End church rises perchance before your view, with much architectural beauty, with an eminently pleasing ritual, and thronged with cultured, intelligent and approving listeners. Perhaps you will wed a pretty, clever, and well-dowered wife; perhaps some lordly pew-holder will give you a living. We have all heard of such cases. It may probably be yours. Still more probably it may not. If such a lot would really be the best for you, I wish it for you with all my soul. But such a position is perhaps not the most useful in the Church, nor yet the most useful to a man's own self. I am clear that no man has a right to enter the ministry reckoning on such. You must consider that you are launching on a wide sea, and sailing under sealed orders. Those orders, which are to settle your destination, are at the time of sailing quite unknown to you. You must enter your profession ready to do your work wherever your work is found for you.

"Now, my dear friend, are you prepared for all this? Chiefly, in the language of our prayer-book, do you trust that you are moved by the Holy Spirit to undertake this ministry? I do not mean by this to ask you whether you think you have

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any *afflatus* or special mission or supernatural call. This grave question is not to be settled by any mere emotionalism. If you have prepared yourself for hard work and possible sacrifice; if you feel that your education and past life may most fittingly be subordinated to this purpose; if the hand of Providence and the course of events guide you to this path; if you deliberately think that in this way your life may be most happily and beneficially spent; if you have made this a matter of earnest prayer to God, and confided it in humble faith to him; if, in proportion as you incline to the affirmative, you find your mind calm, settled, and resolved, and so far as you decline, restless and dissatisfied; then, in my judgment, the judgment of a weak, erring man howbeit, your path to the ministry seems clear, and I pray God to guide you into it, and to bless you in it.

"I could add much more in the way of setting before you the drawbacks and discomforts which attend a curate's life. But not willingly would I disparage that blessed and sacred service in which I am engaged. Rather let me remind myself that there are some favorable points which I ought lastly to set before you. Remember that your ministerial work tends immediately and directly to your own good. The sermons you address to others you preach first of all to your own self. The warnings and consolations you address to others are, chief of all, warnings and consolations to yourself. You may pretty well choose your own times and occasions for working, and are in some measure released from the ordinary shackles that bind ordinary men. Your studies are those which in the highest degree benefit and interest the intellect and the spirit. Neither should I omit to mention the positive worldly advantages which accrue to you. You have an income assured to you, small indeed, but not smaller than is gained by the commencing barrister and physician. You have a

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status in society which, if not valued by the mammon-hunters, is yet recognized and honored by the better portion of the community. If the income is narrow, it is quite possible and quite allowable that you should add to it by pupils or literature. If a Paul worked with his hands to give himself a subsistence, assuredly you may resort to similar avocations in order that you may provide things honest, and be able to give to him that needeth. But in the hands of an earnest man literature and education cease to be secular.

"Adieu, my friend, and in the best sense of the word it is indeed *à Dieu*. I do indeed commend you to him. May he guide and direct you! I have written you a long letter, I find. The *Saturday Review* says that people no longer send letters; they only send messages. I am at least an exceptional instance. But I should infinitely prefer to talk matters over with you. Can not you come down this spring? Even in this manufacturing part of the world spring looks beautiful. Stray violets and primroses are found in haggard localities where you would hardly look for them. Streams veiled by the factory smoke, and where the poisoned fishes die, grow limpid as you trace them to their source, and you get those glimpses of pastoral beauties which delighted the tourists before money-making drove them away. You will be delighted with my curate, for the Additional Curates' Aid Society gives me one. He is fresh from his Greek, and also full of zeal for his work.

"Ever affectionately yours, C. E. L."

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CHAPTER VII.

Marriage.

I DO not see why I should not include marriage among the turning-points of life, as, indeed, it is one of the most important of all. I am afraid, perhaps, that I am encroaching upon the domains of the novelists, who have appropriated this literary region very much to themselves. Perhaps young people, too, would hardly care to listen to any matter-of-fact discussion on concerns where they arrogate to themselves the right of doing pretty well as they please. But the subject naturally belongs to my programme, and I proceed to discuss it. I really think, too, that it is a matter that eminently requires discussion. It is lamentable to see how many boys and girls become engaged and marry without any serious thought; how silly people will only treat the subject with smiles and giggles, and how fathers and mothers avoid giving counsel and advice to their children on such matters.

It was the well-known remark of some celebrated man that, if marriages were simply ordered and adjusted by judicial authority, they would prove just as happy as they are now. I read the other day, in "A Clergyman's Diary of the Seventeenth Century," reprinted by an archæological society, a very sensible letter from the rector of a parish, who makes a due offer of his niece in marriage to the son of a neighboring clergyman, and doubts not but the young girl will prove obedient to his wishes. Something, perhaps, is to be said in favor of such a scheme. There are certainly some people in the world

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who can not be trusted to make marriages for themselves, and for them it is perhaps quite as well that such things should be settled for them.

As an example of this plan, which Dr. Johnson recommended, we take good Bishop Hall's experience when he was settled "in the sweet and civil county of Suffolk:"

"The uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of my single housekeeping, drew my thoughts after two years to condescend to the necessity of the married state, which God no less strangely provided for me; for, walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun week with a grave and reverend minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding-dinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife.' When I further demanded an account of that answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniffe, of Bretenham; that, out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father of it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, and good disposition and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to the motion as sent from God; and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the company of that helpmeet for the space of forty-nine years."

Schlegel, in his "Philosophy of Life," has some fertile thoughts on the subject:

"Lastly, we will now consider that other instinct in our nature, which, even as the strongest, most requires moral regulation and treatment. By all noble natures among civilized nations in their best and purest times, this instinct has, by

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means of various moral relations, been spontaneously associated with a higher element. And indeed, taken simply as inclination, it possesses some degree of affinity therewith. Such a strong inclination and hearty love, elevated to the bonds of fidelity, receives thereby a solemn consecration, and is even by the divine dispensation regarded as a sanctuary. And it is in truth the moral sanctuary of earthly existence, on which God's first and earliest blessing still rests. It is, moreover, the foundation on which is built the happiness and the moral welfare of races and nations. This soul-connecting link of love, which constitutes the family union, is the source from which emanate the strong and beautiful ties of a mother's love, of filial duty, and of fraternal affection between brethren and kindred, which together make up the invisible soul, and, as it were, the inner vital fluid of the nerves of human society. And here, too, the great family problem of education must be taken into account, and by education I mean the whole moral training of the rising generation.

"For however numerous and excellent may be the institutions founded by the state or conducted by private individuals, for special branches and objects, or for particular classes and ages, still, on the whole, education must be regarded as pre-eminently the business and duty of the family. For it is in the family that education commences, and there also it terminates and concludes at the moment when the young man, mature of mind and years, and the grown-up maiden, leave the paternal roof to found a new family of their own. In seasons of danger, and of wide-spread and stalking corruption, men are wont to feel—but often, alas! too late—how entirely the whole frame both of human and political society rests on this foundation of the family union. Not merely by the phenomena of our own times, but by the examples of the most civilized nations of antiquity may this truth be historic-

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ally proved, and numerous passages can be adduced from their great historians in confirmation of it. In all times, and in all places, a moral revolution within the domestic circle has preceded the public outbreaks of general anarchy, which have thrown whole nations into confusion, and undermined the best-ordered and wisely constituted states. When all the principal joists of a building have started, and all its stays and fastenings, from the roof to the foundation, have become loose, then will the first storm of accident easily demolish the whole structure, or the first spark set the dry and rotten edifice in flames."

The world in general looks simply to the question of the prudence or improvidence of marriage, and whether the young people can afford to marry. Some time ago there was a very hot discussion on the three-hundred-a-year question, and lately a London firm has given notice to its employés that any clerk marrying on a less salary than a hundred and fifty pounds a year thereby loses his situation. It may be questioned whether such a rule is not arbitrary and unjust, possibly illegal. Our law rightly condemns any thing that acts in restraint of marriage. We may see in France the full effect of subordinating marriage and offspring to mere considerations of convenience. The population is a stationary population. It either increases very slightly or slightly falls back. The moral life of the nation has been seriously affected by its theory of marriage. When the war of 1870 broke out, France and Germany were almost exactly balanced in population. After the lapse of a certain number of years, according to ordinary calculations, the population of Germany will be double that of France. It is not the policy of any state to restrict marriage, nor yet of any society to tacitly prohibit it. But young men who marry without adequate means should have the probable facts of future life put very strongly before them. To

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such a one his nearest friend would have a right to say, "If you declare that you really wish to get married on the broad ground that you are a man, and that your rights as a man underlie the rights of society, and that you have succeeded in bringing about that view of the case in the mind of another, I will not dispute your right to do so. But you can not play fast and loose with society. You can not say that you will not think of society when you marry without an adequate income, and yet, when you marry, fall into all kinds of difficulties, because your income is insufficient. If you are prepared to live very plainly, to forego luxuries, to do without servants, to work hard and unremittingly, to abandon the interchange of social civilities, to emigrate, if need be, to the backwoods of Canada, to face manfully every unknown chance of hard life which an impecunious marriage may bring with it, then I think that you have a fair right to marry, but remember what is written in the bond." I am bound to say that when people have taken this clear, sensible view of the subject, and have acted accordingly, although they may have very hard lives at first, yet, in the long run, they make up for an unfavorable start, and do just as well, or perhaps a little better, than others.

But the material view of marriage is altogether inferior to the moral view. Where the unhappiness of married life is in one instance due to limited means, in a dozen instances it is due to other causes. English people in general exaggerate the money difficulty, and underrate the moral difficulty. The great consideration which a man has to face is not whether his choice will bring poverty, but whether it has been a right choice at all. Happiness in married life is not very much affected by outward circumstances. Charles Dickens, in his "David Copperfield," dwells on the fact that "there is no incompatibility like that of mind and purpose." This is a sub-

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ject on which the New Testament speaks very plainly. "How can two walk together unless they are agreed?" St. Paul asks how the wife can have any security that she will save her husband, or how the husband can have any security that he will save his wife. As the passage stands in our English version, Cor. vii. 16, it is probably a mistranslation, the real paraphrase being, "Do not insist on a reluctant union; for thou knowest not whether there is such a prospect of converting thy heathen partner as to make such a union desirable." The Church has generally taken the passage in the received sense: "and it is perhaps not too much to say," says Dean Stanley, "that this passage thus interpreted had a direct influence on the marriage of Clotilda with Clovis, and Bertha with Ethelbert, and consequently on the subsequent conversion of the two great kingdoms of England and France to the Christian faith. Hence although this particular interpretation is erroneous, and may well give way to that which turns it into a solemn warning against the gambling spirit which intrudes itself even into the most solemn matters, yet the principle on which the old interpretation is founded is sufficiently expressed in the fourteenth verse, which distinctly lays down the rule that domestic union can reconcile the greatest differences of religious belief."

An immense amount of unhappiness is found in married life. No religious person can have any true basis of happiness unless the partner is religious. There may be the deepest happiness between married people whose lives beat harmoniously to the impulse of the same great principles. I believe also that there may be a great amount of happiness between people who are not, as are called, believers, when their minds and tastes are in harmony, and they belong to the same order of life. Unequal marriages are almost uniformly unhappy. For a religious person to be yoked with

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one who is decidedly irreligious can only be provocative of the keenest misery.

It is misery for which there is not the slightest palliation, especially for the woman. When we hear of trouble and unhappiness in married life, the usual thing said is that there are faults on both sides. Both being human, that can be well believed. But in looking closely at the history of such cases we can generally see that the fault lies originally or principally in one direction or another. Self-will, self-indulgence, the despising of knowledge and reproof, often make up the unamiable and unchristian character that is incompatible with happiness.

I remember very well a poor man coming to me one day to give me a recital of his sorrows, and to ask my advice. It was a sad business. He had been married many years, and his married life was that of chronic misery. He was in a very bad state of health, and I have no doubt but mental misery had conduced to it. His wife had been an evil angel to him. She had neglected him in his illness, she had encouraged her children in bad ways, she had poisoned their minds against him, had run up bills, had got drunk, had ruined his good name and his business, had committed every iniquity except that last injury which would give him a legal title to redress. He came to ask me whether he was not justified in separating from her, and taking lodgings apart by himself. It was not a question that I liked to have put to me, and I hardly knew how to answer or refrain from answering. If the woman would only leave him instead of his leaving the woman, the matter would be easy. St. Paul says that a brother or sister is not in bondage in such cases, and John Wesley has given us a famous precedent, *non dimisi, non revocabo.* At last I thought I saw my way. If his health really required, say for the sake of quiet and good nursing, that he should leave his

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wife, I thought that he would be justified in so doing. But I told him that he must be very careful not to leave his wife simply through any want of good temper or forbearance on his part, and that he should examine himself very carefully whether his own conduct might not give her very just grounds of offense. From all that I had been able to learn of the history of the case, the rights of this question lay entirely on the side of the husband. I comforted the poor man as well as I might, and he went back to his home. He never left his bad wife, however. He was too ill to bear any removal. He languished day by day; his evil angel remaining in the poor house they had, and few could have divined that life-to-death antagonism between them. He died of consumption. Death was the only physician for his disease—according to the old Greek proverb, *μόνος ἰατρος θάνατος*. That "happy issue out of all their afflictions," of which the Church prayer speaks, as a rule, simply means death.

It is this—the irrevocable nature of the marriage tie, the consciousness that nothing but death, which it were almost murder to wish for, or sin that is worse than death, can dissolve that tie—which, far more than any pecuniary considerations, should make men pause long and considerately before they marry. The whole shape and color of life are determined by this transaction. They surround a man with a network of circumstances which subjugates him, unless in the case of a lofty ideal or a determined character. Jeremy Taylor's famous apologue will be remembered: "The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their strange snare. It is the unhappy chance of men, finding many inconveniences on the mountains

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of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or a woman's peevishness." Surely a smile must have passed over the lips of some of his hearers as they listened to this quaint imagery. A still more ungallant simile may be found. There was a saintly bishop who in one of his sermons likened matrimony to a man putting his hand into a bag of serpents, in the hope that he might draw out an eel. That was certainly a very unpleasing similitude. It is most probable that the ladies might be able to put matters in a juster and more impartial light. There are several historical characters who are supposed to have their matrimonial wrongs strongly established. Such was Job with his wife, and Socrates with his Xanthippe, and Richard Hooker rocking the cradle, and John Wesley having his whiskers pulled. Leaving the ancient precedents alone, I am of opinion that Mrs. Richard Hooker and Mrs. John Wesley might still have a strong case of their own to put. But whichever side we adopt in such quarrels, the fact of the intense unhappiness of the internecine quarrel of a lifetime can not be exaggerated. Hooker might still write his books, or Wesley preach his sermons, but for most men the usefulness as well as the happiness of life might be irretrievably marred.

Isaak Walton, after his quaint fashion, finds a consolation for his "good Richard" in the thought that "affliction is a divine diet." That may be so, but still the carnal mind will feel that it is not a diet to which it takes naturally. Such diet becomes still more unpalatable when it is considered that it comes not in any ordinary course of God's providence, but simply in consequence of stupidity or self-will. It is quite true that even such untoward events may be graciously overruled to work out good; much good that is plainly visible,

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much good that may be dimly surmised or hoped for. Still, though much good may be attained, it is possible and likely that a still higher good may be lost; and it is a sad and sorrowful thing when a man or woman is forced to confess that the best good of earth has been recklessly thrown away, and that the only hopes of happiness must be placed beyond the grave.

Neither, on the simply prudential grounds, is the pecuniary question the one that is really fundamental. The question of health and constitution is deeply important. A little conversation with the officers of an insurance company would be highly beneficial to many people who are rushing into matrimony without a thought of consequences. It is important to know that there is no constitutional taint; and even when such a taint has been very slight, right-minded persons have thought it best to abstain from marriage. No man has a right to bring children into the world condemned to a life of disease and a premature death. Moreover, the question of family and connections are, I will not say overpowering considerations to determine the character of a marriage, but still matters of a deep importance. A just-minded man will be careful of the interests of his children yet unborn. For the same reason a man ought to be very careful what kind of mother he is about to give his children. The nature of their family connection will be of the highest importance to the children of a marriage. Is she one likely to pray for them, to instruct them, to give them generous and liberal ideas, to give them the training that shall be elevated, graceful, and religious, to make them regard their parents with intensest love and gratitude? Then the family history of an individual is worthy of the deepest attention. It is a common saying, involving a very large amount of truth, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The people who know how to make money, and the people who know how to spend money, are very different kind of

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people. A turbid stream may run refined in time, but we do not care for it much during the clearing process. It is remarkable how both bodily and mental peculiarities are transmitted. You may look at this matter either in a philosophical point of view or in a practical point of view. Mr. Darwin will instruct you in the first, and George Eliot in the second; but, in fact, each style flows into the other. One or two curious points may be said to have occurred in relation to marriage, or rather to non-marriage. It belongs to that subject of the relations between the sexes on which it is difficult to touch, but which one hardly acts wisely in leaving untouched. As a rule, whenever we see some very sensational case in the newspapers, involving some atrocious cruelty or murder, we may be quite sure that immorality lies at the root of the matter. There is a family relationship among all the vices, and it would really appear that cruelty and lust are especially connected. Again and again, in those hideous criminal reports that reflect the ugly side of our boasted modern civilization, we see how sensuality has paved the way for the abyss of crime. It is not at all uncommon that the victim of one passion becomes slain by another, and the awful amount of infanticide in England shows how unhallowed feelings easily lend themselves to the most cruel and unnatural crimes. It is infinitely better that a man should marry, even if he has to face hard labor and many deprivations, rather than add to the sum of misery that saddens and pollutes modern life. A very remarkable instance is that of Rush the murderer, in the notorious Jermyn case. The murderer was convicted chiefly on the testimony of a woman named Emily Sandford, who had consented to live with him under the most solemn promise of marriage. In passing sentence upon the murderer, Lord Cranworth, then Baron Rolfe, reminded the wretched man that the policy of the law closed a wife's lips against her hus-

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band, and that if he had kept his solemn promise he would probably not have been convicted, in default of her testimony. We are sorry, even for a moment, to couple the illustrious name of Göthe with the obscure English murderer. But even Göthe may supply us with a moral. The biographers of Göthe generally follow his career by tracking him from one love affair to another. In these matters he appears to have been a little heartless, or what modern society would consider rascally. "She is perfect," he says of his Kätchen, "and her only fault is that she loves me." As Mr. G. H. Lewes says, "He teased her with trifles and idle suspicions; was jealous without cause, convinced without reason; plagued her with fantastic quarrels, till at last her endurance was exhausted, and her love was washed away in tears." Mr. Lewes eloquently pleads for his great favorite. He ingeniously says: "Genius has an orbit of its own. Its orbit is not necessarily eccentric, although it must often appear so, because its sweep is wide. Sometimes it disregards domestic duties and minor morals in obeying the law of its own movement. Hence genius and morality are not always synonymous." The special pleading of the philosopher is certainly amusing. Göthe missed infinitely much, and perhaps marred the perfection of his genius by his unmanliness. The ties which he refused to form in manhood with the high-souled Frederika, in advanced life he formed with an ignorant and intemperate person. We are told of the "turning-point" of marriage in Göthe's case. One morning he was accosted in the park of Weimar by a young, bright-eyed girl, who, with many reverences, presented a petition to him. He fell in love with her, but with characteristic selfishness he dreaded marriage. He took her to his house, he himself regarding this as a kind of morganatic marriage, but the world at large as a scandalous *liaison*. Many years afterward, when he was not far from sixty, he formally married. He lived with her

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twenty-eight years, and he keenly regretted her loss. He would have been happier and better if he had married her at once; happier still if he had been true to Christine. Most men of the world are acquainted with various instances in which selfish men have placed weak, loving women in a position unutterably false and debasing for many years, and have tardily found it best to enter into the union which years before it would have been for their interest and happiness to have completed. It is doubtless in the issue infinitely worse for those who have never made any reparation. Those who in any degree have watched the course of human life know the infinite tragedy and unhappiness attributable to the immoral neglect of marriage.

The pretty story of "John Halifax, Gentleman," gives us an account how a young lady honored with her love the honest young tanner. He knew nothing of his family, but through an old inscription in a book he believed he was a gentleman by birth, and, what was much more important, he always showed himself a gentleman in the details and all the aims of his life. A very similar story is told of Hugh Miller, the stonemason of Cromarty. In his "Schools and Schoolmasters," he describes how he first met Lydia Frazer, his future wife. She "came hurriedly tripping down the garden walk, very pretty, her complexion rather that of a fair child than a grown woman." The Mackenzies considered themselves superior to the Millers, and the mother required that the intimacy should be broken off. The mother removed the interdict, but marriage was to be considered out of the question. The matter ended, as might be expected, and forms one of the prettiest stories of modern biography.

The love passages in the life of Dr. Hamilton are very interesting. I remember meeting him at Dartmoor one summer a year or two before he died. I had attended the service held

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in the prison, where the worthy chaplain preached on the text "Take no thought for the morrow" to some five hundred gentlemen in yellow, who wished nothing better than that they should be allowed to take thought. Near to me in the gallery was a man with a grave, sweet, serious face, who attracted my attention, and this was Dr. Hamilton. I was presently introduced to him, and we had some lunch together, and I found him a charming companion. Looking at his "Life" the other day, I found some excellent love-letters. It ought to be said that he was the settled minister of a Presbyterian congregation before he wrote such letters, and his "Annie" must have been a very sensible girl to have accepted such preaching love-letters. It seems that he was engaged to his affianced when she was very young, and with the understanding that the marriage was not to take place for a considerable time. Dr. Hamilton writes to his *fiancée:*

"I am glad you are so fond of work, and that you have a taste for music. The only other thing about which I am anxious is your information. The world is full of accomplished and ignorant women, who can dance, and draw, and embroider, but whose company is far more irksome than the solitary confinement of Pentonville prison. If you have, what you can so easily get, a well-furnished mind (by adding diligently to the knowledge you have already attained), you will possess what few of your lady sisters have. Two hours of solid reading daily, in which I would gladly be a sharer on the days I am at Willenhall, would be a goodly acquisition in the course of a year. . . . ." Yesterday I went back to the same library, and borrowed the last volume, and in reading it was surprised and happy to find that the name of the lady to whom he owed nearly "all the real happiness of his life" was Annie. She was a remarkable person, and theirs was a more remarkable love. It is likely that we, too, who have to wait some

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time for our completed happiness on earth, may again have to wait a little while—the one in the absence of the other—for our completed happiness in heaven. To take another instance, when Lady Romilly died, poor Sir Samuel had no comforter to go to. His heart broke, and in the frenzy of his grief he destroyed himself.

So in Mr. Elliott's "Life" of Lord Haddo, afterward fifth Earl of Aberdeen, we have the speech which he made on the occasion of his daughter's marriage: "Probably there are many fathers present who know what a parent's feelings are in parting with a beloved daughter; and that, joyful as the occasion is, it is not without saddening, or at least softening influences. The religious strain in which Lord Kintore spoke, and the kind manner in which you received his remarks, emboldens me to ask for your prayers at the approaching marriage celebration, that the young couple about to be united may not only be fellow-helpers in the journey of life, but may mutually promote each other's eternal salvation. I have the happiness to know that my future son-in-law is not ashamed to confess his desire to live for something better than the world can bestow, and that my daughter and her intended husband do not hesitate to avow on this their wedding-day their intention of devoting themselves, and all they have, to the service of the Lord Jesus. Thus is theirs the certainty that when their earthly union shall be terminated by death, they will be able (whichever be the survivor) to look forward to a reunion in Christ's heavenly kingdom for all eternity."

It is a beautiful and instructive love-story which we read in the "Memoirs" of Henry Venn Elliott, of Brighton. He asked her father for "a jewel, which, though unworthy in himself, he would wear most delicately, and treasure as his life." Mr. Elliott's own letters tell the story, and there is hardly any prettier story in any book of fiction than that gradually revealed by these religious letters.

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"I have made my proposals to Julia Marshall, and am accepted by the parents, if Julia consents. She will see me, and then decide. It was a bold step I took. But my mind was so agitated, since hope sprang up, that I have never had a day's quiet or a night's usual rest since. I believe I am following my Lord's gracious guiding. If ever I committed my way to him, it was in this instance. He only knows how it will end. It has altogether been a wonderful story."

"Rejoice with me," he says. "Julia has accepted me. A few hours after I wrote my dejected letter to my beloved mother, I had a walk of two hours with my Julia, and instead of keeping me in long suspense and probation, she generously plighted her precious heart in exchange for mine. How joyful was I! and my heart at this moment overflows with thankfulness to God, who has led me by the right way to the right person."

"Deeply as I have loved Julia, and highly as I valued her, I find every day fresh and fresh reason to bless God, who has provided for me such a treasure. And her sentiments are so just, so holy, so pure, so gentle; all her behavior is so modest and winning; her heart so confiding and affectionate; her manner so delicate and lady-like; her mind so richly furnished, and so finely constituted in its original powers, that I find in her nothing to be changed, and every thing to be loved. She is, I do assure you, an exquisite creature; advanced from the rudiments in which she appeared at Brighton to a mature perfection, not only of Christian character, but also of manners and influence, which prove her to be most richly qualified to adorn the station which is to be hers, and to superintend all the female departments of my church. I am, I confess, in danger of making an idol of her, but I pray day by day that my love and *perpetual complacency* in her, in all she says, in all she does, in all she appears, may be submitted and conse-

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crated to the Lord. He gave me this most precious gift, and I strive to carry it to him, and to beseech him that I may really possess it as his gift, as a bond of deeper gratitude and love to the Giver, and as a rich talent to be used in his service. Already we have begun some religious work, and every morning we read the Scriptures together. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me bless his holy name.'"

To these extracts I will venture to add one from Bishop Dupanloup's wise little book "La Femme studieuse:" "C'est d'avance et dès les premiers jours de leur mariage, que de jeunes époux doivent méditer de concert un plan de vie, plan large et sérieux, embrassant l'ensemble: les devoirs mutuels, la carrière, la position du chef de famille dans son pays, les enfants, leur avenir; les relations sociales; la vie privée; l'âge mûr; enfin la vieillesse et la mort; l'existence, en un mot, dans ses grandes phases. Et c'est avec ces grandes lignes que tous leurs actes, tout d'abord et dès le commencement, doivent être mis en accord. De cette façon seulement une femme pourra assurer la bonté et l'unité de sa vie, et éviter les tristes désaccords qui se font dans une existence abandonnée à l'aventure, entre la jeune femme et la femme en cheveux blancs. Tandis qu'au contraire, si la vie est bien ordonnée, il peut y avoir un accord merveilleux entre les âges différents que Dieu fait passer sur sa tête, et qu'elle doit successivement traverser, répandant le charme et le bien autour d'elle."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Travel.

TRAVEL brings its special "moments." It is much when one who has lived for years in a narrow circle first leaves the limits of early life and passes to a different sphere and to wider interests. What a moment is that of first foreign travel! What a moment to many first to behold the sea! though, like *Gebir*, one may have murmured,

"Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?"

But first to leave the old shores of Albion, and to sail across the waters to new scenes, which almost seemed to present, as it were, the life of another planet; first to see the low-lying shore of Holland, with the wind-mills and the boundless pastures, or "the palms and temples of the South!" Most people who visit Jerusalem, first see it with the feelings which Tasso so eloquently ascribes to the army of the first Crusaders. Very often a keen intellectual expansion is afforded by foreign travel. After Lord Macaulay had lived in India—we believe he had meditated returning there again at the last—there was a greater richness and expansiveness in his style. After Burke had thoroughly worked through and elaborated Indian subjects, his gorgeous rhetoric flowered to the uttermost. It may indeed be said that some knowledge and familiarity with Oriental subjects is absolutely necessary for any completeness of mental vision. Otherwise only one hemisphere of life and thought is visible to us.

This is the broadest aspect. But the subject of travel may

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be brought within very narrow limits, expanding or diminishing with each man's experience.

There is no doubt that home and foreign travel, and, indeed, change of any kind, is one of the most beneficial agencies that can be brought to bear on our moral and physical well-being. Sir Henry Holland, in one of his medical essays, very strongly advocates change of scene and air in the case of a supposed patient. If he can not travel he had better go from one room to another, and if he can not leave his room the furniture of the room had better be changed. When all medical art has failed, the simple rational proceeding of a little travel has wrought wonders. The world is diseased and out of joint, and in one sense we are all valetudinarians. Perhaps no man is very long free from distempered fancies and worrying thoughts, and, to use Baconian language roughly, his private den is soon invaded by unpleasing idols. A man ordinarily finds that he is able to cast away much worry and fret by an easy walk into the clear sunshine and liberal air. Travel is an extension of this. Before the welcome train has borne you across country to the next station, the cares and anxieties which seemed so oppressive shrink to their petty local and provincial measure. The eye is pleased by shifting changes, the mind animated by the variety of objects, and, without minutely analyzing the cause, in most cases a good result is easily perceivable. It is to be carefully observed that a due measure and proportion should be maintained in reference to rest and travel. There is many a medicine an over-dose of which produces the very effects which it was intended to obviate. One who is always traveling loses the capacity of the enjoyment of travel. The ever-varying apartment which receives him night after night becomes as monotonous as the familiar four walls and a ceiling of which he had been tired, and each fresh landscape is beheld with the

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satiety of one who is growing very weary with his inspection of a gallery of pictures. The most welcome change is that of rest and permanence, and the most brilliant flash of travel that which lands us at home again.

Human unity is made up of pairs of contradictions. Mankind, according to a phrase which Coleridge borrowed from the German, are made up of Aristotelians and Platonists, and, according to Mr. Gladstone, of dog-lovers and dog-haters. These contradictions may be multiplied to any extent, and the traveling and the non-traveling will hold as good as any other. There are many who, according to the saying, never feel at home except when they are abroad. Their eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. They are almost Cain-like; they wander like the Wandering Jew. They have tasted of travel, and the taste has left an unsatiable lust of locomotion. They have

> "Become a name
> For always roaming with an hungry heart . . . .
> Yet all experience an arch were thro'
> Gleams that untraveled world."

Now, you will find many persons who have a very horror of traveling. For them a distant horizon has no charm or meaning. The instinct of adhesiveness is strong upon them. Only for the briefest flight can they exalt their minds beyond petty and local interests. It is chiefly those who make it their business to know something of the ways and thoughts of the extreme poor who see this phase of incurious and inert life. I have very repeatedly met this: notably, I remember, on the south coast of Cornwall, where again and again the nearest market-town was the extreme limit on the west, and all the east was gloriously terminated at Plymouth. There were the *flammantia mœnia mundi.* All beyond was void or limbo. Now, while remembering that the instinct of travel should

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work within due limitations, and that there are worse forms of absenteeism than the common notion of it presents, to those who believe that the cultivation of our intellectual powers is only second in importance to moral obligations, this travel itself becomes little else than a moral obligation binding on the non-traveling part of the community.

And if this seems hard on the non-travelers, I am sure that this duty, like every other, is quite possible of fulfillment. Any home-staying person may easily make experiment of this. Let any such person make his home the centre of a circle, no radius of which shall extend beyond the manageable limits of a day's expedition. I am sure that he will soon be able to draw up a list of interesting localities, for hardly a square mile of our crowded historic England is free from such. Nothing is more commonly observed—and each such instance implies a real reproach—than that strangers will often come many miles to view what an inhabitant has never made any effort to examine. Many a man who now leads a mere vegetable life might find a constant source of interest and change in trying to make his survey of an interesting neighborhood accurate and exhaustive. If we employ this little talent aright, a larger talent will, doubtless, be confided to us. This brings us to the comparative question of home or continental travel. Now home travel is almost the instinct of duty and patriotism. Some amount of home travel is absolutely necessary in order to enable us to comprehend this England of ours aright. We are not yet arrived at that utterly stereotyped condition of society to which certain cosmopolitans think that we are come. Still there are many angular, or rather very triangular, differences between Lancashire, Kent, and Cornwall. The people of the Orkney Isles and the people of the Scilly Isles are, I believe, very much like each other, but many shades of difference lie between the two extremes. There are very many

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country people who consider that London is situated *in partibus*, and that going into the shires is like going beyond seas. There is a more thorough change of scene in foreign travel, and more things worth seeing abroad than at home. Yet it seems obviously designed that an Englishman should, for the main part, reside in England. Those lessons of catholicity and toleration which are certainly among the best religious lessons which we may derive from foreign travel, may assuredly also be learned in the narrowest circuit we have indicated. If a distinguished French scholar has ventured to write his *Journey round his Room*, an Englishman may also derive great profit from any journey round his parish, if he is at pains to comprehend and appreciate other classes other than his own class, other forms of worship other than his own form. Still the wider the circle of travel, the more ample will be the range of observation and induction. It is the privilege of a Howard to make all travel strictly subservient to Christian philanthropy. We can not all be Howards, albeit Christian philanthropy is never beyond the reach of any traveler; yet we may smooth our angles, remove our prejudices, make ourselves wiser and more charitable by using candid eyes, and thus promote peace and good-will. Travel will constantly enable us to observe the real defects of our own system of things, and to detect the improvements which can be easily ingrafted. As this world is the appointed theatre for man's energies and capabilities of improvement, every positive and material good has a divine sanction and a heavenly meaning. If we were seeking to deal with the subject in a formal and exhaustive way, we might trace many instances in which travel has been the appointed agency for mitigating the sorrows and multiplying the blessings of humanity.

There is a curious proverb relating to travel, the meaning of which ought to be cleared up, to the effect that at Rome we

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ought to do as the Romans do. The words are adopted in a restricted sense by persons of pronounced "Anglican" views, who, when in Roman Catholic countries, make a point of attending the Roman Catholic service. Abroad, the doors of churches and cathedrals always stand open, which in our land fear for the security of books and plate will not permit, and in a moment we may escape from the glare of the streets and the concourse of the crowd into the dim, cool, quiet aisle, and, should we see much that we disapprove, may yet breathe our prayer that those feeling after God may find him, who is not far from any one of us, and for ourselves that we may be sound in faith and sound in the rule of life. The proverb has, moreover, another sense and a very mischievous one. One both of the blessings and the banes of travel is that it sets us free from ordinary restraints. A certain pressure and constraint is upon every man in his usual home. Inasmuch as this conventionality is always encompassing us, and thereby the fluent lines of character threaten to harden into a rigid immobility, it is well that such restraint should at times be removed, if only that we may ascertain whether ours is a service which is perfect freedom. But many of the mass plead the proverb as an excuse for a license and irregularity which public opinion would not permit them in their own country. There are special reasons at the present time, beyond those which always remain strong and abiding reasons, why an English traveler at Rome, or whatever Rome stands for, should be an Englishman and not a Roman. It is well, indeed, that the Englishman should lose his insularity and angularity; but he should always be keenly alive to his character of patriot and Christian. There is a great deal of foreign suspicion and dislike toward the English, which, to a great degree, they have earned by their own bad manners and evil communications. A Prussian entirely declines to believe that at the present time the

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Briton is "the lord of human kind;" he thinks, indeed, that he is just as good as the Briton; indeed that, barring the conceit and the insufferable overestimate of material wealth, he is, with his needle-gun, several degrees better. We have a national character which of late years has been fast going down in the estimation of foreign nations, but which every Englishman will use his endeavors to maintain at its just standard. The present condition of religion on the Continent must also deepen our impressions relative to the religious aspect of travel. There is every where a shivering, such as the prophet saw in vision, of the breath of life animating the dry bones. The Southern nations at last appear to be working their way out in the direction of a religious reformation. Three centuries ago the boon was offered them, and not without great sorrow and struggle it was rejected, and now once more, as if in sibylline leaves, the offer is renewed. May this, indeed, even here, prove "leaves for the healing of the nations!" As enlightened and religious Englishmen may still continue to think that they, with others, are repositaries and guardians of the highest truths, so it must devolve upon them by all wise and kindly means to hand onward to distant countries and centuries the torch of truth kindled from afar, but kept alive at their own altars. They will best do this, not, indeed, by proselytizing, not by seeking to impress their own local and temporary accidents of position on others, not by seeking an exact reproduction of their own ecclesiastical system on the part of foreign Churches, but by the manifestation of sympathy, goodness, and toleration, by well-considered material assistance, by exemplifying a true catholicity and a real communion, and by setting an example of practical stainlessness and beneficence. In this way our travels may aid the wonderful order of events in the present age, and the reflex influence must inevitably be full of use and happiness to ourselves and our own land.

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For instance, the Church of England work now going on at Seville is of a very curious and interesting kind. It appears to indicate that the grave Spaniards who are leaving their own Church nevertheless give a distinct preference to the episcopal and liturgical system of the Church of England, compared with that severer Presbyterian type more generally adopted by Reformed Churches on the Continent. The English consular chaplain at Seville lately gave, at one of those drawing-room meetings which are common during the London season, an account of the full introduction of the machinery of a well-worked English parish into that magnificent historic city. There are day-schools, Sunday-schools, mission-houses, Bible-classes; and a large church, seating many hundreds, and quite full, has been rented for performing our service in the Spanish language. The chaplain really appears to have shown some of that statesmanlike skill and ability which in mission work has been almost monopolized by Romanist ecclesiastics. As much as possible he keeps the foreign English element out of sight from the sensitive Spaniards, and employs Spanish agents in his Church work. It may be said, indeed, that Presbyterianism is entirely unsuited to the genius of Italy and Spain. The tendency of the anti-papal movement in these countries is toward mere negation; the bare, repellant Puritan system does not suit the Southern nature. The Church of England offers many points of sympathy and contact in her regenerated services to the historical forms of religion in the South of Europe, and Seville is giving proof of the idea often expressed, that a spontaneous reformation in the South would most probably result in a system closely akin to the Anglican system.

Let us next narrow the subject into more special considerations. In a religious sense the primary view of traveling is that we are enabled thereby to read God's handwriting in

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nature. That volume of nature, indeed, lies every where outspread before us. But traveling enables us to turn over so many more leaves of that volume. There is something almost awful in the familiarity which many pure-hearted and able men have attained with nature, whereby they are able at sight to read off her splendid page, and to come nigher to the secret of the Almighty, by deciphering that revelation of himself which he has given in the world that he has created —a revelation invisible, inaudible, to those who see with eyes that see not, and hear with ears that hear not. Our thought evermore should be with that "Almighty Artist who paints every spring new landscapes on the earth, and every evening new ones in the sky, whose sculptures are the melting clouds and the everlasting hills, and whose harp of countless strings includes each note from the harebell's tinkle to the organic roll of ocean's thunder." These words are from a Presbyterian clergyman, and I would parallel with them that most famous and beautiful sentence from John Henry Newman: "Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven." The religious delight of scenery is a gift reserved for the pure in heart. To them all nature is like Memnon's harp, which, met by the rising sun, was recognized by all to give forth musical sounds, but to the initiated alone did the sounds resolve themselves into an intelligible hymn—

"I see a hand you can not see,
I hear a voice you can not hear."

The intellectual enjoyment of travel depends very much upon our sense of beauty and our susceptibility of being influenced by the laws of association. The sense of the beauty of scenery requires cultivation, and may be infinitely heightened and improved. With this sense the most ordinary aspect

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of nature has become vested with a poetical beauty denied to the grandest scenery. No one has done for the Himalayas what Mr. Tennyson has done for the fenny country of Lincolnshire. In this way, too, a very quiet and subdued landscape will give some men a sense of beauty and enjoyment denied to rich vulgarians, who "do" all the choicest scenes of Europe in their own carriages.

One meets with astonishing instances of utter insensibility on the part of traveling people on their travels. I have seen Oxford men smoking in the cabin of a steamer as they passed the finest scenery on the Rhine, and men fast asleep in the cabin as they passed the finest scenery on the Dart. The mention of the Rhine and the Dart recalls a curious anecdote which a distinguished friend once told me, which may well suggest questions both on self-deception and on the philosophy of travel. It is well known that in the west country the Dart is called the English Rhine. My friend met a Prussian gentleman on board the Dart steamer. The Prussian told him that he had heard the Dart called the English Rhine, and that he was now viewing the Dart in order to judge of the truth of the comparison. My friend happened to remark that of course he knew the Rhine very well. "Not in the least," was the reply; he "had only passed it once on the railway at Cologne." But being a German, and knowing all about the character of the people, their history and literature, he could evolve the idea of the Rhine out of his own consciousness. Given the history and the literature, the idea of the local scenery could always be evolved out of one's own internal being. "For instance," said the metaphysical German, "I have never been to Switzerland, yet I am perfectly acquainted with Swiss scenery." I am afraid his judgment would not be worth much on the mooted point respecting the Dart. One envies the facility with which an immense amount of traveling

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can be done without the inconvenient drawback of traveling expenses. It is a bold idea to supersede locomotion by the internal consciousness.

But though history and literature will not enable us thus to evolve scenery with perfect accuracy, it is quite impossible to enjoy scenery without literature and history. For the historian himself traveling is the absolutely necessary complement to study. What military historian can describe a battle without examining the field? Does not Mr. Froude pass a good deal of time at Simancas, and, of course, also inspect the localities which he describes? Did not Macaulay stay patiently in Devonshire to understand Sedgmoor, in Londonderry to comprehend its siege, in Scotland if only to give that famous description of Glencoe? Mr. Freeman diligently works up his battle-fields. And, without being an historian, an intelligent traveler will be constantly clearing up points of history to his own satisfaction, and will probably be able to contribute crumbs of valuable information to the elucidation of great subjects. There are many quarters where every trifle of accurate information is thankfully received. Great writers would not be able to produce great books, or great orators to make great speeches, without a measure of the assistance and cooperation of humbler men in supplying materials. A large part of the religious influence of travel must mainly consist in the fact that travel is an instrument of knowledge. I know that the tree of knowledge, even as it proved in Eden, is sometimes as a tree of death, and its fruit as ashes to the taste. She is not the first, nor yet the second. Love, faith, duty, all transcend even the mighty claims that belong to her. But to grow in knowledge is a religious obligation; the wise man well said "that the soul be without knowledge is not good." Ignorance is one of the ugliest forms of sin. I wonder that so many practical Christians can sleep quietly in their beds

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when they know that they are so absorbed in business that year glides after year without any perceptible addition to the stock of their knowledge and ideas. A wise man when he travels will utterly fail to look upon travel as a mere pleasurable change. He will regard it as a precious and comparatively rare means of intellectual culture. He will confess to himself that, after all, his seeing is but the seeing "through a glass darkly;" but he is not without the presentiment that it will be good for him to be learning till the last day of his life, and that in some mysterious way the larger sum of his knowledge here is connected with richer fruitage of knowledge hereafter.

Knowledge, then, will make travel of more enjoyment, and travel will make knowledge of closer accuracy and higher use. We bring to an object much more than the object brings to us. Knowledge holds the key of all the associations. To the men who know, "the burial-places of memory yield up their dead." This also gives what I would almost call a rarer and safer element of delight than the balm of the air or the beauty of the scene. For the mind tinges every object with the hue of its own mood. The man who is sorrowful or remorseful, despondent or despairing, will only momentarily be lulled by the symphonies and choric voices of nature. Rather her great glory will be withering and crushing, and the beauty of the summer sunset will be simply heart-breaking. I fully sympathize with that frank, pure glee of a poet whom I can not unlearn to love and admire:

> "I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
> You can not rob me of free Nature's grace;
> You can not shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her blooming face."

But the time comes when nature only gives us hard, scientific facts, unrelieved by much of free grace; and as for poor

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Aurora, she is among the dim, discrowned deities of a discarded mythology. But the intellectual pleasures of travel are free from this kind of incertitude. When once the intellectual pleasure is aroused, when once the mental exertion is made, by the very fact the previous feelings are effectually displaced. When the mountain and lake shed poetic inspiration it is because the peculiar genius of the mountain and lake is comprehended. What is the river of Palestine, or the river of Egypt, or the river of Germany, apart from that "inspiration" which belongs to each? It is a pure intellectual pleasure to see some chantry or monument in an old cathedral, where memory supplies comment and inspiration; to visit rocks and woods associated with immortal pages of literature and the memories of great men; to examine the cities and plains where the great historical battles and sieges of European history have occurred; to know thoroughly the royal palaces and baronial castles with which history's stateliest page is occupied, together with the humble village, or the mean abode, rural or urban, where some art or science had its rise, or which cradled the childhood of a nation's most illustrious son. Properly to understand the Low Countries requires a special preparation. The wealth of association in Italy, classical, mediæval, and modern, is so great that the best-informed travelers will despair of overtaking it in its entirety; but every approximate step toward real knowledge will indefinitely help us toward deriving an intellectual, and therefore religious, good from travel. A Christian man will also have a special pleasure in visiting places associated with religious history. In his case the association, and that alone, prompts the feeling which prompts the visit. A chance passenger near Salisbury sees nothing at a little adjacent village in that curiously small church just opposite the rectory, incrusted with moss and ivy, and the little church-yard overgrown with

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weeds, especially since, close at hand, there is the new and stately church, which can so worthily supply the wants of the vicinity. But George Herbert used to preach in that little church of Bemerton—preached the sermons which the public orator of Cambridge would preach so eloquently, and offered those very prayers, before and after service, which honest Izaak Walton has preserved for us—and this other church is a memorial to him, and without this little church might not have been. There is a smaller church yet, which is saying much—it must be the smallest, or nearly the smallest, in England—at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight; and "within the sounding of the wave" there is a grave-yard monument where a raised cross at times flings a shadow on the tomb. But we recognize it as the grave of William Adams, the sweet-natured scholar who wrote the "Shadow of the Cross," and was the most accomplished master of modern allegory. That church of Hursley in Hampshire, with its spire so conspicuous for miles, over upland and down, would arrest the attention of any beholder by its completeness and richness of restoration; but for those who knew and loved the author of the "Christian Year," in that and other books, it will have a depth and tenderness of association, in connection with their own holiest experiences, which the material beauty of the fabric by itself would be powerless to evoke. In every great scene of the world's history there is something to stir the breath and quicken the heart; we feel, to use Dr. Johnson's famous language, when visiting Iona, that it is impossible to pass unmoved; there is something which elevates our piety and patriotism; we are advanced in the dignity of thinking beings. Indeed, when we visit the scenes associated with a good man's orbed and completed course, we are surely quickened with a sense of our own unworthiness and insufficiency; we may derive from his memory some recollections that may lessen sor-

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row, and may quicken effort, and may exalt faith; we are thankful for those who have departed this life in his faith and fear, and cherish the trembling hope that we, too, may be found "in the blessed company of all faithful people."

Madame de Staël used to say that traveling was one of the saddest pleasures of life. I think there is a great deal of truth in this phrase. Every traveler at times answer's Goldsmith's description: "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." There was no one in his age who traveled more, or whose travels have been more famous, than St. Paul. Yet in a great degree it must have been a sorrowful matter, apart from his special difficulties as an apostle, and from those "perils," most of which have been eliminated from modern life. He was a most affectionate-hearted man, and in various ways he must have been constantly wounded in his affection. He formed no tie which he was not speedily compelled to sever. He would come to a city and make strangers friends, and then soon he would leave his friends and sojourn among strangers. Now something of this kind must happen to one who travels. He must at times linger in spots where his feeling is that it is good to be, and that here he would fain set up his tabernacle. Almost unexpectedly he has alighted on that very corner of the world which in all its belongings and surroundings seems to suit him best. He meets the most charming people he has ever known; he finds himself taking a growing interest in the history and politics of the district, and irresistibly drawn toward the land-owner or the *curé;* that rounded bay, with the castle on the cliff, and the orchard in the hollow, and the light-house far away at sea, exactly suit his sense of proportion and beauty. He would soon be a botanist in those woods, and a zoologist among those rocks at low water. There are some men who find it impossible to leave, without some touch of sorrow, any place where

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they have resided for some little time, and whose moral tentacles adhere most strongly to any surface that may be presented to them. Even the most indifferent men find on some rare occasion that they have found that very spot of earth which, to the best of their own self-knowledge, would suit them best. But a necessity is on them, and they must be moving on. They are due at some other place. They have formed a definite arrangement, from which there seems no fair way of escape. They can hardly hope that any change will improve their lot for the better; they would willingly compromise for things as they are; they will be glad even if they can henceforth obtain an enduring approximation to that sense of contentment and calm and peace of mind which for these happy days have wrapped them as with a mantle, and guarded them as with a shield. But their destiny is upon them, and they are unable to extricate themselves.

Perhaps such persons require a grave lesson to be taught them. Their disposition is such that they would most willingly linger among the fading bowers of earth, oblivious that those bowers must fade, and so forgetful of those only happy isles, those only amaranthine gardens, where an immortal soul may find an enduring home. Therefore it is that they find no sure rest for the sole of their feet, and some marring element is allowed to be mixed up with what otherwise would be a rounded and happy life. Our tendrils cling so easily and naturally to earth, that we need to be often reminded that we are but strangers and pilgrims here, and, amid all traveling, to realize that great travel of all, in which we seek an abiding city. As a man moves from land to land, and observes "cities of men, nations, and governments," he may, perhaps, better learn to realize that he is but a traveler between two eternities.

And it may even be that whatever is most exalted and

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good in travel may be continued to us in a future state of existence. I remember hearing of some good man who had never seen the Alps, but said that he intended to take them on his way up to heaven. Those who, chained down to home by the invisible links of a thousand duties, have never been able to see God's handicraft of the mountains and his wonders of the deep, may yet behold a loftier Chimborazo, a more sublime Andes, and contemplate the unspeakable beauty of the hyaline of heaven. As upon a serene night the stars come out, army upon army, and the very dust of stars, beyond the ken of distant vision, seems, as the sand upon the seashore, innumerable, we begin to comprehend the boundless possibilities of knowledge for those who are thought worthy to attain to the first resurrection. Then one can almost despise the littleness of this poor, slight planet, and almost welcome death, that throws open the gates of infinite space. In the fathomless riches of eternity it will seem but as the occupation of one of the deep unclouded days of heaven to take leave of friends, for some five hundred years, to make the tour of Jupiter's satellites, or examine into the condition of the whilom earth. But I come to a point where speculation is lost in awe and mysteries, and where human analogies may cease to shadow forth, even ever so dimly, the heavenly realities. Here, then, I pause.

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CHAPTER IX.

Literature, Science, and Art.

I SUPPOSE we are all believers in the boundless power of steady, persevering work. "Never despair," wrote Edmund Burke to his friend, "the high-souled and generous" Wickham; "but if you do, work in despair." As Matthew Arnold says:

"And tasks in hours of insight willed,
In hours of gloom can be fulfilled."

O si sic omnia! Why should not Matthew Arnold give us noble poetry, instead of attacking worthy dissenters, and assaulting the very foundations even of natural religion? And, as the laureate says:

"But well I know
That unto him that works and feels he works
This same New Year is ever at the door."

And to make one more quotation: "Even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work."

I am not one of those who would recommend to any young man the deliberate choice of literature as a profession. In fact I greatly object to the idea of literature as a profession. Journalism may, and according to modern exigencies must be, a profession, but literature ought to lie open to all ranks and orders of society. There are many patent reasons why we can give very few encouraging words to those who would adopt letters as a distinct path in life. It is, as Bacon said, a good

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staff, but a sorry crutch. It is a good thing to help a man, but a bad thing whereon to rest. It is not the most remunerative, and *per se* it is not the most useful of avocations. Then there is a very common and a very fatal confusion of thought between the desire and the ability to pursue a literary career. Then the competition is enormous. Most editors of magazines will say that they could fill their periodicals years in advance with very fair, *printable* matter that is sent in to them. Then there is a good deal of social disadvantage about literature, and though bookish people will think well of a *littérateur*, to be one is hardly a recommendation to society at large.

Still there is another side of the case which has to be stated, and which is more fraught with encouragement. There is an enormous amount of "copy" to be produced every morning, every week, every month, every quarter, every year, and there must be an army of writers to produce it. There is no reason why a man of fair culture and intelligence should not find some sort of service in that army. In the first ranks of literature stand the great geniuses of the world, who are on an intellectual platform infinitely exalted above their fellows. But there is also an immense literary field which may be occupied by the rank and file. A man of culture, observation, intelligence, with a power of clear thought and fluent expression, ought to be able to find something to do. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit*, is a saying which may be adopted into the statement that while the genius must be born, a man may make himself a fairly good writer. If he has leisure and independence, if he has patience and industry, if he can afford to bide his time, let him persevere, and the chances are that his perseverance will be rewarded by results. And though one would be very sorry to induce any man deliberately to embrace this as a profession, yet to clergymen of insufficient income, to briefless barristers, to all who amid the rise of prices are condemned to fixed in-

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comes, it is very allowable to try and do something in letters, and creditable workmanship will find its way at last.

Success may be late in coming, but sometimes when it comes it makes amends for much previous failure. Sometimes decided genius has to wait as long as cultivated mediocrity. It is good, perhaps, that it should have to wait, for those who have obtained instantaneous recognition have not always found it for their good. Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous, but the fame helped to spoil him and slay him. Burns had his triumphant winter in Edinburgh, but that "triumphant winter" was a great misfortune. As a rule, too, the fashionable favorite is soon discrowned. He can not do better for the world than die early if he has pleased the world when young. Many instances might be given where men have published again and again, with very limited success or no success at all, but feeling that they have had something to say, they have gone on saying it, and ultimately they have succeeded. Perhaps the delay was good for them. To others the delay has been fatal—the frost has killed. Humanly speaking, Keats might have lived if he had had the success of Tennyson, but the *Quarterly* killed him, as it afterward tried to kill Tennyson, and the *Edinburgh* to kill Wordsworth.

> "'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

But now the *Quarterly* has recanted, and Jeffrey is dragged in triumph at the chariot-wheel of Wordsworth.

And yet how slow has the progress of some of our greatest men been! How exceedingly slow and grudging was the recognition accorded to Wordsworth! Some of our most popular works of fiction have been refused by publisher after publisher. Charlotte Brontë with difficulty made her way. Thackeray had "Vanity Fair" returned upon his hands. Sometimes what appears to be a lucky chance will intervene.

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Johnson's life might furnish one continued allegory of perseverance against difficulties.

Similarly take art. What a moment is that when the boy or girl sits down and makes some first intellectual effort! The child has read poetry, enjoyed and appreciated it, nevertheless with the thought that it is something foreign, and altogether far off from its own sphere. He sits down; some thought is stirring in the heart, some impulse twittering in the brain; some melodious lines flow forth; he discovers that he too has the gift of musical expression. Or he has watched nature long, and with a suddenness of surprise, perhaps when stretched on the ground watching the colors of the foliage, or the *lignes larges* of the landscape, finds that he has the faculty of drawing from nature, and of reproducing those colors. What a pretty story is that which Vasari tells of Michael Angelo! how "it chanced that when Domenico was painting the great Chapel of Santa Maria Novella, he one day went out, and Michael Angelo then set himself to draw the scaffolding, with some trestles, the various utensils of the art, and some of those young men who were then working there. Domenico, having returned, and seen the drawing of Michael Angelo, exclaimed, 'This boy knows more than I do,' standing in amaze at the originality and novelty of manner which the judgment imparted to him by Heaven had enabled a mere child to exhibit." West said that a kiss from his mother made him a painter. Something very similar is told of Maclise, the great painter, whose recent loss we deplore.

In the autumn of 1825, Sir Walter Scott made a hasty tour of Ireland, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart and Miss Edgeworth. Among other places, he stayed a short time at Cork, and, while there, he visited the establishment of Mr. Bolster, an eminent bookseller. The presence of the illustrious author attracted crowds of literary persons there. Mac-

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lise, then a mere boy, conceived the idea of making a sketch of Sir Walter, and, having placed himself unobserved in a part of the shop which afforded him an admirable opportunity, he made, in a few minutes, three outline sketches, each in a different position. He brought them home, and, having selected one which he considered the best, worked at it the whole night, and next morning brought to Bolster a highly finished pen-and-ink drawing handled with all the elaborate minuteness of a line engraving. Bolster placed it in a conspicuous part of his shop, and Sir Walter with his friends having again called during the day, it attracted his attention when he entered. He was struck with the exquisite finish and fidelity of the drawing, and at once inquired the name of the artist who had executed it. Maclise, who was standing in a remote part of the shop, was brought forward and introduced to Sir Walter. The great author took him kindly by the hand, and expressed his astonishment that a mere boy could have achieved such a work, and predicted that he would yet distinguish himself. Sir Walter then asked for a pen, and wrote with his own hand "Walter Scott" at the foot of the sketch. This little sketch of Sir Walter Scott created such a sensation among art critics and the public that Maclise, not without great reluctance and diffidence on his part, was induced by his friends to open an *atelier* in Patrick Street.

It is related of Barry, that when a mere boy he performed a journey from Cork to Dublin on foot, with his first picture —the Conversion of the Pagans by St. Patrick. It was placed in a remote corner of one of the exhibition rooms, where it was unlikely that any eye would rest upon it. It did not, however, escape the observation of the great Edmund Burke. He inquired of the secretary the name of the painter. "I don't know," said that gentleman, "but it was brought here by that little boy," pointing to Barry, who was modestly stand-

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ing near his work. "Where did you get this picture, my boy?" said Burke; "who painted it?" "It is mine!" said the boy; "I painted it." "Oh, that is impossible!" said Burke, glancing at the poorly clad youth. It is needless to add how well Burke befriended him, and lifted him into fame.

This discovery of power takes place in the intellectual development of each life. I remember hearing a person who had a very remarkable voice describe how first the consciousness of the "gift" arose. Her mother had taken her to hear some celebrated singer, and the young girl, when she returned home, imagined that her voice reached as high a note as the celebrated singer's. It was even so, and a course of training soon developed the glorious gift.

We will now proceed to consider some turning-points in the history of science and scientific men. Our first example, Blaise Pascal, belongs to the provinces both of literature and science.

The name of Blaise Pascal is one of the purest and loftiest of the great names of France, or, we should rather say, of the human race. He lived during the time of the revolution in England, in which time a corrupt religion and a polluted court were paving the way for a far more terrible revolution in France. He was born at Clermont, in Auvergne. From his earliest years the child Blaise exhibited a precocity which was extraordinary, and even unnatural in one so young, and which his father had the good sense to check and discourage. He would never permit him to be overtasked, and always set him lessons which the child would perceive at once were within the limits of his capacity. He would not allow him to begin Latin till he was twelve years old, but nevertheless his father would talk to him about the principles of language, which the marvelous boy easily comprehended, and was fully acquainted with the nature of grammar before he began to

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learn a language. When he was only twelve years old an incident happened which fully showed the bent of his mind. He noticed, as nearly every other child does, that glass when struck gave forth a long vibrating sound, but that when once the hand was laid upon the glass the sound ceased. The little philosopher was determined to find out the reason of this, and puzzled over it and tried a number of experiments, and at last produced almost a regular little treatise upon the subject. His father was fond of making scientific experiments, which the boy used to watch with the utmost delight, and was never satisfied unless he understood the reason of every thing. Nevertheless, the wise parent thought that at his tender years the exact sciences might prove too severe a study for him, and said that he should learn Latin first and mathematics afterward. Blaise was very curious about this forbidden pursuit. At least he might ask his father what mathematics were. Something was said about geometry. "Geometry," curtly answered his father, "is the science which teaches the method of making exact figures, and of finding out the proportions they bear to each other." And having given this definition, he told him not to think or talk any more about it. Innate genius, however, will always find its way. If he must do his Latin in school-hours, he certainly may amuse himself as he likes in his play-hours. In his acute little brain the child puzzled over what his father had said. He sat down in a large room, all alone, with a piece of charcoal, and tried to draw exact circles and triangles, and to find out in what relations they could stand to each other. So carefully were scientific books kept out of his sight, that he was not acquainted with any technical terms. The circle he called a *round*, and the straight line he called a *bar*. Things went on thus for some time; the child was mastering, or rather discovering for himself those mathematical elements which all other boys learn from books

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with an infinite deal of trouble. One day his father entered the room where his son was so engaged, and so intent upon his investigations that he was not aware of his father's presence. His father asked him what he was doing. The son answered that he was trying to make out such and such a thing, mentioning the mathematical truth enunciated in the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. "And what made you think of that?" said his father. "My having found out this," was the answer; and then he mentioned an earlier truth in Euclid. And so the boy Blaise went gradually backward, till he came to the definitions and axioms out of which all geometry is elaborated. The happy father was transported with joy at this proof of his son's genius, but without saying a word left the house that he might consult with a friend what had best be done. It was agreed that no irksome restraint should be placed upon his mathematical studies, and a Euclid was given to him that he might amuse himself with it in his play hours.

As might have been expected, his progress in science was truly marvelous. When he was only sixteen years old he produced a tractate on Conic Sections, which Descartes, the greatest philosopher of his age, read with admiration, and could scarcely believe that it had been written by one so young. At nineteen he invented the celebrated arithmetical machine; and at six-and-twenty he had completed those brilliant experiments on the weight of the atmosphere which will always associate his name with Torricelli and Boyle. These experiments and his mathematical works made him be regarded as one of the greatest philosophers of the age.

Several very interesting moments in the life of Pascal may be mentioned in connection with his intellectual and spiritual history. One day, when he was visiting his sister Jacqueline, a sermon-bell was heard to toll. His sister went into the

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church, and her brother also stole into it by another door. It so happened that the subject of the preacher's discourse was the commencement of the Christian life. He showed how well-disposed persons, by merely entangling themselves in worldly ties, put obstacles in the way of their salvation, and so run as to miss the prize of their heavenly calling. Pascal thought this teaching exactly met his own case, and took it to himself as a warning sent by God. He had also had another and a more terrible warning, in a narrow escape from a frightful death. One day he was going in a carriage with four horses to Neuilly. Several of his friends were with him: it was a holiday, and there was to be a gay promenade upon the bridge. The bridge was very lofty, and a portion of it was unprotected by any parapet. At this part of the bridge the two leaders became restive, took the bit in their teeth, and, dashing aside, plunged over the bridge into the Seine. Providentially, the traces snapped, and the carriage was left firm, standing upon the very edge. The feeble form of Pascal was ill adapted to stand such a shock. He immediately fainted, and it was some time before he revived. The event itself made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind. In one respect this was curiously manifested. He would be haunted with the idea that danger was frequently threatening him on the left side—the side nearest to the danger on this occasion—that there lay a deep chasm in this direction. Pascal seems to allude to this in a passage where he is speaking of the imagination, and the vanity of man in his subjection to it. He says: "The greatest philosopher in the world, on a plank wider than the pathway which he takes up in his ordinary walk, if there should be a precipice beneath, although his reason convinces him of his safety, will be entirely overcome by his imagination. Many could not even endure the *thought* of walking across such a plank without blanching and agitation."

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Once Pascal had a remarkable conversation with a number of his friends on the plan of a certain work which he intended to write. He gave the name of his undertaking, opened his plans, and explained the order and connection which he intended to pursue. Those who heard this conversation, and who were some of the most competent judges in Europe, said they never heard a more beautiful address, or one more powerful, affecting, and convincing. Pascal was two or three hours in explaining his design, and the listeners formed the most exalted idea of what such a work would be. Afterward several of them put together a sketch of this conversation, and one of them published a short account. He intended that this work should be a great apology for revealed religion. It was to set forth the fundamental principles of religion, to prove the existence of God, and show the evidences of Christianity. To accomplish this work he asked ten years of health and leisure. Such a work was never produced, but after his death a variety of papers were found which showed that he had been working with a view to it. These detached fragments of a vast design have come down to us under the title of the "Thoughts (Pensées) of Pascal." It seems that the great writer did not even use a commonplace book, but when, after deep meditation, some startling thought occurred to him, he would jot it down on any chance piece of paper, the back of an old letter or any other scrap. These he would tie up in bundles, or string them together on a file, perhaps waiting for the season of good health, which never came. "It is a wonder that the 'Pensées of Pascal' have come down to us at all. Never, surely, was so precious a freight committed to so crazy a bark."

Curious points of "moments" in scientific history constantly recur. There is an odd story connected with the discovery of the stocking-frame to which Manchester owes so much. It

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is said that one Master William Lee, a parson of the sixteenth century, being enamored of a lady, found to his mortification that she gave much more attention to her knitting than to his conversation; in revenge for which he determined to produce an instrument which should do away with the necessity of working by hand. In this he succeeded, but became so absorbed in his invention that he is supposed to have quite forgotten the lady. The invention was important enough, but the inventor's end was sad. Queen Elizabeth would only give him a patent for silk stockings, so he carried his invention abroad, where he died of a broken heart. Sir William Thomson, in his recent address at Edinburgh, discussed a wonderful epoch in the life of Sir Isaac Newton. Newton had satisfied himself that a force, following the same law of variation with the inverse square of the distance, urges the moon toward the earth. He found reason, however, to doubt his conclusions. He compared the magnitude of the force on the moon with the theoretic force of gravitation on a heavy body of equal mass at the earth's surface, and he saw a great discrepancy, which induced him to keep back his discovery for many years. He heard one day a paper upon geodesic measurements read by Picard before the Royal Society, which pointed out to his mind a serious error in the preconceived estimate of the earth's radius. This induced him to think that his conclusions had been probably, after all, correct. We are told that on going home to resume his calculations he felt so agitated that he handed over to a friend the work of arithmetical calculation. The result was the verification of the law in the instance of the moon's orbit. Some of Sir William Thomson's own discoveries in electrical science, such as of the galvanometer, are probably all scientific epochs, although it may be too early to determine the exact value of them. There is something very interesting in looking at the last days of eminent men of

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science—how they look forward to perfecting the science of earth in the science of Heaven. In Smeaton of the Eddystone's last illness, a very bright moon shone full into his sick-room. Fixing his eyes upon it, he said, "How often have I looked up to it with inquiry and wonder, and thought of the period when I shall have the vast and privileged views of a hereafter, and all will be comprehension and pleasure!"

There are some "moments" of especial interest in the career of Sir Charles Bell. The greatest of these was unquestionably the promulgation of his discoveries in the nervous system. These, with the discoveries of Dr. Marshall Hall in the same direction, have been the greatest achievements of our age in this branch of medical investigation. It is claimed by his editor, on the great authority of Müller, the physiologist, that his discoveries are as important as that of the circulation of the blood. His wife tells us how he placed sheets of paper one over the other to show how the nerves increased in complexity by every superadded function, until, from the first necessary or original act, they came to the grand object of man's perfection in voice and expression. An account of his discoveries in the nervous system is now contained in the later editions of his Bridgewater Treatise. The writing of this treatise, "On the Hand," was another epoch in Bell's career. The result was that his mind was thoroughly saturated with the argument for design. It overflowed in his conversations, his letters, his addresses to the British Association. Once he said that he should like to show men of science how God Almighty made ropes and arches, and other things which they attempted to do. In "The Hand" he concludes: "Reasons accumulate at every step for a higher estimate of the living soul, and give us assurance that its condition is the final object and end of all this machinery and of their successive revolutions." We doubt not but Sir Charles Bell would have

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added that there were at least two other epochs in his life of tremendous importance to himself — the time when he got married and the time when he commenced fly-fishing. The wife was the sister of his brother's wife, and it is touching to see how intensely he lived in the affections of the family group around him. We would willingly have some more of his letters to his wife both before and after marriage. "I see a God in every thing, my love," he writes to his *fiancée;* "it is the habit of my mind. Do you think I could have been employed as I have been without contemplating the Architect? There I *am* an enthusiast." He took to fly-fishing because he felt his intense need of the country; and when he was in the country he felt the need of some object to occupy his mind. Thus he gleefully writes: "I have got an order for Lord Cowper's water at Panshanger, which is a sweet valley with a pretty running water. The trout are as large as young salmon, and give me great sport. These English parks are, as you well know, the great ornaments of England. They afford solitude and picturesque beauties. We make our temporary home in some adjoining village inn. These inns have every comfort in a small way. Without these little expeditions I am quite certain that I could not live in London." Sir Charles had found out at least one simple secret of happiness. We can very well understand how, when he had written any thing particularly good in his book "On the Hand," it was after a day's quiet fishing. "That varying darkness of the brown rushing waters, the pools, the rocks, the fantastic trees —go round the world, you shall not see these unless you have a fishing-rod in your hand." It is curious in looking through the biographies of Bell, that by M. Amédée Pichot, and the autobiography supplied by his own letters, to see how at these quiet resting-places he made one step after another in his intellectual advance.

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Let us look at a companion picture, at the life of Goodsir the anatomist, abridging our account from that magnificent work of Dr. Lonsdale's, the "Life and Remains of Goodsir." We especially look at his later days.

"To avoid visitors he went to bed at 8:30 P.M., and rose before 5 A.M.; in this way he got five hours' work done before Edinburgh had breakfasted. He lived in rigid simplicity, and did nearly every thing for himself; the sofa of the day became his bed of the night, so that he slept amid his papers and special preparations, and could dress or turn to work at any time without the fear of intruding domestics.

"He was in the habit of receiving letters from every man of note in anatomy and the natural sciences in Europe. He was viewed in an amiable light by all of them, and not a few showed him cordial friendship, if not the most confidential intimacy. Considering his reluctance to the epistolary form of writing—for he was a much worse example than Talleyrand in the way of putting off his replies from day to day and month to month—his correspondence is strikingly curious, as coming from all sorts and conditions of men—*e. g.*, Canongate artisans, country surgeons, English and Irish naturalists, and Scotch noblemen.

"One writes of him: 'His public teachings proved the worth of his religious principles; notwithstanding my previous knowledge of him, it needed the involuntary utterances of a deathbed to show me all the simplicity of mind and godly sincerity of heart with which those principles had been fostered. As he had been an interpreter of God's works, he had been also a diligent student of his revealed Word, and a truly humble Christian.'

"When the pleasure of meeting his class was denied him, he often spoke of his pupils; and, as he had conscientiously labored to advance their studies, persuaded himself that some

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of them would live to interpret his oral teachings and extend the knowledge of his philosophical views to another generation. The anticipation that his finished labors would stand the test of time, and that his outlined work would be filled up and colored by those he had taught and indoctrinated so well, were like pleasant breathings, if not anæsthetic repose, to the Goodsir couch, and could not fail to lend a halo to the hopes of a reputation beyond the grave.

"As evidences of his philosophic, religious and speculative leanings to the very last, he had placed on a table beside his bed a large folio copy of Sir Isaac Newton's works, in five volumes, the Bible, and a work on Crystallography, with a tray of models to illustrate the intended publication of his views of organic form on a triangular basis—that *magnum opus* of his latter-day ideal life.

"The youthful companions—John Goodsir and Edward Forbes—who had sat on the same benches as students, and had fraternized so well in natural-history research, and struggled up the arduous steep of science to professional eminence and European fame, came to breathe their last under the same roof. And as if the ties of life and love were to find a fitting response in death, the remains of John Goodsir are interred next to the grave of Edward Forbes, in the Dean Cemetery of Edinburgh. A granite obelisk marks the grave. The Rev. J. T. Goodsir has had the spiral curved line engraved on one side of the obelisk, to exemplify the feeling pervading the professor's mind on the subject of organic growth—the spiral being symbolic of *the law of the vital force*, developed in Goodsir's lectures.

"A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: 'Since the days of John Hunter, no greater master of anatomical science, no keener investigator of phenomena, no more comprehensive grasper of generalizations, no clearer or more effective expos-

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itor ever dedicated himself to the great subject of anatomy, human and comparative, than John Goodsir. . . . The only regret will be that he has left so few records of his discoveries and conclusions; that in the keenness of his pursuit after scientific truth he left himself so little time to gather up and embody in a lasting form his numerous incidental felicities of investigation and doctrine. But enough, and more than enough, will always remain to prove the brightness of his intelligence, the justness of his reasoning, and the philosophic comprehensiveness of his generalizations. . . . No subject, however remotely connected with his favorite one, but was perfectly known to him. When, in 1854, he suddenly undertook the task of lecturing on natural history for his deceased friend Edward Forbes, he was found a master, at every point, in the science which was only accessory to his own.

"'It is indeed impossible to estimate aright the loss which scientific knowledge and academic education sustain through such a death as his. Let us hope that the generous contagion of his teaching and the lustre of his example will arouse in some worthy disciple the masculine enthusiasm, the noble candor, and the chivalrous self-devotion which are buried in the too early grave of John Goodsir.'

"His anatomical lectures constituted a great fact in his history both as a man and a teacher. No one in Britain seems to have taken so wide a field for survey, or marshaled so many facts for anatomical tabulation and synthesis. Goodsir's place on the historical tablet should be measured not only by his published writings, but by his museum creation and work, and his professional teachings of thousands of men, and through them the germinating ideas he has scattered broadcast over the world of medicine. He not only taught in his own way, but inspired others by his teachings. He not only gave the anatomical data or the facts, but illuminated

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these facts by various lights and interpretations, as if revealing fresh facets on the crystal, and therefrom educing a fresh polarization.

"There was no moderation in Goodsir's working, and not even the relaxation which change of pursuit favors to a certain extent. It was daily, dogged, downright labor; he used his body as if it were a machine, and his brain as if nervous matter could be supplied as readily as English coal to a furnace. He exhibited in his own person what is aptly designated the wear and tear of life, with every nerve in full tension as if for concert pitch. Scores of friends advised him, personally and by letter, to spare his energies; but Goodsir, prepared to 'shun delights and live laborious days,' took no heed of the morrow of life; now and onward and forever reflected his belief. He seemed buoyed up with a passionate fervor that would brook no delay and no temporizing with its aim and purpose. Incessant work, continued for a series of years, led to the usual result—impaired health, functional disturbance, and pathological change. To escape from the dissecting-rooms to the quiet of country life, and 'to babble of green fields' is the great desideratum of every anatomist, and no men enjoy their holidays more thoroughly; but Goodsir scarcely ever realized what relaxation was. When he spent a summer abroad, it was not by the banks of Lago Maggiore, or sipping the waters of Brunnen, but in the museums of Berlin and Vienna. On his return from a Continental trip, when asked by a friend how he enjoyed his autumnal holidays, Goodsir, with great truth and simple-mindedness, replied, 'Oh! very much indeed. I spent six hours a day in the museums with Müller, Hyrtl, or Kölliker.' Change and fancy soon palled on the Goodsir fancy; there was nothing so tempting to him as the investigation of organisms, nothing so captivating as the paths of discovery in natural history."

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As an example of the life of a man of science we will take one who is not, indeed, of the very highest order in science, but one eminently known in his day, and whose life was fruitful in results—Professor Henslow.

Endowed with great practical ability and earnestness of purpose, when placed amid ordinary duties, he achieved an extraordinary degree of success. As a public teacher in his university he succeeded in rendering popular an unattractive pursuit, and as a clergyman amid an ignorant and debased population he was enabled to inform his people with a measure of intellectual and religious light. At Cambridge Mr. Henslow took a fair place among the wranglers, and during his undergraduate course was noted for his devotion to natural science, which led, a year after his inception, to his being elected professor of mineralogy. He so distinguished himself by his lucid and vivid style as to become one of the very best lecturers of the day. As a naturalist he visited the Isle of Wight, the Isle of Man, Anglesea, and other places, and thoroughly explored Cambridgeshire; and his biographer relates with enthusiasm that he was so fortunate as to discover some fresh-water bivalve shells which had previously been ignorantly confounded with the young of the common *Cyclas cornea*, one of which has immortalized his name by receiving the title of *Henslowiana*. Three years later he was made professor of botany. Here the practical bent of his mind soon usefully manifested itself. A worthless botanical garden was extended and brought to a state of the highest efficiency, and a neglected museum became a very perfect and valuable collection. His lecture-room soon began to fill in a very gratifying manner. In the summer-time he and his pupils would fill a coach-and-four and make an incursion upon some obscure village in the Fens, where their boxes and implements excited great astonishment in the bucolic mind.

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About his thirtieth year he married and was ordained. Once a week he threw open his house to undergraduate friends and others—a step peculiarly beneficial, as a little general society is a great desideratum for young men in a university town. His character at this time is thus very favorably sketched by his distinguished pupil, Mr. Darwin: "Nothing could be more simple, cordial, and unpretending than the encouragement which he afforded to all young naturalists. I soon became intimate with him, for he had a remarkable power of making the young feel completely at ease with him; though we were all awe-struck at the amount of his knowledge. Before I saw him, I heard one young man sum up his attainments by simply saying that he knew every thing. When I reflect how immediately we felt at perfect ease with a man older and in every way so immensely our superior, I think it was as much owing to the transparent sincerity of his character as to his kindness of heart; and, perhaps, even still more to a highly remarkable absence in him of all self-consciousness."

Probably as a reward for his political services, he was promoted by the crown to the valuable living of Hitcham, in Suffolk, worth upward of £1000 a year. The parish was a large one, and he came to the wise conclusion that he had better give up the university and attend to it exclusively. His new sphere was indeed one which could give ample play to his perseverance, courage, and healthy energies. For his parish was a moral waste. The villagers were sunk to the lowest depths of moral and physical debasement. The parish church was empty, and the parish rates enormous. The people were wanting in the most common decencies and the most elementary knowledge—idle, immoral, criminal, to the last degree. To improve this wretched state of things was the new rector's earnest endeavor, in which he received very scanty help, for the farmers, only one remove above their laborers,

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opposed him with ignorant and unreasoning stolidity. His first effort was to arouse their dormant intellectual faculties. He determined to conciliate them by amusements. He got up a cricket-club and gave them an exhibition of fireworks. He wrote and published a set of "Letters to the Farmers of Suffolk," in which his scientific knowledge proved of much practical use. He earnestly espoused the allotment system, or establishment of a Spade Tenantry. And in his own parish he carried out the system in spite of a most formidable opposition on the part of the farmers, his principal parishioners. He introduced the study of botany into the village school, and any child might be promoted into the botanical class who could spell such portentous words as "dicotyledous," "angiospermous," "thalamifloral." This teaching of botany as an educational measure was taken up by the Committee of Council on Education, and botany has since been taught in other schools, and an inspector of schools reports very favorably of the Hitcham plan. Another means by which Professor Henslow sought to arouse the dormant intelligence of his people was by a Recreation Fund, and annual visits to remarkable places, among which was a visit to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and another to Cambridge, which was planned and managed with especial solicitude. He spoke of a special occasion for prayer shortly previous to his getting the crown living of Hitcham. It had been under consideration whether he should not be appointed to the See of Norwich, the bishopric of which was then vacant, instead of to any lower preferment in the Church. On hearing this, of which he had certain information from a friend, he retired into his chamber, and fervently, on his knees, prayed for some time that he might never be called to any such high office, for the duties of which he felt himself quite unfit, and that he might not be tempted to accept it if offered to him. When he found afterward that he

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was to have the living of Hitcham and not the bishopric, he thanked God for the issue, and regarded it as an answer to his prayers.

Mr. Henslow's reputation as a lecturer stood so high that he was requested by the late lamented Prince Consort to lecture before the junior branches of the royal family at Buckingham Palace, and we are told that "the same simple language and engaging demeanor that had proved irresistible in the village won over his royal audience to fixed attention and eager desire for instruction." He attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860, where he was chairman of the Natural History Section, and was very useful as moderator in the exciting debates that took place respecting Dr. Darwin's book. "Though I have always expressed the greatest respect for my friend's opinions," he wrote on one occasion, "I have told himself that I can not assent to his speculations without seeing stronger proofs than he has yet produced." He would object to all scientific schemes that would not allow for the interposition of the Almighty. In his last days he was very much interested about the subject of the Celtic Drift. In the autumn of 1860 he went to France to examine the celebrated gravel-pits at Amiens and Abbeville, and wrote several letters in the *Athenæum*, arguing against the supposed great antiquity of these remains. He became, however, very unsettled in his opinions on this point, and at the time of his last illness was preparing to lay his conclusions before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and it is believed that he had convinced himself of a date not so far back as some geologists suppose, but long antecedent to that usually attributed to man's existence on the earth.

The account of his death is very remarkable: "No sooner was he told on Good Friday that he could not live than he evinced from that moment an utter indifferenee to his fate.

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He immediately rose superior to all further desire for life, all fear of death, and all shrinking from what he had to go through before death would release him. In the face of inevitably increasing sufferings, he set himself to watch the successive symptoms of approaching dissolution, all of which he desired should be communicated to him by his medical attendants, with whom he discussed them as a philosopher, and without the most distant references to himself as being the subject of them. . . . During his whole illness he was a model of patience and resignation to the Divine will. He prayed that not a murmur might escape his lips. He expressed the most sincere gratitude to the Almighty for his mercies to himself, and placed his entire trust in the Saviour, with absolute renunciation of all personal merit. He observed, 'What a blessed thing it is to be a Christian, and a blessed thing for a Christian to die!' He said he had not before his eyes, to his utter astonishment, that fear of death which he thought he should have. He placed his soul in the hands of a righteous Creator."

With this might be paralleled the language of William Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, in his last moments to his friend Dr. Combe: "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

There are few lives that are more interesting and better repay the reading than Brunel's. There was, indeed, a kind of ill-luck about his undertakings. The atmospheric railway was a great failure. The broad gauge has succumbed in the battle of the gauges. The *Great Britain* was stranded, and ruined the company. The *Great Eastern* had a difficulty in being launched, and a succession of misfortunes. But these failures were magnificent failures—great in themselves and prophetic of better things to come. The *Great Eastern* is associated with the cable between Great Britain and America, and the

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cable between France and America. The *Great Britain* is now one of the fastest vessels on the Australian line. The day for atmospheric railways is yet to come. Brunel's failures are in things the tendency of which is to come right at last.

Brunel illustrates the doctrine of Atavism, the doctrine of Mr. Galton in reference to hereditary genius. The work by which he is chiefly known is the Thames Tunnel, and that famous shield by which the works were advanced beneath the river's bed. In that work young Isambard bore a conspicuous part; his father said that his "vigilance and constant attendance were of great service." Of the last ten days, young Brunel passed seven in the tunnel, allowing himself only three and two-thirds' hours of sleep. One day he sat down with nine friends to a dinner under the Thames. At this time he was only twenty-one, and his father was intensely pleased by the ability and presence of mind which he displayed. At this time, however, the works were discontinued for seven years, owing to irruptions of the river. Sir Isambard, who survived to his eighty-first year, was permitted to witness the extraordinary success of his son. In the same way the great Stephenson witnessed the wonderful ability and success of his son, Robert Stephenson, the engineer.

Those who wish to understand the magnificent genius of Brunel should take a journey toward the Land's End. There is no railway line that possesses greater scenic magnificence than that through South Devon and Cornwall. We will take no notice of those dismantled edifices which recall the sad fortunes of the atmospheric railway. Observe how magnificently the railway sweeps the coast line, piercing through the projecting headlands in a series of tunnels. It comes between the sea and the pretty little town of Dawlish, gracefully supported on an Egyptian bridge. There is a story of a misanthropic gentleman near Dawlish who took a house on the

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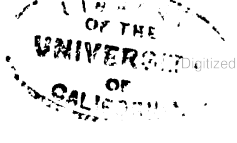
very edge of the sea in order that he might be saved from all commerce with human kind, but Brunel came with his remorseless railway and drove him to despair and death. I believe the ornamentation of the line was Brunel's. It was what he especially delighted in, and he made his own home marvelously beautiful. Even the color of the railway carriages was a point to which he sedulously attended. A few miles from Teignmouth, on the road between Teignmouth and Torquay, is the lovely combe of Watcombe, so familiar to all tourists of the neighborhood, where Brunel had purchased an estate, and had designed there to erect a mansion, and there to spend the evening of his days. The line soon skirts the edge of Dartmoor. Few who have passed it can ever forget the lovely viaduct at Ivybridge. The slender line of masonry seems to span aërial space, in the vista delicate and thin, while the Erne through its wooded gorge flows down from the moorland, through the railway arches, to the sea. As soon as we leave Plymouth we have again the stupendous marvel of the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash. Many years before its erection Brunel had investigated the spot, and thought that the estuary of the Tamar was much too broad for any such undertaking. But time had expanded the daring inventiveness of his genius, and had enabled him to accomplish his ambitious designs. The chief part of this great work is the centre pier, which is out of sight to the public, but the main feature of interest to professional men. Here they found a rock which admitted of masonry being laid under a cylinder provided with pneumatic apparatus, although the work was hindered by the necessity of having to cut through a bed of oysters, and staunching a fountain that burst from the submarine rock. The centre pier of this famous bridge marks the highest point of Brunel's achievements, though, perhaps, not of his conceptions. It was opened by the Prince Consort,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but he was himself absent from the scene through ill-health. He was permitted to make subsequently his first and last visit to his completed work. The Cornish line from the great bridge westward affords continual examples of Brunel's favorite timber viaducts and bridges. Through a long succession of valleys the railway seems to bound from height to height on these apparently frail structures, which the great architect constructed so securely, and yet with comparatively little expense. Cornwall is famous for its picturesque scenery, but the railway which traverses the peninsula and makes it so accessible is one of the most remarkable features of the scene.

It is remarkable that Brunel's great fame primarily arose from want of success. One of his first efforts was to enter into the competition of designs for the Clifton Suspension Bridge. Telford, the first engineer of the day, was called in as judge, and decided against him and all the other candidates; he thought that Brunel's span was longer than could be employed with safety. Telford was asked to send in a plan of his own, but his ultimate plan embraced lofty towers, for which there was not sufficient money. Eventually Brunel was made architect. On one occasion he nearly lost his life. He was crossing the river in a basket slung from an iron bar, and the basket stuck fast; he was obliged to perform the dangerous feat of climbing from the basket to the bar before he could be released. In a few years the funds were all exhausted, and it was necessary that the works should be left incomplete. A spell of ill-luck seemed to hang about the bridge. Though Brunel took the deepest interest in it, he never saw it completed. Not till after his death was the bridge finished, partly as a monument to his memory, and partly as wiping away a slur on the engineering ability of the country. But the fact is that this unsuccessful bridge had proved the archi-

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tect of the great engineer's fortune. The competition for the Clifton Bridge gave him his first start. His son says, "all his subsequent success was traced by him to this victory, which he fought hard for, and gained only by persevering struggles." His reputation made him the first engineer of the Great Western Railway, often working for twenty hours a day. One of his assistants, indeed, calls this period "the turning-point of his life." "His vigor both of body and mind were in their perfection. His powers were continually called forth by the obstacles he had to overcome; and the result of his examinations in the committee-rooms placed him in the very first rank of his profession for talents and knowledge." The following was a very remarkable "moment" in his career, which led to an immense extension of ocean steam navigation. There was one night a business meeting, at Radley's Hotel, of the directors of the Great Western Railway. Some one spoke of the enormous length, as it then appeared, of the railway from London to Bristol. Brunel exclaimed, "Why not make it longer, and have a steamboat to go from Bristol to New York, and call it the *Great Western?*" The remark was received as an excellent joke, but at night Mr. Brunel talked it over with one of the directors. This led to the *Great Western*, and then to the *Great Britain* and *Great Eastern*. It was a daring achievement to build a vast ship of iron, and to fit her with a screw propeller. Brunel was the main instrument of introducing the screw propeller into the mercantile navy, and of securing its adoption in our fleets.

Personally Brunel was a very interesting and remarkable character. The odd incident of his swallowing the half-sovereign, which put his life in danger, created a feeling of warm personal interest in him. His sweet temper and sound judgment secured him many attached friends. His industry was prodigious, and he had a remarkable faculty of going without

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sleep for many hours. But, like so many men whom we have had to speak of, he seems to have materially damaged his health by his strenuous, unresting employments. Humanly speaking, his life might have been lengthened many years save for his intense appetite for work. The difficulties attending the launch of the *Great Eastern* perhaps injured his health more than any thing else. He had intended to go round with the ship to Weymouth, but the day before he was seized with paralysis.

On looking back on the careers of men distinguished in art, literature, and science, there are a few considerations to be added. We see at once that it is not by any special event or turning-point in life, but by the whole tenor and work of life, that the value of such men's lives must be estimated. It was the saying of the old Greek tragedian to call no one happy before the day of his death. The saying doubtless involves a fallacy, as the difference of one day to all the days of one's life can not be of overwhelming importance: one happy day added to disastrous days, or one disastrous day added to happy days can not materially vary the general complexion of human existence. At the same time, no day is so far a decisive turning-point in life that it can altogether influence existence as a whole. The day yields its happy chance, or it may altogether refuse to yield it, or may even render it disastrously. But it is the tendency of a well-ordered, careful life to reduce the domain of chance to a *minimum*. Let the scientific man diligently pass his life according to the Baconian ideal, "in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries, and we may be quite sure that it is simply a matter of time when such a man makes his mark. The lessons taught by our survey are the simple lessons of thoughtfulness, activity, and perseverance. Any moment of success in life, however brilliant, passes away and

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leaves life to its ordinary current. The course of the stream is left unaffected by the occasional eddy. The poet says

"Use gave me fame,
And fame again increasing gave me use."

After all, use is the great thing, far transcending the fame. The keenest delights, after all, such men would tell us, are in the exercise of one's faculties and powers, the feeling that their lives are well laid out to the highest purposes. The delight of the artist in his work is something more than its praises or its prizes. It is in the power of every one of us to have the keenest pleasure of high endeavors. Those who can not command success may at least deserve it. Let no man think that his efforts are such that some brilliant day will come which will crown them in the sight of men. Let no man think that any happy chance will do for him what he is quite unable to do for himself. The solid happiness will be in the sense of use, and in the highest sense the great wages will be

"The glory of going on and not to die."

There are a few wise words of Schlegel's with which we may not unfitly close this chapter. Schlegel says: "In experimental science, the order between faith and knowledge is exactly the same. In actual life, every great enterprise begins with and takes its first step in faith. In faith Columbus, compass in hand, and firmly relying on its revelations, traversed, in his frail bark, the wide waters of an unknown ocean. In this faith he discovered a new world, and thereby opened a new era in the history of science and of man. For all his inquiries, all his thirst and search after information, all his thinking, guessing, and supposing, did not as yet amount to a complete knowledge—by such means he could not succeed in working out a full conviction, either for himself or for others. It was the given fact, the unquestionable proof of actual experience, that first exalted his bold conception into true and

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perfect certainty. In a greater or less degree, this is the course by which all the great discoveries in science have been made, passing by a slow but still advancing process of thought from facts up to knowledge. And the same character of faith is stamped on every great and decisive act, every important event in the history of individuals and of nations." We thus see that it is faith which makes and determines so many of the great turning-points in life.

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CHAPTER X.

Successful Lawyers.

IT is a happy circumstance in English history that we might, among successful lawyers, enumerate many of the brightest examples of probity, industry, and piety. The forensic roll includes many brilliant lives, fertile in memorable incident and in lessons of the highest import. We think of such judges as the upright and pious Hale, the learned and patriotic Selden. Such a judge was the truly pious and amiable Chief-Justice Wilton. Look at what we may call the modern roll of those who have been in succession lord chief-justices of England—Mansfield, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Tenterden, Denman, Campbell—and each name suggests passages of history and life from which much instruction has been drawn and might yet be derived. The roll of our chancellors, from the pious and high-minded man who now holds that position downward, includes many memorable and beneficent names.* There are other great lawyers, whose names are not so well known to the general reader, in whom the highest departments of law expand into statesmanship—such as Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, and Lord Stowell. There is something eminently instructive in such a career as that of Sir William Grant. He was a Canadian ex-attorney-general, who was long without a brief at the English bar, until Pitt sent to confer with him about the affairs of Canada. This was the turn-

* In Foss's "Judges of England" there is an interesting memoir of the last lord chancellor, Lord Hatherley, in part from materials supplied by himself.

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ing-point for Grant. The premier gave him a seat in Parliament, and, although hardly known at the bar, caused him to receive a silk gown. He showed himself a great lawyer; but far above that, he was a great parliamentary orator. It has been said by Lord Brougham that, with the exception of Mr. Pitt, perhaps no man had ever greater sway in the House than Grant. By the consent of the whole bar he seems to have attained the highest point of judicial eloquence. "The charm of it was indescribable; its effect on the hearers was that which Milton describes when he paints Adam listening to the angel after the angel had ceased to speak."

Another great lawyer, whose tone of mind is very similar to Sir William Grant's, was Lord Stowell. His fame has been somewhat overshadowed by that of his still greater brother, Lord Eldon. But the fame of Lord Stowell is certainly more cosmopolitan, and will probably be more lasting. He is one of the great founders of international law. If you take up such a text-book on public law as "Wheaton's Elements of International Law"—it was Jeremy Bentham who coined the felicitous phrase—it will be seen how often his decisions are quoted. During the long French war Lord Stowell administered and in part created our civil law, showing perfect impartiality to Englishmen and foreigners, and English justice became as famous throughout Europe as English victory. Such are the great judges, who, although not well known to general readers, are the men who largely fix the estimate in which England is held by that foreign opinion which, according to that fine saying of Burke's which Madame de Staël so often repeated, anticipates the verdict of posterity. It is remarkable that Lord Stowell always looked back on old days at Oxford as the happiest of his life, and an old Oxford Calendar was to him, from its associations, as touching as any volume of poetry could be.

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Only a few years ago there died one of our most successful lawyers, Pemberton Leigh, Baron Kingsdown. He has left behind him a privately printed work, most of which was allowed to appear in one of the leading reviews, giving an account of his "Recollections" in Parliament and at the bar. He retired from both at the age of fifty. He refused to be solicitor-general; he refused to be lord chancellor. His name was little heard of by the general public. He simply detested popularity; but for twenty years he was one of the greatest judges of the final Court of Appeal. A peerage—for he never took pay—was the only reward which he ever accepted from the country. He gives a touching picture of the poverty and hard work of his early life, but he adds: "It was the severe preparation for the subsequent harvest. I learned to consider indefatigable labor as the indispensable condition of success; pecuniary independence as essential alike to virtue and happiness, and no sacrifice too great to avoid the misery of debt." Mr. Pemberton Leigh obtained a large practice, and carried in the House of Commons several useful reforms. The following is the account of his feelings when he won his first election: "I shall never forget the night in which, after so much excitement, I found myself a member of Parliament. I threw myself upon my knees, and earnestly prayed to the Source of all strength that I might be enabled to perform faithfully and successfully the duties which belong to that position." At the death of his distant kinsman, Sir Robert Leigh, he became possessed, under very remarkable circumstances, of a property of many thousands a year. At the age of fifty he resolved to retire, and commence the life of a country gentleman. "I provided myself with microscopes, telescopes, painting implements, a chest of turner's tools, and I know not how many other resources against *ennui*, none of which I ever used; and, after the lapse of seventeen years, I can safely say

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that I never had one hour hang heavy on me, nor felt any thing but regret at being called upon to forsake my solitude in order to attend the sittings of the judicial committee." We are informed that Lord Kingsdown was warmly attached to the Church of England, and more than one parish church was built or restored at his expense.

Or again, we might take some eminent lawyers who, having attained the highest distinctions at the English bar, became each of them lord chancellor of Ireland. To mention one, such was Mitford, the brother of the historian of Greece. He was one of those few great lawyers whose parliamentary runs parallel with their forensic fame—one of that class of lawyers, not very numerous, who have obtained large business by writing a law-book. The legal attitude he took up in Parliament reflected on him the highest honor. There was nothing about him, and there never is in the best lawyers, merely technical and litigious. He implored the House of Commons, on their prosecution of Hastings, to adhere to two principles, "never to bring forward a fact that was matter of calumny to the accused, and never to inflame the passions of those who are to decide as judges." The share which he took in legislation was of a calm, judicial, and impartial kind. The House of Commons did itself the honor of electing him speaker. But Mitford frankly said, at the same time, that the bar was his profession, and that it was in his profession that he looked for promotion. He subsequently became Lord Redesdale and Chancellor of Ireland. After his return from Ireland he was for many years one of the most useful and efficient members of the House of Lords. His son, the chairman of committees, has maintained the same character for ability and integrity. It is such men as these who redeem the profession of the bar from the reproaches so often brought against it, and enable us to realize that great idea of law which Hooker has so nobly

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expressed: "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged that her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the universe. All things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and all creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admire her as being the mother of their peace and joy."

King George the Third, on an occasion when Mr. Justice Park was present, said of him: "It is wonderful to think that this little head contains the whole law of England." "Not so, sire," replied the judge, "it but contains the knowledge where the law may be found."

An acute lawyer has remarked that Sergeant Wilde, afterward Lord Truro, who began life as a solicitor, and who was, probably for forty years, concerned in nearly every important commercial case in the city of London, either on one side or the other, must have been at the making of a great part of the commercial law. For in this country the law is built up by numerous decisions, which daily increase the fabric, and, as Junius well remarked, "What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine." The readiness with which the prodigious memory and powerful brain of Sergeant Wilde enabled him to recall the facts and doctrines laid down in all the leading cases of nearly half a century was sufficient to strike with amazement a person of ordinary powers. Sir John Campbell, when attorney-general, brought to the discharge of his important duties not only advantages similar to those of Sergeant Wilde, but, from having been a reporter, and having written out so many of the leading cases, had so completely impressed them on his mind that he could quote to younger men, to whose inquiries he was always accessible, not only the names of the principal cases in every branch of the common law, but also

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the names of the reports, the volumes, and even the pages in which they were to be found. . . . Sergeant Wilde, at Guildhall, has often been concerned in six cases in one day, and has stated the names of persons, dates, and sums of money in each case, from memory, without referring to his brief or any other written memorandum.

It would be easy to select many legal biographies rich with incident and instruction. As a story of perseverance and success there is none that exceeds in interest the career of Lord Tenderden, who, to many great titles, was, as his biographer says, especially entitled to be called "the humble and the just."

We will now take in detail the exemplary life of this great lawyer, Lord Chief-Justice Tenderden. It will illustrate the turning-points of a great lawyer's progress. Just opposite the magnificent west portal of Canterbury Cathedral, at the corner of a narrow street, there was once a barber's shop. It has now disappeared to make room for the house of the architect to the cathedral. It had in front of it the long traditionary barber's pole of several colors. It was only a poor, mean-looking tenement, having blocks in the window partly bare and partly covered with wigs, a sign over the door with the shopman's name, and with the announcement that shaving cost a penny, hair-cutting two-pence, and that the hair could be fashionably dressed on reasonable terms. It is still locally recollected that there was a stationer's shop attached to this one. The barber's shop was kept by a worthy hair-dresser of the name of Abbott. He was a tall, erect, primitive-looking man, with a large club pigtail, who might often be seen going about with his instruments of business under his arm, attended by his son Charles, "a decent, grave, primitive-looking youth." That child afterward commemorated his prudent father and his pious mother. Living beneath the

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very shadow of the great cathedral, the humble family learned to love it, and to prize its blessings. There is reason to believe that they constantly attended the cathedral services. The clergy were very kind to the worthy man, who was, indeed, hair-dresser to the entire chapter, and who made it his boast that, on no less than three occasions, he had attended the archbishop himself on the occasion of triennial visitations.

All through the career of his son Charles, who became one of the most illustrious magistrates that the English bench has ever known, we see the advantages of the endowments for education provided by pious, charitable men in past ages; we see, too, the good effected by good men in the case of a poor, deserving scholar; and we may trace, too, the kindly guidings of Providence in his behalf. The King's School, at Canterbury, gave the small tradesman's child an education as thorough and complete as could be given to the son of the richest noble. The head-master was a profound scholar, with the rare gift of being able to impart his abundant knowledge. He eagerly sought for signs of ability and attention among his pupils, and helped and encouraged them with all his might. His attention was soon drawn to the cleverness and good conduct of young Abbott. In course of time the lad turned out Latin verse which the head-master declared was as good as any that could be produced at Winchester or Eton. His school-fellows afterward described him as a grave, silent boy, very well behaved, always studious and fond of reading, even in his play-hours. He made very few mistakes in his lessons, always striving to be accurate and equably industrious.

At fourteen he was a great hungry boy, and, however well he was getting on at school, his parents thought that it was high time he should be earning his own living. At this time the place of a singing-boy became vacant in the cathedral. Old Abbott thought that his son, with his good character and

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his father's good character, and his own lively parts, would stand a good chance. The members of the chapter were no doubt willing and anxious to oblige their worthy hair-dresser, but they had chiefly to consider the efficiency of their musical services. It was found that Abbott's voice was husky, but there was another boy with an excellent voice, who very properly received the appointment. Many years after, Charles Abbott became a nobleman and chief-justice of England. While going circuit with another judge he came to that familiar Cathedral of Canterbury. The chief-justice pointed out a singing-man in the choir. "Behold, brother Richardson," said he, "that is the only human being I ever envied. When at school in this town we were candidates together for a chorister's place; he obtained it, and if I had gained my wish he might have been accompanying you as chief-justice, and pointing me out as his old school-fellow the singing-man."

So Charles Abbott was not to be a chorister, and accordingly he continued for a further space at the King's School. It is hardly necessary to say that he became captain of the school. When Charles was seventeen his father thought it absolutely necessary that he should earn his own bread. Let him be apprenticed to the paternal business, and keep a shop as his father did before him. This idea was a great shock to the kind head-master. He thought that his most promising pupil ought to go to college, and that the Canterbury people ought to help in sending him there. In a quiet way a sum of money was collected in the old city for the purpose of his outfit, and the trustees of the school granted him a small exhibition which was then vacant. This still was insufficient, and it is said that an indenture binding Charles Abbott to the shaving-business was actually sealed, signed, and delivered, when the trustees, apparently stretching a point in his favor, came to the conclusion that they had power to increase the

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exhibition from the funds of the school. They voted a sum that would be a sparing academical subsistence for a young man for the three years preceding his degree. In after years, when he had become a great judge, he was himself one of the trustees. At a business meeting of the body, among the *agenda* of the day there was an application from an Oxford exhibitioner from the school for an increase of his allowance. The secretary declared that, after a diligent search for precedents, he could only discover one which had happened many years before. "That student was myself," said the learned judge; and he immediately supplied the required sum from his own private purse.

The barber's son was now an undergraduate of Oxford. He entered at Corpus Christi College, where he soon obtained a classical scholarship. We find him writing to a friend: "I have received two letters from my dearest mother, in which she gives me an account how sincerely all my friends at Canterbury have congratulated her on my success, and friends so much superior to our humble condition that she says, 'such a universal joy as appeared on the occasion I believe hardly ever happened in a town left by a tradesman's son.' Who would not undergo any labor to give pleasure to such parents! . . . But a little while past to be a scholar of Corpus was the height of my ambition; that summit is, thank Heaven, gained, when another and another appears still in view. In a word, I shall not rest easy till I have ascended the rostrum in the theatre." There was then no class-list at Oxford, and the highest university distinction was to gain the chancellor's medal and recite a prize composition from the rostrum of the Sheldonian theatre. The subject for the Latin poem open to undergraduates was the then recent glorious defense of Gibraltar—"Calpe Obsessa" was the subject. He failed, but his poem, when returned to him, bore an encouraging phrase which in-

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dicated that it had been second best. The man who obtained it was Mr. W. L. Bowles, who afterward became a useful clergyman and a not undistinguished poet. Forty years afterward, when a judge on circuit, he met Mr. Bowles at Salisbury, and with that unfailing memory which university men have for old college days, the judge recalled their old competition, gracefully saying that the rule had been preserved that the best man ought to win: "detur digniori" was the familiar Latin phrase.

The subjects of the prize poems then, as now, were chosen from striking contemporary events. Lunardi's balloon voyages were at this time exciting the greatest attention and astonishment. It was little thought that this invention could be utilized to the great extent which we have lately seen in France; but then, as now, the idea was entertained that the balloon would be found susceptible of guidance in any given direction, and would promote rapid intercourse between different nations. The balloon, "Globus Aërostoticus," was the subject of the prize poem. Abbott obtained it, and accordingly mounted the rostrum victoriously. Next year he obtained another chancellor's medal with a remarkable essay on the Use and Abuse of Satire. But in the midst of this success his happiness was overshadowed by the death of his father. His mother kept on the shop opposite Canterbury Cathedral, and sold perfumery. He was willing to go out to Virginia as tutor if fifty pounds a year might be settled on his mother for life. "This," he wrote, "with the little left her by my father, would afford her a comfortable subsistence without the fatigue of business, which she is becoming very unable to bear." This condition failing, Abbott gave up the idea of going to America.

It was well for him that he did not. He had now achieved a great university reputation. Many private pupils came to him. After he had taken his degree he was made fellow of

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his college, and became junior tutor. He dressed and lived plainly, and it was thought remarkable that he never rode on horseback. Once he told a friend with an air of triumph, "My father was too poor ever to keep a horse, and I was too proud ever to earn sixpence by holding the horse of another." About this time it was Abbott's intention to take holy orders. But it so happened that he was asked to become tutor to a son of that famous lawyer, Mr. Justice Buller, and was thrown into close intimacy with the great judge, as he often spent some time at the country-seat in Devonshire. Buller was one of the greatest of English judges. It has been said that as Burke's name in the Senate, so is Buller's in Westminster Hall. There are some curious points in Buller's personal history. He married at the early age of seventeen, and was made a judge at the unprecedented early age of thirty-two. He also died at a comparatively early age. Lord Mansfield had soon perceived his extraordinary ability, and procured him promotion. What Lord Mansfield had done for Buller, that Buller in turn did for the future Lord Tenderden. He clearly discerned the great intellectual strength that characterized his son's tutor, and urged him to go to the bar. It is said that he furnished Abbott with funds to enable him to do so, and as this seems to have been Judge Buller's kind way with several young men of promise, it is not unlikely that he did so. The sagacious judge also recommended him to go to a lawyer's office for some months, to acquire a knowledge of the practical details of law. He soon gained this requisite knowledge, and also formed a valuable legal connection. Moreover, he managed to muster up a hundred guineas to become a pupil of George Wood, whom Lord Campbell calls the "Great Master of Special Pleading." At the end of a year Wood told him that he had taught him all he could. We are told that he worked night and day in his small cham-

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bers in Brick Court. He determined to practice as a special pleader below the bar, until he could take his call with every prospect of success.

For seven years he kept a sort of legal shop, and the shop kept him. He gave all his friends to understand that he was ready to draw declarations, pleas, replications, and demurrers with the utmost dispatch, and on most reasonable terms. He kept a small boy as clerk, at ten shillings a week. Modest, learned, industrious, he was always to be found in his chambers fulfilling his promises to the letter, and never losing a friend. His door was always open, his opinion always safe, his services ever prompt. He made a considerable income as a special pleader, but he determined that he would push on to the bar. He received his call at the Inner Temple, and went the Oxford Circuit. He at once rose to a large business. He was not like some barristers, a great advocate, nor, like others, a skillful cross-examiner. But the solicitors liked him; the judges listened to him with respect; he was of the greatest help to a leader, he showed himself skillful and sagacious, and his law was thorough and deep. He was never an advocate in any real sense of the term, but he was a great lawyer and a great judge. He acquired a great and special reputation as a commercial lawyer, and published a book, which was much wanted, on "Merchants' Ships and Seamen." The MS. of this book still remains, written, we are informed, in a beautifully neat, clear hand. In England his book is becoming superseded by the new Merchant Shipping Acts, but in America it continues to be the standard work on the subject. That old cathedral connection seemed still to cling to him, and to bring him prosperity. He was known to be a good ecclesiastical lawyer and sound churchman, and Lord Campbell, who knew him well, says that he had a general retainer from most of the prelates and deans and chapters.

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When his business became considerable, he ventured to marry. The father of the young lady, a country gentleman, called at his chambers, and asked him how he hoped to maintain his future wife. He answered, "By the books in this room, and two pupils in the next." They lived for years very happily in a little house in Bloomsbury Square. We are told that his was a cheerful and pious household. Some very touching and affectionate letters to his wife are on record, and the following playful lines:

"In the noise of the bar and crowds of the hall,
Tho' destined still longer to move,
Let my thoughts wander home and my memory recall
The dear pleasures of beauty and love.

"The soft looks of my girl, the sweet voice of my boy,
Their antics, their hobbies, their sports;
How the houses he builds her quick fingers destroy,
And with kisses his pardon she courts.

"With eyes full of tenderness, pleasure, and pride,
The fond mother sits watching their play,
Or turns, if I look not, my dullness to chide,
And invites me, like them, to be gay.

"She invites to be gay, and I yield to her voice,
And my toils and my sorrows forget;
In her beauty, her sweetness, her kindness rejoice,
And hallow the day that we met.

"Full bright were her charms in the bloom of her life,
When I walked down the church by her side,
And, five years passed over, I now find the wife
More lovely and fair than the bride."

After a long and prosperous career at the bar, his health showed symptoms of decline. He saw reason to fear that his eyesight was failing him. He longed for the comparative rest and ease of the judicial bench. But he was disappointed. No promotion came. When a vacancy arose, he was passed over.

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He was determined to retire from the bar, and his only difficulty was whether he should take up his abode at Oxford or Canterbury. He had just resolved upon Oxford when one of the judges of the Common Pleas, Mr. John Heath—for Heath had always steadily refused to be knighted—died, as he always said he would, "in harness," at the age of eighty. Charles Abbott was made judge, and, taking the degree of sergeant-at-law, as was then usual, he assumed armorial bearings, with the motto which so well described his simple, industrious life —"*Labore.*"

He was now judge. His youthful vision of going to his native town in ermine and scarlet was to be fulfilled. He saw at once that he should much more greatly enjoy being judge than counsel. The search for truth, he said, was much more pleasant than the search for arguments. He was in a very short time removed from the Common Pleas to what was then the much more laborious work of the Queen's Bench. This was in 1816. Lord Ellenborough then presided over the King's Bench, and the other puisne judges besides Abbott were those great lawyers Holroyd and Bayley. Before two years had passed, it became quite clear to Westminster Hall that one of the greatest common-law judges had risen on the bench. In 1818 Lord Ellenborough was struck down by paralysis. It became a matter of the keenest interest who should become the new chief-justice of England. After some delay and many conjectures, it became known that Mr. Justice Abbott was to preside as chief over the court where he had been puisne judge. And now the full lustre of Abbott's extraordinary character became fully apparent. He was the most acute and upright of magistrates. His court became what lawyers call an exceedingly "strong" court. Lord Campbell glows with enthusiasm as he describes that time. "Before such men there was no pretense for being lengthy or importunate. Every

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point made by counsel was understood in a moment; the application of every authority was understood at a glance; the counsel saw when he might sit down, his case being safe, and when he might sit down, all chance of success for his client being at an end. During that golden age law and reason prevailed. The result was confidently anticipated by the knowing before the argument began, and the judgment was approved by all who heard it pronounced, including the vanquished party. Before such a tribunal the advocate becomes dearer to himself by preserving his own esteem. I do not believe that so much important business was ever done so rapidly and so well before any other court that ever sat in any age or country. The principal merit is no doubt due to Abbott, and no one could have played his part so well."

Nine years after his elevation to the office of chief-justice, Abbott was raised to the peerage. Mr. Canning wrote to him in 1827: "As in the approaching law promotions, more than one peerage will be conferred by His Majesty, it has occurred to Mr. Canning, as due to Lord Chief-Justice Abbott, to his lordship's eminent services, and to the dignity of the court over which he presides, that an opportunity should be afforded to the Lord Chief-Justice to express his wish (if he entertains it) for a similar honor." He was accordingly raised to the peerage by the title of Tenterden, with which place, as a Kentish man, he had many associations. Latimer's quaint sermon will be recollected by many of our readers, in which he connects the Goodwin Sands with Tenterden steeple. That was a great day at Westminster Hall when the whole bar of England wished to do the chief-justice honor, on the occasion of his taking his seat in the House of Lords. "We all stood under the bar," says Lord Campbell; "such a serried conglomeration of wigs never was seen before or since." Next day Lord Tenterden threw down a note to the attorney-

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general, which was handed through all rows of the bar, saying how the kindness of their attendance had gone to his heart. He was not able to attend the House of Lords much, as his time was greatly absorbed by his judicial duties. He made, however, at least one great speech, of which the then Bishop of Rochester said that it was most impressive and convincing. He also effected some useful legislation in promoting law reforms. After the passing of the Reform Bill he never sat again in the House of Peers.

Lord Tenterden's health was now altogether failing. He amused himself by studying botany and composing Latin verse. He wrote a very pretty Latin poem on "The Lily of the Valley," and Latinized much of the "Lady of the Lake." He beautifully concludes a Latin poem on the "Conservatory" by expressing the hope that it might be allowed him to soothe his cares by the strains of poetic story, and in weary age to gather the same flowers that he gathered in his youth. In company he was always courteous, and among his intimate friends he took pleasure in referring to the days of his youth. This great judge is known to have possessed one remarkable defect, that of an irritable temper. But it was beautiful to see how he conquered this defect by principle, or rather by Christian grace. The very defect that might have injured him served to adorn his character. "It was singular with what effect he fought against this," says Lord Campbell, "and how he mastered the rebellious part of his nature. Indeed, it was a study to observe this battle, or rather victory, for the conflict was too successful to be apparent on many occasions. He directed the jury in every particular, as if no irritation had ever passed over his mind in the course of the cause. It was therefore an edifying sight to observe Lord Tenterden, whose temper had been visibly affected during the trial, addressing himself to the points of the cause with the same perfect calm-

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ness and indifference with which a mathematician pursues the investigation of an abstract truth." Judge Talfourd says of him: "The chief judicial virtue of his mind was that of *impartiality;* not mere independence of external influences, but the general absence of tendency in the mind itself to take a part or receive a bias." To us this appears to be the *ne plus ultra* of a judge.

Such a career as that of Lord Tenterden is a boon to England. It shows the fairness and impartiality of public life. It indicates how in England the highest positions are open to the lowliest. It shows how bravely honors may be won, and how meekly they may be borne.

Lord Tenterden died at the post of duty. There had been an important trial, and the chief-justice presided for the first two days, but on the evening of the second day he went home ill. It was found to be fever, which baffled all the efforts of such eminent men as Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Holland, and Sir Benjamin Brodie. It was an instance, like the later instances of Wightman and Talfourd, of a man dying at his post. In his last moments he imagined that he was summing up a case, and died after uttering the words, "And now, gentlemen of the jury, you will consider of your verdict." His monument, which bears an epitaph written by himself, may be seen at the Foundling Hospital, of which he was a governor. That epitaph sums up the moral of his life. He tells us how he was born of the lowliest parents, who were yet pious and prudent, and that the reader might learn by his example how much among Englishmen honorable labor may achieve, with the favor of Heaven. His son adds the words,

"Hæc de conscripsit
Vir summus idemque omnium modestissimus."

Lord Campbell speaks with the highest honor of the good son who thus completed the epitaph. His grandson, too, has

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added fresh lustre to the name of Tenterden by his services on the Commission which crossed the Channel to negotiate the Treaty of Washington, and at the Court of Arbitration which sat at Geneva—services which have been duly recognized by the crown, and are the earnest of a career worthy of the name of Tenterden.

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CHAPTER XI.

The Christian Merchant.

STANDING in that central space of the city which is the very heart of London's heart, amid the multitudinous tumult of those who are "citizens of no mean city," it was not without emotion that I read the legend over the greatest Exchange in the world—"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the compass of the world and they that dwell therein." The legend is indeed worthy of a city "whose merchants are princes and whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." The inspired words lend to trade its consecration. It is the acknowledgment that the teeming produce of the earth and seas, the treasures of the forest and the mine, all the yield and increase within Arctic and Antarctic circle, are the Lord's, and that he freely outspreads them for the use of his people, to provide them both with the splendors and conveniences of life, to promote human intercourse and brotherhood, and to make material blessings the types, accompaniments, and machinery to dispense even higher blessings than these. It seems to me that, in olden times, the good merchants of London city have intelligibly felt all this, and laid it to heart. We know, too, that the line of like-minded, true successors has never failed. I feel this when I stand on one of the London bridges and look back on the space occupied by what is called the city. How grandly looms the vast cathedral dome, giving to that vast congeries of streets and houses its unity and central point! How, within the narrow limits of the city—

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which, when examined, are far from being extensive—rises the forest of spires and towers grouped around the cathedral mother-church! Look at the history of that cathedral, of those many churches, of the great civic companies, of the vast municipal charities, and you will comprehend the liberal-handed, disinterested character of the Christian merchant, such as was Gresham and many of Gresham's compatriots. I think of Barzillai, that man of very great substance, so true to God and loyal to David, and of Araunah, who "as a king gave unto the king." At times we read sorrowfully of many blots upon London's fair civic shield, and quiet people, content with food and raiment, wonder at the maddening thirst for wealth; but the recollections of such men as Thornton and Henry Hoare are fresh upon us, and we rejoice that Christian England has still many a Christian merchant.

There is something, also, that is stately and noble about the merchants. They carry their rank on their thoughtful foreheads, and in their gesture and bearing. Recall their portraits by Vandyke and Titian, in the burgomasters of Amsterdam and the merchant princes of Venice. Such were veritable statesmen and Christians, with a large eye for the rising interests of fair republics, with a large eye for the still greater cause of God's truth in the earth. I love to think of the Venetian merchant, now counting up his bales from the Indies and his spice-boxes from Surinam, now discoursing with his brother merchants on the Rialto, or walking with Eastern strangers clad in their ample flowing garbs on the Piazzetta, and anon entertaining high questions of war and peace and government; or, amid the trophies of art and skill, gathering beauty and genius and valor to the music and feast within the illumination of some sea-girt marble palace. Amid the merchants of Holland the genius of commerce was developed side by side with the desperate love of endangered liberty and

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heroic devotion to persecuted truth. Thus have I deeply felt in moving about the water-streets of Venice and Amsterdam, and thus, also, on the silent highway which is really London's greatest street. I know that in the dingy resorts of commerce are also men who will endure hardships and bear arms if necessary; even as of old, in perilous times, they largely gave of their substance, and were willing to undergo for their country the ordeal of battle. I know that they have an equal devotion for science and literature and art as the great Italian merchant princes of the Middle Ages; and, best of all, I know how the love of God is shed abroad in many hearts, keeping within due limits that adverse love of money, and prompting to many good deeds of love, in Christ, toward man.

A work was published some years ago by a distinguished minister of religion, the Rev. William Arthur, entitled "The Successful Merchant." It is exceedingly well written, and the subject of the biography, Mr. William Budgett, of Bristol, was an eminently Christian man, with a very decided idiosyncrasy of his own, and possessed the characteristics of a true merchant in having both a genius for getting and a genius for giving. The work recalls Dr. Binney's celebrated little book, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" Granting that in a most important sense this inquiry may be answered in the affirmative, I must also add, that for myself I feel an instinctive objection to the terms of the question. I will not now go into my reasons; if my readers think with me, I believe that those reasons will not be slow in suggesting themselves. Now Mr. Budgett was one who sought to make the best of both worlds, and, upon the whole, I think he actually did so; yet, even in reading his biography, where things are naturally put in their fairest light, I think I see that he fell into some mistakes by trying to make the very most of this world. I hold that his plan of selling some articles at cost price, or

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even below cost price, with the intention that customers should be attracted to his store in the belief that all other things were equally cheap, was unmerchant-like. It ought to be remembered, perhaps, that Mr. Budgett was for many years a small retail dealer, and that it was in the latter half of his life that his transactions achieved that magnitude which made him a great merchant. Mr. Budgett exhibited in himself, and demanded from others, an amount of energetic endeavor which was abnormal and unhealthy. A man's ordinary work must be done in an ordinary way, and extraordinary efforts should be reserved for special occasions. He was intensely energetic, and his eye and voice rebuked any one in his employ who was not exhibiting a similar degree of energy. In the words of his biographer: "The Successful Merchant had lived too fast. His master energy, which had crushed so many difficulties, had been doing its work on his own frame, which soon became a witness that over-activity is not to be indulged without shattering a man at last." I am sure that there is a great deal too much of this trying to make the best of both worlds. Mr. Budgett did himself a great deal of harm, and must have done a great deal of harm to others, unless they made up at other times for the pressure which he occasionally put upon them. I point out these drawbacks, and with this measure of exception Mr. Arthur's "Successful Merchant" might very well be called the "Christian Merchant." It is very instructive, and Mr. Budgett had a natural nobleness and an abounding charity which go very far toward carrying out the idea of the highest type of this character.

A distinction is generally drawn between the merchant and the retailer. The ancient Greek looked upon retailing with intense dislike, and even with contempt and loathing. Napoleon, with the same heathenish feeling, spoke of us as a nation of shop-keepers. It is sometimes said that Napoleon failed to

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distinguish between the merchant and the shop-keeper; but, looking fully into the matter, I think that this distinction might be reduced to so small a point of difference that it can hardly hold. Yet there are very mournful facts which affix a stigma upon retail business from which merchant business is comparatively free. Mr. Hughes once spoke to his constituents, with the honest freedom which so well became him, of the amount of fraudulent dealing with customers that prevailed in Lambeth; and I saw a newspaper paragraph the other day to the effect that, in the district of Newington alone, upward of a hundred tradesmen had been fined for the false weight and the false measure. Yet the false weight and the false measure are abominations to the Lord! Their use is, indeed, to eliminate Christianity from trade, and also to eliminate such tradespeople from Christ's kingdom. The true merchant loves the measure shaken together and pressed down and running over. It is immaterial to ask whether to the merchant or to the retailer is to be attributed the adulterated lime-juice which destroys the poor mariners on long voyages, the imposition about stores which did so much mischief to our brave soldiers in the Crimea, the cheats in connection with the preserved meats that starved the heroic explorers who shared Sir John Franklin's last and fatal expedition. This is the exhibition of whatever is vilest in the most fraudulent petty trader. Adulteration is the curse of English trade. I once knew a really Christian person who told me that he had given up trade for a much less independent position in life from the sheer impossibility of making a livelihood without resorting to customary dishonest shifts. Yet I can not but hope that, in many directions, this experiment is being made patiently and fairly, and with better results. I can not believe that there is any position of life where the grace of God and the providence of God are not sufficient. The temptation of the retailer is ten times

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more urgent than that of the merchant, and is incessant and unvarying; and so much greater, therefore, is the honor and reward of one who holds fast to his integrity toward Heaven and toward man, and who carries into the lowliest details of the humblest business the great moral and religious qualities which make up the Christian merchant.

I will now take up a few examples of the Christian merchant, using the word in a large sense, leaving to another paper or another pen farther remarks on our humbler merchant. And, first, who is not familiar with the glorious character of the brothers Cheeryble in "Nicholas Nickleby?" and who was not delighted when Mr. Dickens stated that these were not imaginary characters, but people in real life? I have been given to understand that a certain Manchester firm was delineated. Surely Scott must have often met, in the great Scottish cities, with the double of his Baillie Nicol Jarvie! I will, however, take three modern examples of the Christian merchant respectively of the last century, the last generation, and the last few years. Any one of these would afford ample scope for a separate chapter, but I will gather up the salient points which I desire to present, and the reader will find elsewhere fuller information.

The character of Jonas Hanway, as a philanthropist, was so widely known and appreciated in the latter part of his life, that his remarkable career as a merchant will incur some risk of being overlooked. Some parts of his career have been well brought out by Mr. Smiles, in his "Self-Help," but not, perhaps, the Christian aspect sufficiently. Mr. Hanway engaged in the Russian trade, and made a daring attempt to open up a Persian trade by the Volga and the Caspian. In later life he had a curious device on his carriage. It represented a man dressed in a Persian habit, just landed in a storm on a rough coast, leaning on his sword in a calm, re-

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signed attitude. In the background was depicted a boat tossed about by billows, and in the foreground an armorial shield, leaning against a tree, with the motto, "Never despair." This represented an incident in his own career on the Caspian Sea; and his published travels abound with records of similar striking interest. Having made a moderate fortune at St. Petersburg, he determined to retire and spend the rest of his life in his own country. Hanway always retained an adequate idea of the noble profession to which he had once belonged. It is related of him that "he was sometimes seduced into an eulogium on the usefulness of the *merchant*, a character for which he entertained great reverence."* He keenly enjoyed the pleasures of his hardly earned retirement. His biographer quaintly says: "He partook willingly of the joys of the table, and that felicity of conversation which a moderate application to the bottle excites among men of parts." Yet he would retire if the mirth became boisterous, and was known to say: "My companions were too merry to be happy, or to let me be happy, so I left them." He commenced a career of incessant benevolence, which is very rarely paralleled, but to which Lord Shaftesbury's active work presents a close approximation. There was hardly any religious or charitable object, or any object which required public spirit, in which he was not largely concerned. To his exertions we, in some measure, owe the proper paving and lighting of the London streets, and he was the first Englishman who, at any risk of stares, had the moral courage to carry an umbrella. But his exertions and liberality were mainly devoted to charitable and religious causes. We have need of a Hanway now! for we are told that he explored the miserable and unhealthy habitations of the parish poor, and exposed his lungs to the pestilential air of the work-

* "Remarkable Occurrences in the Life of Jonas Hanway, Esq.," etc., by John Pugh. London, 1787.

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house sick-wards, procuring a complete account of the internal management of every work-house in London and its neighborhood. Nor was this all. He took strenuous means, to a large extent successfully, to check the frightful mortality among the infants of the London parish poor. He founded the Marine Society and a Magdalen Asylum; he was one of the first who looked after the interests of English and African blacks, in the case of the negroes and chimney-sweepers' boys, and promoted, by every means in his power, the new movement of establishing Sunday-schools. A complete examination of his career of benevolence would almost embrace the statistics of Christian effort during the period of his *floruit*. Such were the beneficent occupations to which this Christian merchant devoted the long mellow evening of his days. His characteristic cheerfulness was never better exhibited than in his last hours, when his case was hopeless; his last recorded word was "Christ."

When Jonas Hanway died, Joshua Watson was a lad of fifteen. He had just left a school in the city designed for merchants' sons, where they learned book-keeping, exchange, and foreign languages, and had gone into his father's counting-house. His father, a son of one of the statesmen of the Lake country, had his place of business, as a wine-merchant, on Tower Hill, and afterward at 16 Mincing Lane. Joshua was first his father's assiduous assistant, and afterward his partner. When the father had retired, he was sought out and requested to become a partner in a similar house in Mark Lane. Here he made a fortune, principally through government contracts, which enabled him to retire. It is to be regretted that the editor of his interesting biography* has given us such scanty details of his mercantile career. Yet the biography is ex-

* "Memoirs of Joshua Watson," by Archdeacon Churton. Second edition. London: Parkers, 1863.

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ceedingly valuable. There is hardly a page, and we have looked into all the pages, from which interesting extracts might not be culled. Mr. Watson was a rigid Churchman, and, to state our impression candidly, there was something strait and sectarian in the tone of his Churchmanship. He lived on terms of the closest intimacy and affection with the highest Church dignitaries, reminding us of honest Isaak Walton, to whom, in several respects, he bears a resemblance, in his love of the Church of England, his intimacies with bishops, his honest business ways, his simplicity, and his goodness. When the great crash of 1825 happened, Joshua Watson felt the effects severely, and was crippled for life. People felt for Watson who did not feel much for the rest, for they knew that the blow which had fallen directly upon him had fallen indirectly upon the charities of which he was such a munificent supporter. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Manners-Sutton) sent for him, and, with faltering voice and suffused eyes, begged to be allowed to do any thing in the world for him. "Judge," said the archbishop on one occasion to Mr. Baron Park, "I tell you I could not love that man more were he my own son." Blomfield, Bishop of London, wrote to him to use all the money he had at his banker's, and telling him to pledge his credit as far as it would go. Watson did not avail himself of either offer, but we may well envy the feelings with which the Christian merchant would receive such proofs of affection and esteem. We need scarcely wonder that Joshua Watson was enthusiastic about bishops. On one occasion he wrote to the Bishop of Durham (Van Mildert): "How little do those who would fain make more equitable distribution of the revenues of the Church know of the manner in which its largest revenues are expended! Would to God, without offense to Christian humility, the plain, unvarnished tale might be fairly told in the ears of all the people!" We admit this

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testimony with great pleasure, but we are still on the side of those who advocate "a more equitable distribution of the revenues of the Church." Admitting that the exceptions are numerous and splendid, we strongly suspect that the "plain, unvarnished tale" would, upon the whole, tell a very different story to what Watson considered it might. Watson might speak, indeed, with authority in the case of Van Mildert, the most munificent of the prince-bishops of Durham. We can not resist the pleasure of saying a few words about Van Mildert. Watson had known him from a very early time. Van Mildert used to lodge with him in Mincing Lane when he came to town, and subsequently the two friends kept house together in Great George Street, Westminster. Van Mildert, a poor, ardent student, having taken the living of Farningham, fell into heavy pecuniary difficulties in consequence of being obliged to rebuild his house. Joshua Watson, with other friends, took the whole of the responsibility upon themselves. Van Mildert writes a touching letter on the subject: "The feeling is, in some respects, a very painful one, and occasions a frequent depression of spirits which I am unable to overcome. There is a pleasure, an exquisite one, in having such friends; but the wound given to the spirit of independence, by being obliged to make such a use of them, is not easily healed. It has been my misfortune to be more or less embarrassed ever since I have been a beneficed man, and every additional benefice has brought its additional burdens, and made me more embarrassed than before. So that, in spite of all the friendly helps I have met with, I still am, and to all appearance ever shall be, a necessitous man." It is delightful to know that this poor, struggling clergyman eventually became perhaps the richest prelate on the bench, and the University of Durham, and a thousand private instances, bear testimony to his spirit of incessant charity. Van Mildert

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went far to prove Joshua Watson's theory. So did that most munificent giver, Bishop Blomfield. When giving munificently to Joshua Watson's darling charity, the Clergy Orphan School, Bishop Blomfield said that he was not disinterested, for he expected his own children would have to come to it. We have not far to go, however, before we see a very different state of things. In this biography we find mention of the great liberality of Bishop Monk. Let any praise that is fairly due be fully conceded. Yet this bishop left a quarter of a million behind him, derived from the revenues of his see. We altogether deny that there was any thing apostolical in this.

Bishop Blomfield, on the occasion of Watson's death, said: "I use the word venerated as most truly describing the sentiment with which I regarded Mr. Joshua Watson. He was the most remarkable instance I have ever personally known of a Christian man devoting all the faculties with which God had endowed him, and a very large portion of the means, which are more valuable in the world's estimate, though not in *his*, to the promotion of God's glory in his Church." Unquestionably it was this liberal, expansive bearing of the merchant, when added to the graces of the Christian character, which made Watson one of the pillars of the great Church societies for so many years. In a position of great social eminence, he always looked back on the old trading-days. "He often called for us," writes a relative, "on his way into London; and one day he showed us the house which had once been his in Mincing Lane, now part of the Commercial Sale-rooms. The very counting-house and desk which he used to occupy alone remained unaltered, and there we accompanied him to receive a dividend. Another day we accompanied him to King's College to see the distribution of prizes to the medical students by the archbishop. The bishops of London and Lichfield, Sir

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R. H. Inglis, and Mr. Gladstone were also there. My uncle sat by Mr. Gladstone, and had much talk with him." There used to be the most brilliant meetings at his house in Park Street. We omit the imposing list of Churchmen, which our readers will take for granted. "Of the legal profession, besides his friends Park and Richardson, were Chief-Justice Tindal, the venerable Judge Burton, Judges Patteson and Coleridge, and Sir William Page Wood. From the medical school there were the Heberdens, Barnsby Cooper, Dr. Thomas Watson, and one to be remembered alike as a Christian philanthropist and able physician, Dr. Thomas Todd. There was admission within the threshold to many whose names were distinguished in science, such as Dr. Whewell, Professor Sedgwick, and Charles Lyell, the geologist. The poets Wordsworth and Southey were here to be heard of when they came to London; and here were to be met some of the most eminent sons of art, as Sir Francis Chantrey, and Lough, Copley Fielding, and George Robson." The force of goodness and force of character had gathered friends around the retired Christian merchant such as are denied to vulgar rank and wealth. Joshua Watson survived to an advanced age, living latterly in comparative retirement, waxing riper and riper in the Divine life, becoming more and more like a little child, until he was translated home; "it might be said of him before his translation, he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

On the 5th of last December, there died, at Leytonstone, a very eminent example of the Christian merchant. We make a few notes from an interesting "In Memoriam" article which subsequently appeared.* William Cotton was a man who had the very highest name in the city of London, a man of astute character in business, but remarkable even beyond his remarkable commercial position for his charm of natural character

* *Guardian* of Dec. 27, 1866.

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and his Christian liberality. He was one of a family of ten, and circumstances not permitting him to take holy orders, he entered the firm of Huddart and Co., where he subsequently became one of the principal partners. He did his business strenuously. He had a positive genius for engineering, and was a friend of James Watt. He was associated with those who first sent a steamship to sea; and he visited our great manufacturing towns to see how power-loom weaving might be adapted to the heavier fabric of navy canvas. He did away with the pestilent system in the East End of London of paying the mechanics by orders on publicans on Saturday nights, and substituted Thursday evening payments instead. The source of information to which we have alluded says:

"In the year 1821—on the introduction of Mr. Harman—he was first elected a director of the Bank of England. This position he occupied for forty-five years, only retiring in March last because the state of his health then prevented his attending at the time of election. Many reforms and alterations in that great establishment were due to his own sagacity and knowledge of the true principles of finance, and also to his clear perception of the character and power of those who were working with him or under him. The years of his chief labor there were 1843–45, during which he filled the post of governor, at the time when the present Bank Charter was framed by the late Sir Robert Peel. The latter found in William Cotton a clear and honest adviser, decided in his own views, with no personal interest to serve, and unsparing in his labor. In order that this great measure might be carried to a successful issue, the governor of the bank, William Cotton, was constantly in attendance under the gallery of the House of Commons (not being himself a member of the House), in order that Sir Robert Peel might be able to consult him on any doubtful point. Often, too, in the middle of night a messenger would

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come to Walwood asking for further information. And as Sir Robert was happy in the character of the governor, to whose lot it fell to conduct the negotiation on behalf of the bank, so was his estimation of the great minister's character deep and sincere, and none more truly lamented his untimely death. His fellow-directors of the bank conferred on him the unprecedented honor of a third election as governor, in order that he might carry out to its conclusion that work which had been begun under his auspices. It was at this period also that the mechanical bent of his mind showed itself in full power. The necessity of weighing all the gold coinage of the kingdom, much of which had become light through use, made him conceive the possibility of doing this by an automaton weighing-machine. The result was the present self-acting weighing-machine, far exceeding, not only in rapidity, but in accuracy, the steadiest and most practiced hand, and it is still at work at the bank, at the mint, and in many local establishments, just as it was at first designed by the governor of the bank. It was exhibited at the Exhibition of 1851, and of it one of the profoundest reasoners of our day declared that it seemed to him the perfection of mechanical ingenuity—that the machine itself seemed almost to think during the pause which ensued between the reception of the sovereign into the scale and its delivery into its appropriate place, either as a light or full-weight coin. The machine has been appropriately named 'The Governor.'"

But Cotton's brightest achievements were beyond these. He devoted himself earnestly to the practical Christian work of the London hospitals. The London Hospital, St. Thomas's, Guy's, and King's, all owed something to his strenuous efforts. The same was the case with churches and schools. The great Church societies, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Na-

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tional, found him, as they found Joshua Watson, a very pillar of strength. As a gentleman of country estate, he served as sheriff of the county and chairman of quarter sessions. From the time of his first entering business he made a resolution, which he faithfully kept, of devoting one-tenth of his profits to pious and charitable purposes. God blessed his servant in this. His gains were large, and his commission fund, as he called it, was large correspondingly. "There was no exultation in what he had accomplished during a long life, but regret that he had not done more; no trust in his own good deeds or boundless charities, but earnest faith in the merits of his Saviour." He survived to his eightieth year, as his father had done before him.

Several common characteristics will be noted in these examples of the Christian merchant. Each worked strenuously and successfully at his business; each had the moderation and good sense to retire after a competent fortune was gained, while he had still an unblunted capacity for knowledge and enjoyment, and secured a breathing-time of repose before he was called away; each purified and elevated the society in which he moved, and reflected honor on the calling which reflected honor upon him; each devoted energy and wealth to the good of his fellow-creatures and the glory of God. Such men carried the peculiar sense, earnestness, and insight of their calling into the larger matters that included it, and went far beyond. They looked upon their immortal existence as a whole, and not alone upon its earthly and temporary part. They were not influenced by narrow considerations of mere profit and loss, but regarded their example to children and friends, the testimony of an approving conscience, the sweetness of a good and honored name, the ratification of their deeds by a righteous Judge at the last. They savingly solved that greatest problem of loss and gain—how far it would profit

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a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. With all their gettings they got understanding, and valued wisdom as being in worth beyond rubies. They sought diligently in their calling for goodly pearls, and they found the Pearl of Great Price, and held all worldly things as dross compared to that, their best and only abiding treasure.

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CHAPTER XII.

Rising Men.

I THINK nothing is more pleasant than to see a good man really rising in the world. Slowly but surely they seem to find their way to the front at last. "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed," wrote old Johnson, whose personal history barbed the line. One day I went to visit the shop of a worthy apothecary to which I was wont to resort. The apothecary had disappeared. He rigorously confined himself to his private residence, where he saw his patients, and, though the shop was his, he declined to pass its portals. Or to go a grade higher in the profession, I remember a struggling surgeon, who managed to struggle on, certainly, which is saying something in these hard competition times, but that was all. I visited him the other day after the lapse of years. A carriage and pair were standing at the door, and I soon found that he was overwhelmed with work of a highly remunerative kind; and, although I am sure that, as is the nature of "the beloved physician," no case of necessity or poverty would appeal to him in vain, yet he had given up all the lower work of his profession, and no professional work would be undertaken which, in the exclusive sense, would not "pay." The other night I went to see an old college friend. He told me with a pardonable glee that he had been walking down Whitehall with a cabinet minister. The point might seem a trivial one, but to him it represented a great social success. And when I called on my friend at his office and saw the people with whom he

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was surrounded, and found that I had to wait in his anteroom, I began fully to understand that my friend was a rising man. Very glad am I to find that my friend, the young solicitor, has put on another clerk, has joined a good club, and no longer lives in chambers, but has a box in the country. He gets back as a bird to its bird-cage at nightfall. Very glad am I to see that my friend the merchant stays at home after breakfast half an hour later, and drives down in a brougham to his place of business. When I visit at their houses they tell me when it is time to go out and make "some filthy lucre," and announce their intention of retiring as soon as they have made "a little pile."

There are some men who, so to speak, are bound to get on. When they have planted their feet on the first rung of a ladder they must needs mount. A solicitor-general in the course of nature should become lord chancellor or a chief at least. When a counsel has shown that he has some specific gift in some particular class of cases, say patents or election business, or winning the hearts of juries, he must rise. When a man has been private chaplain to a bishop, or head-master of a school, or a regius professor, he is on the groove of advancement. The *Saturday Review* said of the late Dr. Longley that he was a safe card, and the Government played him again and again! As a Westminster boy he was called "the rose among thorns," and he passed on from bishopric to bishopric with universal appreciation. Canon Melvill, who died the other day, was an example of a man who in orderly sequence passed from grade to grade in the minor ranges of his profession, being a man, however, who would have done honor to the highest. There was a time when Canon Melvill was the most remarkable man of his profession. All who aspired to be orators crowded to hear him, and I have even heard that members of the House of Commons endeavored to transplant his

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peculiar style. A schoolboy at Christ's Hospital, a sizar at St. John's, he became not only a fellow of Peterhouse, but one of the most remarkable influences of Cambridge, an influence which continued to expand and bless when removed to the wider circle of London. Of late years popular preaching has very much declined in the popular estimation. People to whom it was once almost the sole intellectual stimulus, as well as religious, now study the daily papers, and find many opportunities for cultivating the pleasures of the mind. Perhaps religion benefits by the change. The deepest needs of the soul will still seek satisfaction, but religious instruction will not now be so much confounded with the rhetoric of merely popular oratory. In religion, as in many other departments of human life, there will be room to treat a great subject intellectually, and to bring it into connection with all the lines of thought that move contemporary lives and opinions, and constitute what is sometimes vaguely called "the spirit of the age." There will not fail a succession of men competent to deal with such subjects, or a succession of disciples to take a living interest in them. But that class of rising men who may be described as popular preachers, who attracted immense audiences, and rose through their gift, will now probably have a much more limited sphere. The biographies of eminent preachers will be fewer and less varied. Any apparent loss that may result would probably be compensated in other ways.

It has often been said that there are some persons who have a natural tendency to rise, and others to fall. If you take two men and put them down in precisely similar circumstances in the streets of London, it has often been said that in a short time one will be in obscurity and distress, and the other will be prosperous and famous. A man will, perhaps, say that it is all luck, like the late emperor of the French at Wilhelmshöhe, that he has been "betrayed by fortune." But,

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without denying that disturbing and confusing element of chance, we must nevertheless reduce it within much smaller limits than is ordinarily supposed, and resolve it into a question of man's faculties and a proper use of them. You must first supply a man with tools, and then test his capacity to use them. I heard of a young fellow of fortune who was anxious to become an engineer. He found, however, that the great engineering establishment which he considered the best, or at least the best for his purposes, refused to receive any apprentices, even with the largest premium. Our would-be engineer was resolved not to be disappointed. He sought for employment in the yard as a common workman, and was engaged at a pound a week. He dressed and fared as a common workman, and was always among the first, at five or six in the morning, when the gates were opened. In this way he obtained a very complete notion of the business.

I read, the other day, an interesting address by a lawyer to his brethren in the law,* which shows the kind of means by which rising men rise:

"A knowledge of foreign languages is a most useful branch of knowledge for an attorney. When I was young this knowledge was little esteemed, and it was only here and there that a parent of unusual foresight sent his son to France or Germany for education. In these cases, too, the son was usually destined for manufacturing, commercial, or mercantile pursuits. Fifty years ago a knowledge of foreign languages was rare in our profession, and Mr. Lavie, a London solicitor, who had been sent to France when young to recover his health, made a large practice and a large fortune principally by his knowledge of French. This knowledge is not now scarce, and a solicitor of my acquaintance in London speaks both German and French with the same ease and fluency with

* The late Mr. Glynn, of Newcastle.

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which he speaks English. This has brought him practice, and in some actions which he has had to prosecute in the French courts he has actually gone over to France, and by the 'comity of nations,' which has more weight in France than in England, he has been permitted to argue his cases and conduct his evidence, *vivâ voce*, in the French court.

"People may call an attorney an attorney, as we call a dog a dog, but there are as many kinds of the one animal as there are of the other. An old solicitor in Newcastle, in a debate at the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, declared that if he found a clerk of his reading a novel he would discharge the culprit on the spot. Now can this plan of treatment be considered as judicious? An attorney who knows nothing but law is at a disadvantage with another who knows the world. Let us, by all means, get as much of history, biography, voyages, and travels as we can: processes of manufacture, ingenious inventions, marvelous works of man—say, knowledge of places and things. Don't let us follow the example of Sir Arthur Hazlewood, a young Scotsman of old family, invented by Sir Walter Scott, who went to the bar, but finding, in an action by a tallow-chandler, that he was expected to defile his mouth with filthy terms of trade, threw up his brief, and left the profession in disgust. Both in patent laws and in many others you will find terms of trade, of manufactures, or of seamanship most useful knowledge. But of all useful knowledge, knowledge of men, of human nature—knowledge of the world, as it is called—is the most useful of all."

The same writer gives an example of the way in which legal gentlemen contrive to rise:

"The advice given by a very old London attorney to a friend of mine, on leaving the London Agency Office to come to Newcastle, was sound, though strange—'Don't sit too much

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in your office; walk about, and let the people see you.' Advertising is not supposed to be followed by our profession, but here, within certain reasonable limits, is a short and simple way of advertising. A client is not likely to employ an attorney whom he never saw, and the highest praise bestowed by a London attorney upon his partner, in my hearing, was this: 'He never goes round the corner but he brings in a client.' 'There are ten people who can do business, for one who can get business,' was the remark to me of a London attorney, of fourscore years and five; and I lay before you the results of experience longer than my own, that you may not make the mistake into which so many young attorneys fall at their start in life, that they are not to move, but let people come to them. In theory—yes; but in practice you must meet business half way."

It has often been said that God helps those who help themselves. Nothing succeeds like success, and it often happens that those who, by their own exertions, have reached the highest pinnacle of success have received extraordinary favors from Dame Fortune when they have been securely placed beyond her power. We take an excerpt from the unpublished autobiography of Lord Kingsdown:

"In 1830 an event happened which has decided the course of my subsequent life. Sir Robert Leigh, who had retired from Parliament in 1820, and had amassed, by prudence and frugality, a very large property in addition to his patrimonial estate, though he had been always fond of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, had kept up no intercourse with the rest of the family, and, indeed, had apparently an aversion to them. The family estates had been settled by his father, in default of issue of his own body, on the issue of his own brother (my grandfather), and would have been divided, therefore (if the limitation had taken effect), among his five daughters, of whom my mother was the

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eldest. This settlement had greatly annoyed Sir Robert, and indisposed him toward those who had the chance of benefiting by it. In 1828 or 1829 he quarreled with the rector of Wigan, who claimed tithes of the Hindley Hall estate, which Sir Robert insisted was covered by a farm modus. The rector filed a bill in Chancery, and set down his cause at the Rolls. Sir Robert endeavored to retain Bickersteth, and was very angry when he found that he was retained on the other side. Still greater was Sir Robert's annoyance when he was told I was next in business in court, and that he must engage me. He submitted, however, though I believe with a very bad grace; said I was a mere boy, and, in short, considered his case as sacrificed. When his attorney, Mr. Gaskell, who was a perfect stranger to me, came to consultation, I observed that I believed I had some interest, or might have some interest in the estate; when he informed me that the entail had been found faulty, and that Sir Robert had barred the remainder after the limitations to his own issue and his brother and their issue male. This did not much disturb me. On looking into the evidence I found that there was a fatal blot in our case. In order to maintain a farm modus it was necessary to state precisely what lands were covered by it, and if any were improperly included or improperly omitted, the modus was held to be ill laid, and a decree went against the defendant. On looking at an old map of the estate I found that a small piece of land taken in from Pennington Green some fifty years before was included in our answer as part of the ancient farm. The only chance for us was that the blot might not be hit." Lord Kingsdown proceeds to tell how he fared in the suit, and eventually succeeded to his kinsman's immense possessions.

We will, for our next instances, take the fortunes of the founder of the house of Phipps, and the founder of the house

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of Petty, which have culminated, respectively, in the marquisates of Normanby and Lansdowne. They are remarkable instances of industrial success, combined with a very fair proportion of luck. Not altogether dissimilar would be the fortunes of the house of Strutt, which appropriately culminated in the peerage of Belper.

The founder of the house of Phipps, "this our Phipps," as his biographer calls him, was born in an obscure part of New England, the son of a gunsmith, who rejoiced in twenty-five other children besides the future great man. From his earliest days we are told that he had an unaccountable impulse on his mind hinting to him that he was born for great matters. He was, indeed, always noted for one mark of real greatness —a greatness independent of material success—namely, that he was of "a most incomparable generosity." Yet at twenty-three he was only a working carpenter, who, having the good luck to marry a well-to-do young widow, was able to set up in business on his own account. He assured his incredulous wife that on some far-distant prosperous day "he should be owner of a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston; and that, it may be, this would not be all that the providence of God would bring him to." His first speculations, however, despite his presage of good, turned out to be altogether of a disastrous character. In the course of his business of ship-building he heard a rumor that somewhere off the Bahamas there was a wreck that contained a mighty treasure. From ship-building he had turned sailor, and now, with a genuine adventurous spirit, he went to England to see if he could find any encouragement at Whitehall for his scheme of recovering the wreck. After much waiting, he was at last furnished with a vessel, and sailed forth upon his adventurous quest. But precious things do not reveal themselves all at once to the seekers. His sailors rose in mutiny against him, and when

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he had replaced them by a new set, these proved so unsafe that he thought it best to return to England; yet before he did so, being off Hispaniola, he contrived, "by the policy of his address," to worm out of a very old man some further information about the lost treasure-ship. When he returned to the Court of England, of course the old story of incredulity, delay, and disappointment was once more repeated. The Duke of Albemarle, however, with one or two others, charmed with his conversation and address, were willing to run a risk; and so he was enabled to "set sail for the fishing-ground which had been so well baited half a hundred years before." He had with him a tender, and when he got to Port de la Plata, with infinite pains he fashioned out of a cotton-tree a canoe, or "periaga," which would carry eight or ten oars. His device was that the "periaga" should explore the dangerous shoals which would rise within two or three feet of the surface of the water, and yet were so steep that a vessel striking against them would sink down countless fathoms deep into the ocean. These shoals were known by the emphatic title of the Boilers.

"One day the men were out in the 'periaga,' peering about, as they had done on many a fruitless day before. One of them, gazing down into the depths of the clear water, saw the marine plant called the sea-feather wafting out of a rock, and desired one of the Indian divers to pluck it up, that they might not return altogether empty-handed. The diver brought up the feather, and he also brought them back a marvelous story. He said that close by the rock where he found the sea-feather there were numbers of great guns lying about. The men were utterly astonished, and told the Indian to dive again. This time he brought up a large lump of silver, worth some hundred pounds. They now fixed a buoy to mark the spot, and rowed back to the ship. They kept their discovery secret for a

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time, putting aside "the sow of silver" in the cabin until the captain should notice it. "At last he saw it. Seeing it, he cried out with some agony, 'Why, what is this? Whence comes this?' And then, with changed countenances, they told him how and where they got it. 'Then,' said he, 'thanks be to God, we are made!'"

He might, indeed, well say so. That "fair brick house in the Green Lane" was assured to him. They took up thirty-two tons of silver. Over the silver had grown a crust like lime-stone, several inches, which they had to break through with instruments, "when whole bushels of rusty pieces of eight would come tumbling out." Moreover, they found great quantities of gold, pearls, and precious stones. The value of the whole was close on three-hundred thousand pounds. And now dreadful apprehensions seized upon the mind of "this our Phipps," at last so lucky. He was afraid lest the sailors should rise in mutiny and take the treasure for themselves. He made all sorts of vows, "if the Lord would carry him safe home to England with what he had now given him to suck of the abundance of the seas and of the treasures hid in the sands." He came home safely, and the Duke of Albemarle, to whom the lion's share of the spoil fell, certainly had his "fling of luck." Phipps's share was sixteen thousand pounds; and the duke, with much gallantry, presented him with a gold cup for his wife, worth a thousand pounds. The king conferred on him the honor of knighthood. So great was now his reputation for courage and ability that James II. would willingly have retained him in England; but his heart was set upon that "fair green house," and, with the title of High Sheriff of New England, he returned home to set about constructing it. On his way home he again revisited the scene of the wreck, and made some very handsome pickings there.

The career of Sir William Phipps henceforth becomes his-

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torical. On his return home he caused himself to be christened, being then thirty-nine. "I have divers times," he said, "been in danger of my life, and I have been brought to see that I owe my life to Him that has given a life so often to me." It is to be regretted that much of his religion henceforth consisted in burning harmless old ladies whom, as high sheriff, he considered to be guilty of witchcraft. His ruling idea henceforth was the conquest of Canada; and though the armament which he conducted against the French was unsuccessful, yet he paved the way for its eventual subjugation. His intense devotion to his wife, who bore him no children, is a touchingly beautiful feature in his character. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-five. Before his death we find him brought into connection with one Constantine Phipps. This gentleman was, most probably, his nephew, through one of his one-and-twenty brothers. To him also he probably bequeathed the bulk of his fortune. This Constantine Phipps was a distinguished lawyer, and became lord chancellor of Ireland; he is noted for his having returned to his practice at the bar after he lost the seals. His son married the heiress of the third Earl of Anglesea; and the son of this son was raised to the peerage of Ireland under the title of Mulgrave. Afterward the title became Viscount Normanby and Earl of Mulgrave; and its last possessor, who, with all his imputed failings, was a most able and accomplished man, became Marquis of Normanby. But the honest, hard-faring man—the lucky finder of the treasures in the Spanish seas—is justly regarded as the founder of the house of Phipps, of courtier fame.

The founder of the house of Petty has told us much of his history in that curious autobiographic document, his will. His father was a clothier, and "also did die his own clothes." As a boy, the illustrious Petty had a passion for knowledge,

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and for making and accumulating money. He talks of "getting up mathematics" and "getting up money" as being very much the same kind of thing. Even as a lad, when he went to Normandy in a vessel, he played the merchant, and made a matter of sixty pounds. He then spent several years on the Continent, and, it seems, exhausted his funds. He told Aubrey that in Paris he lived for a week or two on two or three pennyworth of walnuts. Later he went to Oxford, and was also admitted a member of the College of Physicians. He tells us, also, that he was admitted a member of "several Clubs of the Virtuous." The expression is curious enough as a description of a club, but what Petty meant was the *Virtuosi*. As a physician he performed his famous cure of Ann Green. This woman had been hung, and after execution had been suspended for half an hour, and finally her friends had rolled her about and stamped on her before she should come to the knife of the dissector. Petty succeeded in resuscitating her, and she lived for many years. But his famous pecuniary achievements were made in the settlement of Ireland, after the suppression of the Rebellion, in 1641. Petty was then physician to the army. He perceived that this was a great opportunity of making a fortune. He procured a contract for the "admeasurement" of forfeited lands. He made thirteen thousand pounds by the contract, and then purchased from the soldiers, at low rates, those forfeited lands of which they had debentures. He must have made very lucky bargains, for Aubrey says that these lands were worth eighteen thousand a year to him. These enormous gains occasioned much envy and ill-feeling. One of Oliver Cromwell's knights challenged him; but Petty said that he was a near-sighted man, and, if they fought, they must fight with carpenters' adzes, in a dark cellar. The Restoration saved him. Although he had been a warm Cromwellite, he dexterously contrived that he

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should be regarded as a devoted adherent of the new Government. He was made surveyor-general of Ireland, and all his territorial possessions were secured to him by the Act of Settlement. The survey which he made of Ireland was a great national service. From Mount Mongarto, in Kerry, his eye could sweep over fifty thousand acres, all his own. Not content with this, he busied himself about mines, fisheries, iron-works, and the timber trade. Petty was clever in all kinds of ways, and had a remarkable inventive faculty; he had the manners of a courtier and the versatility of an actor; but he made money with a kind of intuition of genius. Pepys has a mention of him: "1st February, 1684. Thence to Whitehall; where, in the duke's chamber, the king came and stayed an hour or two, laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was then about his boat, and at Gresham College in general; at which poor Petty was, I perceived, at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and bear the unreasonable follies of the king's objections, and other bystanders, with great discretion; and offered to take odds against the king's best boat; but the king would not lay, but cried him down with words only." Petty married a lady whom Aubrey describes as "very beautiful, brown, with glorious eyes." He died in Piccadilly. His widow was made Baroness of Shelburne in her own right; her youngest son became Earl of Shelburne. Besides his property in England, he owned a hundred and thirty-five square miles of land in Ireland. All his children died before him, so he left his vast estates to his nephew, the Hon. John Fitzmaurice, who assumed the name of Petty, and was made a British peer, under the title of Baron Wycombe. A grandson of this nobleman was the late celebrated marquis, whose social gatherings at Bowood and Berkeley Square were so remarkable, and who is understood to have refused the dukedom of Kerry.

The real founder of the Belper peerage was Jedediah Strutt.

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His father was a country yeoman, and the Derbyshire legend goes that Jedediah, as a mere child, used to construct miniature waterfalls on the little stream that glided through his father's fields. He, too, was lucky in his marriage, although the luck is not at first sight very obvious. His wife's family all belonged to the hosiery trade, and the young man's thoughts were thus directed into a channel in which he was enabled to do justice to his remarkable inventive faculty. He constructed a curious and complicated machine, the parent of the lace-frame, for the manufacture of ribbed stockings, and removed to Derby, where he worked his invention under a patent. Here another stroke of luck happened to him. A certain individual of the name of Arkwright, who had the notion that he had devised a cotton-spinning invention, applied to Mr. Strutt and his partner for capital to carry it into effect. The great scientific sagacity of Jedediah Strutt at once detected the extraordinary importance of the invention. A partnership was speedily arranged; and in that most pleasant village of Cromford, close by the lovely scenery of the Matlock, the first cotton-spinning mill was erected. Soon afterward Mr. Strutt's own invention was applied to the weaving of calicoes. Thus that great manufacture was cradled in Derbyshire which became so fruitful a source of modern industrial prosperity. He had four splendid mills at Belper, where he fixed his residence, the Cromford property, where they have a magnificent seat, eventually accruing to the Arkwrights. For three generations the family of the Strutts, widely ramifying throughout the country, were the chief manufacturing powers and great social influence in Derbyshire. They have also been largely noted for their munificence and public spirit. Their splendid liberality in the promotion of useful public objects, and especially in attending to the comfort and well-being of their work-people, is one of the most useful and brilliant examples of the

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sympathy that ought to exist between the gentry and the *ouvrière* class. The great industrial success of the Strutts has always been joined with a thorough love of literature and the arts. We find Thomas Moore, the poet, when residing in Derbyshire, thus mentioning the Strutts in the year 1813: "There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegances which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. . . . I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it is not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty girl of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoilt by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl—a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine piano-fortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup; so that I passed my time very agreeably among them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents."

There are, however, better instances of rising men than those who have acquired riches and honor for themselves. It is perhaps, after all, not a very truthful or elevating view of human life to represent that a man by energy and ability may rise beyond his fellows and win some of the great prizes of life. If there are prosperous elements that lead one way, there are adverse circumstances that impel in the other direction. Many of those who strive to rise meet with utter failure in case their ambition is frustrated, but those who desire most of all simply to do their duty to God and man can never meet with absolute failure, but will, after all, gain substantial success. There is a very sensible man who says, writing from his own experience: "The very act of struggling is in itself a

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species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration—nay, every brave despair—is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life as the palpable events that serve as landmarks to the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career." Nothing is more interesting than looking at the history of insignificant minorities of men who, few in number but strong in conviction, have ultimately carried the suffrages of the better part of the community, and have proved benefactors to the world. Such men are in the best sense rising men, and their prosperous cause is not a selfish one. A magnificent example of such a group is to be found in what Sir James Stephen called the Clapham set, and of which Mr. Colquhoun has written in the "Contemporaries of Wilberforce." The story of Wilberforce himself is one that might be fitly rehearsed by some new writer to each generation of Englishmen.

And what a remarkable set of men they were, who thoroughly leavened the Church of England, and greatly changed the face of society and our English world! Nothing is more wonderful than the freshness, strength, and originality which distinguished this great party of the so-called Evangelicals. They present lives of intense interest, and even love-stories and gleams of romance. First of all, we have the elder Milner, who, from the drudgery of the loom, pushed on to be senior wrangler and head of Queen's College, and who brought into the traveling carriage which Wilberforce shared with him that copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" which, under God, so materially changed the lives of both. Then we have Newton, to whom Wilberforce resorted for aid and advice in his renewed life. Among all my friends, I now know only one

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who attended the breakfasts Newton used to give—where he was listened to as an almost inspired oracle, and if he only coughed, an anxious inquiry ran round the circle as to whether the cough had covered some precious utterance—and who would watch him in the pulpit of St. Mary Woolnooth, as he would ask his man-servant where he had left off, and would be told that it was something about the Lord Jesus Christ. Then we have that extraordinary young man, John Bowdler, who, in some respects, reminds me of Henry Kirke White, and in some respects even of Pascal. He broke down his health by extraordinary intellectual toil, evidencing both a strength and versatility of mind that were most remarkable. He formed a deep attachment to a young lady, which, on account of his unsettled prospects, was long discouraged by his friends, and at last, upon the eve of marriage, he was found in his chamber with a blood-vessel burst in his lungs. The purity and elevation of his character had won him the deep love of the pure and high-minded men with whom he associated. "O sit anim amea cum Bowdlero!" was the heart-felt exclamation of Wilberforce. A set of men were associated with Wilberforce whom Mr. Colquhoun calls the Cabinet Council. Among these was Stephen, the master in chancery, who married Wilberforce's sister, father of the historian, working thoroughly in dry, uncongenial duties, yet full of energy and impetuosity in stirring up Wilberforce and his friends to good works, and delighting to get away from Chancery Lane to the woods and lawns of the country. It is pleasant to find a shrewd Londoner, like Stephen, writing: "The country is that where I learn what is good for myself. I love the country; I love its natural, innocent joys; I love its natural, instructive sorrows. . . . Oh, what a delicious oratory is a beech-wood on a calm, hot day! Not a leaf stirring; not a sound; a sacred kind of shady light, with here and there a straggling sunbeam,

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like a gleam of providential direction for the dark concerns of life." But the chief rural figure among these men was that of Thomas Gisborne, the clergyman. He used to live in the most retired and woody part of Needham Forest, amid oaks, flowering gorse, and chestnut-trees, keeping open house for his tired friends when they wanted to exchange London for country scenes and country air. He would tell them about every bird, flower, and insect which he saw, and take them into the cottages of the forest; or, in winter, he would come up to Palace Yard, Battersea Rise, or Kensington Gore, where he would be dazed by the throng of faces, the tumult of voices, but would give his safe and sound advice, and be glad once more to betake himself to his glades.

The two Thorntons, John and Henry, are very interesting men. The elder was the one who allowed Newton a considerable annual sum for charitable uses while he was at Olney, and whose great relaxation it was to carry pious Churchmen and Non-conformists about in his carriage, taking care that they had plenty of pipes and tobacco if they wanted such. Churchmen and Non-conformists drew closer together in those days, when the fashionable hatred was directed against the so-called Methodism of the Evangelicals. Colquhoun justly says: "When the waters are out, inequalities vanish; when the waters subside, hillocks reappear, and disputants plant their feet on these, and count them great heights." Henry Thornton, the son, with his father's wide beneficence, had one of the finest and best-balanced minds of the set. For thirty years he was member for Southwark, and never spent a guinea in a bribe. His seat was often in peril—the forest of black hands was frequently against him on nomination day; but, when defeat seemed imminent, all good men to whom his Christian example was dear, all sensible men who rejoiced in the character for independence and good sense maintained

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by the member for Southwark, rallied round him. When his children rejoiced at seeing the long triumphal procession, he said, "I had rather have a shake of the hand from good old John Newton than the cheers of all that foolish mob, who praise me, they don't know why." He gave it as his deliberate opinion that wealth was "extremely mean, except for the sake of the beneficent uses to which it is convertible." It was the example of Wilberforce that had won over Henry Thornton to better things; he had observed that Wilberforce, in his crowded, active life, always kept a morning hour inviolate, and his Sundays holy. Most interesting is the account of Thornton's associates, who used to meet at Clapham, in the Oval Library which Pitt planned, looking out on the lawn, in what was then only a village, but which the long arms of London have now reached and clasped to herself Among the young men were the promising young lawyer, Copley, young Stephen, and the boy from Mr. Preston's academy, Thomas Babington Macaulay, the son of the stern Scotchman who almost founded Sierra Leone, and the relative and namesake of the Leicestershire squire, Thomas Babington, the descendant of Crusaders, and a warrior in the mighty modern crusade against slavery and all other evils. Then, again, there were such noblemen as Lords Bexley, Sidmouth, and Teignmouth. Then, again, there was the delicate, pensive form of Mrs. Grant, of whom poor Bowdler said that "she was so soft, so gentle, so unwearied, surely she was sent into the world to comfort the sick and sorrowful;" and, hardly less remarkable, Mrs. Henry Thornton herself. Of Mrs. Grant, Mr. Colquhoun says, "Married in India, having passed in that tropical climate many of her most impressible years, a character naturally gentle seemed to have been mellowed into special tenderness under those Eastern suns; so that when she left India and passed into our colder and sterner society, she brought into her manners,

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looks, and sentiments something of that sensitive delicacy which belongs to plants nursed into luxuriant growth under the heat of Southern suns. The voice soft and low, the manner quiet and retiring, the dress itself, the veil thrown over the head, and falling down in folds over the figure, was all in keeping with that veiled modesty and gentle purity."

When the Thorntons died—the wife so soon after the husband—Robert Harry Inglis and his young wife, being childless, with rare disinterestedness and courage, took charge of their young family of nine children. How well this duty was discharged is evidenced, among other facts, by this, that when the "elder son, arriving at man's estate, was qualified, both by ability and fortune, to take up an independent position in the house which his father owned, he, voluntarily declining that post, preferred for twelve years to live, with filial duty, as a son in the house where he might have ruled as a master." Sir Robert, by a kind of magic, gathered around him every man who had made himself conspicuous in active life or in intellectual pursuits. Even Macaulay, who differed from him *toto cælo*, heard him with reverence, and gave him the homage of a son. For many years he was one of the most familiar figures of the House of Commons, coming down night after night, with the unfailing rose in his button-hole—a rose, however, never gathered by himself in the country, for he was one of the most inveterate of Londoners, but constantly sent him by those who knew and loved the man. He traveled abroad regularly, enchanting the foreigners by his simple, grand manners, and supposed at times to be an English duke. He was the personification of happiness and courtesy. He was thoroughly well educated, with that peculiar and most valuable education which results from intimacy with distinguished men. To talk with Guizot, Hallam, Palgrave, Macaulay, Southey, Croker, Lockhart, about history and literature; to Whewell,

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Owen, Sabine, Murchison, about science; to Stamford Raffles, Basil Hall, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Wolff, about travels; to Chantrey, Lawrence, Wilkie, about art: this was surely an education better than Christ Church gave him, and he proved himself highly educated, so as to hold his own with such men, and to prove one of the most serviceable of the trustees of the British Museum.

This cluster of names forms a very hagiology for the present generation of the Low Church clergy. Their sayings and doings are a veritable *acta sanctorum*. Men have caught their fleeting examples and crystallized them into abiding shapes. Their lines of speech and action have been reduced to formulas, and even to shibboleths, and have been made binding on their successors. Now this stiffness and strictness are quite contradictory to the frank, free, joyous spirit of these great men. Moreover, the accidental features have been confounded with the essential. Platform oratory is considered the great exponent of Exeter Hall views; but Wilberforce himself regarded this with distrust, and looked upon it as a shadow and drawback and necessary evil.

Nevertheless, it is right to imitate a good thing, although, of course, an imitation must always come behind the original. What one would desire to point out is the peculiar influence which such men as Wilberforce, Thornton, and Inglis acquired in the House. At first they were disliked, avoided, scoffed at; belonging to neither party, they were sure to reprove and uncertain to support. Nevertheless, these men attained to be a power in the country. Thus important decisions hung on their voice and influence. The minister of the day would address to them appeals not to make up their minds until they had heard the government side of the question. Men knew that in one quarter of the House, at least, there was an unpurchasable integrity. We want men at the present time who

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will forget the dreams of selfish ambition and inglorious ease, who will be true to the voice of duty, and who will have that heart-felt patriotism, that heart-felt religion which, when united, will do our land the good she so sorely needs, and alone confer a pure and lasting fame.

On every side we see slow waiting, and the necessity of patience. Johnson wrote: "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed," and he himself was the best illustration of his apothegm. There seems to have been no conscious point in his career at which the drudge of the booksellers became the dictator of the literary world. It was learning, hard work, and good sense, well-nigh sublimated to genius, which made him victorious, and if there was any definite moment of victory—as perhaps there was—it has not been recorded for us. The same story is told over and over again in the annals of literature, science, and art. We have all heard of the provocations of Palissy, the potter. Such a life as that of Stephenson, the engineer, shows us the gradual triumph of genius. He was over forty before he secured a position which afforded him the modest competence of a hundred pounds a year. He inaugurated and carried out the whole railway system, in spite of the organized opposition of the whole stupidity of the country. The readers of Mr. Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers" will remember other instances of the class to which Stephenson belonged. Such is the renowned Telford, the son of the small East Lothian farmer, who became the architect of three great London bridges, of the Plymouth Breakwater, and the London and East India Docks. Such, again, was Rennie, the romantic dreamer of Eskdale, a poet and a friend of poets, whose moral beauty of life is as remarkable as the list of the great bridges and canals by which he developed the resources of the country. Such, again, to take another French instance, was D'Alembert. Being exposed and abandoned by his moth-

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er, the lady novelist De Tencer, in a public market, he was placed by the authorities as a foundling at a glazier's shop. He showed an extraordinary love and aptitude for learning, but he was baffled and discouraged at every step. They ridiculed his pursuits at home; at school they dissuaded him from mathematics, in which department his powers were of the highest order; and, what was almost worst of all, whenever he persuaded himself that he had done something original, he invariably found that others had found out the same thing before him. Such ability could not possibly be repressed. At twenty-four he was a member of the Academy, and henceforth his career was plain. Then his brilliant but unnatural mother is said to have claimed her son. D'Alembert replied, "You are only my step-mother: the glazier's wife is my mother."

We have spoken of brilliant successes in these high intellectual walks of life, and have seen that they do not so much depend upon great gifts, or the opportunity of their exhibition, as on a fixed purpose and a rule of life. There is a real danger, perhaps, in allowing the mind to dwell upon pictures of human success. Those who are striving form a far too glowing conception of the prosperity of those who have attained. If we look at the lives of the most successful men, gain is chequered by disaster and loss, and, according to the common image, the fruit clutched so eagerly becomes as Dead Sea ashes to the taste. An eloquent writer once wrote a religious work on "the Mirage of Life." Those who dream of worldly success, those who attain to such success, often find that the real object of their search has eluded their grasp; and their very successes only serve to point a moral and adorn a tale—to point a moral on the vanity of human wishes, and to tell the tale of glory saddened by sorrows and reverses.

"How do these events," wrote at the time Mr. Wilberforce, the friend of Pitt—"How do these events tend to illustrate the

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vanity of worldly greatness! Poor Pitt, I almost believe, died of a broken heart. A broken heart! What! was he like Otway or Collins or Chatterton, who had not so much as a needful complement of food to sustain their bodies, while the consciousness of unrewarded talents and mortified pride pressed them within, and ate out their very souls? Was he even like Suwaroff, another most useful example, basely deserted and driven into exile by the sovereign he had so long served? No; he was the highest in power and estimation in the whole kingdom—the favorite, I believe, on the whole, both of king and people. Yes; this man who died of a broken heart was first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer."

Or look at the language of Sir Walter Scott in reference to his leaving Abbotsford: "When I think," he writes at a time when leaving Abbotsford, apparently for ever—"When I think what this place now is, with what it has been, not long ago, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished and embarrassed man." At another time he writes: "Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendship. I look at them through the grated door of a burial-place, filled with monuments of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may open for me at no distant period." Not long after he writes in this strain: "Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sicknesses come thicker and thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at length, and close all." Such was the confession of one who had drunk so largely of the world's cup of enjoyment. Oh, how emphatically does it warn those whose hearts are still set upon similar vanities!

Or compare the language of the poet Campbell: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are

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dead. My only surviving child is confined to a living tomb" (he was the inmate of a lunatic asylum). "My old friends, brothers and sisters, are dead—all but one, and she too is dying. My last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared for others, it was sweet; but, at my age, to my own solitary experience it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone with myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes fright—that I rush into company, resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world, and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude?"

Perhaps few literary contrasts are sharper than that presented by the first great success of Alexander Dumas, at the Palais Royal, albeit that success was of a questionable kind. The Duc d'Orléans (Louis Philippe) was there, accompanied by twenty or thirty princes and princesses. Completely unknown before the representation of his "Henri Trois," he was next day the most famous man in Paris. As soon as his success was assured, and he had received the congratulations of his friends, he hurried off to see his sick mother. "How many envy me this evening," he writes, "who little thought that I passed the night on a mattress by the bedside of my dying mother!"

Of Voltaire, it is none other than the friendly Marmontel who says: "To him the greatest of blessings—repose—was unknown. It is true that at last envy appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown, and felt the enthusiasm of a whole people grateful for the pleasures he had afforded them. The weak and last effort he made to amuse them, 'Irène,' was applauded, as 'Zaïre' had been; and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation, the recompense of so much work-

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ing, reach him? The next day I saw him in his bed. 'Well,' said I, 'are you at last satiated with glory?' 'Ah, my good friend,' he replied, 'you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture.'"

As an example of a literary family, eminent for sorrow as well as intellectual greatness, look at the memorials of the wonderful Hallam. Not so much to be pitied were those that died young as was the father who witnessed the premature departure of so much goodness and promise. Look first at the inscription on his tablet at St. Paul's, which was probably written by Macaulay. "Henry Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, of the Constitution of his country, and of the literature of Europe. This monument is raised by many friends, who, regarding the soundness of his learning, the simple elegance of his style, his manly and capacious intellect, the fearless honesty of his judgment, and the moral dignity of his life, desire to perpetuate his memory within these sacred walls, as of one who has best illustrated the English language, the English character, and the English name."

This is the inscription to the memory of Arthur Henry, æt. 23, the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." His epitaph at Clevedon is as follows: "And now, in this obscure and solitary church, repose the mortal remains of one too early lost for public fame, but already distinguished among his contemporaries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervor of his piety, and the purity of his life. Vale dulcissime, desideratissime. Requiescat in pace usque ad tubam."

Here are the epitaphs on two other children: "Eleanor Hallam, d. æt. 21. Her afflicted parents, bending under this second bereavement, record here that loveliness of temper and that heavenly minded piety which are lost to them, but are gone to their own reward."

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"Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, d. æt. 26. In whose clear and vivid understanding, sweetness of disposition, and purity of life, an image of his elder brother was before the eyes of those who had most loved him. Distinguished, like him, by early reputation, and by the affection of many friends, he was, like him, also cut off by a short illness in a foreign land."

We need not add any thing to these touching epitaphs. They tell, indeed, the touching story of the vanity and glory of genius and success, but they tell us also of that blessed hope that alone solves the enigma of life, and brings consolation to all its sorrows and disappointments.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Statesmen.

A LARGE subject in connection with history and life opens up in reference to statesmen and statesmanship. Their lives are fraught with larger influence and meaning than the lives of other men; they connect the broad events and tendencies of history with the details of individual life. Many of the most stirring pages of history, and all its milder and more graceful passages, belong to the lives of the great men who have lived and made history. There is a curious theory that distinguished statesmen are but the "outcome" of their time, and the real history of a country must be sought in the masses of the people. There may be some measure of truth in this assertion which has been overlooked by some regular historians, but the world is pretty well agreed that the great men who have stamped their mark upon an era have shaped the destinies of their country, and have invisibly influenced the course of subsequent ages.

Dr. Johnson intercalated a well-known passage in Goldsmith's "Traveller," commencing with the lines,

> "How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which kings or laws can cause or cure!"

There is in these lines that general amount of truth and error which is ordinarily found in such universal propositions.

In the Georgian era it can hardly be said of any English statesmen that he caused or cured many human ills, except in some very remote way. There are, however, times in the his-

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tory of all nations when good or bad legislation has been fraught with far-reaching consequences. Some moments in the lives of statesmen have really been the deepest moments of national history. The hour when a line of thought and observation has conducted a statesman's mind to some course of practical action beyond battle or treaty is a landmark in a people's history. No events loom larger in Athenian story than the Constitution of Solon or the Constitution of Cleisthenes. To use Dr. Arnold's phrase, we draw no distinction between ancient and modern history, except that ancient history is, in a sense, much more truly modern than much which we call modern history. That is indeed a happy destiny "To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, and read his history in a nation's eyes." At the same time there is an infinite amount of truth in Johnson's lines. Nothing is more important than that people should understand what statesmen are and what they are not able to do. Individual life is the ultimate fact in all politics. The great men of any era are unable to confer upon a man the mastery over his passions and the harmonious development of his complex nature. They can only put him under general conditions favorable for his progress. They can not enlighten his conscience, soothe his grief, or take away his poverty. They can provide him with a sphere for the exercise of his powers, but they can only do this in proportion as "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" can make him fit for political life. The great defect of all revolutions has been that people have sought from governments what governments can not give, but what they might have found in themselves. The lives of statesmen may demonstrate conclusively the comparative narrowness of the limits in which they must work. They show, also, the comparative unimportance of the forms of institutions, but the supreme importance of the brightness, spirit, and purity that should animate them.

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The statesmen who really shine brightest in history are those who have developed both the resources and the spirit of a nation, who have attended to material interests, but have not allowed material interests to dwarf the patriotism and intelligence of the people. The lives of statesmen have always been a source of the deepest interest, through the knowledge that their lives have influenced so many lives, that they, through their action on their country, are brought not remotely into direct connection with ourselves. We follow them, animated and interested, through the successive steps by which they attained to power, and peruse the great speeches by which they astonished and delighted senates. It would, by the way, be an amusing subject to write an essay on the perorations of speeches. Amid these enunciations of the largest aspirations of statesmen, you might find almost every example of gorgeous rhetoric and ill-starred vaticination. What minister ever yet brought in a bill relating to Ireland, repealing, amending, or promulgating laws, without drawing a vision of an Utopian age which was to follow the passing of his proposed legislation? The Irish peroration is the most striking specimen of its class. There is something almost exciting as we turn to the gladiatorial encounters of the arena of the senate. Of all kinds of glory, military glory is the promptest and the most fraught with results, but next to that come the cheers of a great oration and a triumphant division. Yet it must be owned that when we come to look into the lives of statesmen there is generally very much of disappointment. "See, my son," said Oxestierna, "by how little wisdom we are governed." Sometimes we see instances of astonishing littleness in great people. Thus the Duke of Wellington was violently opposed to Russia because he had violent quarrels with the Lievens, and thought himself not civilly treated at St. Petersburg. Similarly M. Guizot is accredited with an unfriendly feeling toward En-

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gland, because in England there had been a lack of personal attention to him.* Very often, also, there is a certain narrowness in the views and feelings of statesmen. Accustomed to deal with men in the aggregate, they are deficient in sympathy with individual life, and are content with political combinations instead of looking into the deeper tendencies of a nation. Thus the great experiment of ruling France by a parliamentary government under Louis Philippe lead to the capital error of absolute reliance on the majority of a chamber. Again, statesmen have been tempted to look upon religion simply as a means of government, instead of perceiving that religious questions underlie all others, and are more important than any. It is a reproach that may continually be leveled against statesmen that they are slow to discern the signs of the times. The parliament that met just before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war was congratulated in the speech from the throne on the quietness and amity of nations. When Lord Granville assumed the reins of the foreign office he was told that never before had there been such a lull in the affairs of Europe.

If we looked, then, at the great turning-points in the lives of statesmen, we should take both a larger and a more limited view. In the larger view we should take those events which have, in influencing a statesman's mind, also influenced the destiny of his country. Such a time has been that when Hyde renounced his connection with the Roundheads, or Burke with the Jacobins. The gradual growth of opinion in the mind of the late Sir Robert Peel led first to his acceptance of the Catholic claims, and next to his abandonment of protection. The more limited view concerns the occasions which determined a man's connection with a party or his advance in office, as when Mr. Canning sided with the Liberals, or Mr.

* Lord Dalling's "Life of Lord Palmerston."

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Canning's great pupil, Mr. Gladstone, definitely broke with the Tory party, among whom he had been brought up. Of course, there is no sharp line of demarcation between these two classes of instances. It does not follow that because a statesman has overthrown any system, therefore the system was a wrong one; we only see that the application of principles must vary with the conditions. The principle of protection might be right in one stage of a nation's history, but under altered circumstances it might be best to resort to a system of free trade. Under one state of society an aristocratic government might be best; in another, a truly representative system might be best; and when intelligence is more widely diffused, representation may be broadly based upon a national suffrage. Neither the statesman who has founded a system nor a statesman who has abolished a system is deserving of unlimited panegyric or condemnation. They have each done best for the times in which they lived. The rival schools have simply exhibited the oscillations of the pendulum. At times it may be best to create a system, at times to destroy, at times to reconstruct. This has been the lesson taught by the history of monarchy in England. The monarch's power, raised almost to despotism by the Tudors, was destroyed, and raised again under the Stuarts, and reconstructed in the Revolution. In the conflicts of statesmen we see the clear exhibition of political truth. Some one truly said of a debate in the House of Commons, that no one speech gave the entire truth, but that the entire truth is to be gathered from all the speeches. We mention such considerations, because in a country like England it is most important to moderate the acrimony of discussion, and that we should understand that men of all parties work truly toward the common wealth. The study of the lives of statesmen is one of the best means of attaining to political knowledge, all-important in countries with such constitutions

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as our own. They have a special nobleness, pathos, and importance of their own, and their individual history shadows off by imperceptible degrees into national history.

Obliged to resort to a principle of selection, we look at some points in the lives of those two illustrious statesmen, Pitt and Fox, who are so closely and immediately connected with our own current history. It oddly happened that in early youth the two were brought together. It so happened that one day Lady Holland said to her husband, "I have been this morning with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, not eight years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw, and brought up so strictly and so proper in his behavior that, mark my words, that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives."* Pitt's first speech in the House of Commons at once established his parliamentary reputation. Never, said Bishop Tomline, were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into parliament, and never were expectations more completely fulfilled. The thought of the great Chatham was in each man's mind, and so paved the way to success. As soon as Pitt sat down, Fox, with generous warmth, hurried up to wish him joy of his success.† "He is not a chip of the old block," said Burke; "he is the old block itself." There came an important moment when Pitt called on Fox to give him Lord Shelburne's invitation to reenter with his friends the service of the crown. Bishop Tomline says, "This was, I believe, the last time Mr. Pitt was in a private room with Mr. Fox, and from this period may be dated that political hostility which continued through the remainder of their lives."

That was a great moment when the king sent for Pitt as the only man who could make head against Fox, and resolved

* "Fox Correspondence," edited by Lord Russell. Vol. I.

† Lord Stanhope's "Pitt."

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to govern through his means. The youngster accepted the post of premier. "Without one moment's faltering, he responded to the call." On the afternoon of the very same day on which that call was made, young Pepper Arden rose in his place and moved for a new writ for the borough of Appleby, "in the room of the Right Honorable William Pitt, who since his election has accepted the office of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer." There was immediately a burst of loud and general laughter. It was not altogether unlike the moment when Mr. Disraeli sat down amid the derision of the House, saying that the time would come when they would hear him. Nevertheless, he formed his Cabinet, his majority increased, the influence of Fox declined, and at the age of twenty-four the heaven-born minister commenced his long dictatorship.

There was a very touching passage in the life of Pitt given by Lord Stanhope, the one love of his lifetime for Eleanor Eden. Mr. Pitt avows to Lord Auckland his love for his daughter, and Lord Auckland as candidly avows that his love might have been fully appreciated. But the mighty premier of England—we might almost say her uncrowned monarch—could not marry because he was not a man of fortune. The young people, like multitudes of young people, could not marry because there was an insufficiency of means. There would be no provision for the young lady in the possible case of her being left a widow. Pitt owns to her father that he was not in circumstances in which he could make his daughter an offer of marriage. Lord Auckland replies that he was aware in general of the circumstances of pecuniary debt and difficulty in which Mr. Pitt was involved. The premier desired that all the blame, if any, should be borne by himself. And so the matter terminated.

Two points may be mentioned in the career of Pitt which

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had a great effect, humanly speaking, in bringing about its termination. The first of these rests on probable grounds. It seems to have been the condemnation of Lord Melville, the sting being that the condemnation was brought about by Mr. Wilberforce, whose known probity determined so many wavering opinions. Pitt watched his friend with intense interest, knowing the mighty results which the member for Yorkshire could insure. "It required no little effort to resist the fascination of that penetrating eye." The second Lord Malmesbury (Lord Fitzharris) says that the numbers on the vote being equal, "the speaker, Abbott (after looking as white as a sheet and pausing for ten minutes), gave the casting vote *against* us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks." The notorious Colonel Wardle said that men wanted to see "how Billy looked after it." Colonel Legard, in a letter to Wilberforce, said, "I believe that the delinquency of Lord Melville and the desertion of some of his oldest friends inflicted a wound upon his mind which it never recovered, and contributed to his premature death." Mr. Wilberforce docketed the letter with the statement, "It did not injure Pitt's health."

It is very remarkable that the condemnation of Lord Melville, and the grief and disappointment of Pitt, appear to have been a kind of just retribution for the part which they took against Warren Hastings. It seems that both of them had a great jealousy against Warren Hastings, fearing lest he should obtain a seat in the Board of Control, and distribute the valuable patronage according to the king's personal views. Mr. Storer tells Mr. Eden, afterward Lord Auckland,* "Mr. Dundas said before several persons the other day, with that gener-

* "Auckland Correspondence," Vol. I., p. 472.

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ous frankness which is his characteristic, that the Opposition had done his job for him—they had knocked up Mr. Hastings's pretensions to the Board of Control, and had ruined the Bengal squad." If Pitt and Dundas had joined in the impeachment of Hastings from a selfish political motive, they certainly experienced a just retribution, which might serve as a beacon and example in any annals of statesmanship.

But the blow which most certainly destroyed Pitt was the battle of Austerlitz. This is called by Lord Stanhope's father "the immediate cause of his death." There came on him the care-worn and unhappy aspect which Wilberforce called "the Austerlitz look." On his return from Bath, as he passed along the passage of his Putney villa, he saw a map of Europe, and mournfully said, "Roll up that map; it will not be wanted these ten years." Only suppose that he could have known that the distinguished Indian officer whom he met hardly two months before at Lord Camden's table—one Arthur Wellesley—was destined to pluck out the eyes of the French eagle, and to chain it to a rock.

Fox got into parliament before he was twenty-one, and had made some good speeches, but none of them with the success that had attended Pitt's first effort. King George early took a dislike to him. "That young man has so strongly cast off every principle of common honor and honesty, that he must become as contemptible as he is odious." Putting out of account his first junior lordship at the Admiralty, Fox was not quite twenty months in office altogether. It must be owned that in England statesmanship was a very poorly remunerated profession. Fox, with his immorality, gambling, and drunkenness, was scarcely fitted to sway a nation where character counts for at least as much as cleverness. Walpole tells a strange story, which Lord Holland recognizes, of an impostor calling herself the Hon. Mrs. Grieve,

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who undertook to get him a young West Indian heiress as his wife, with a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. He ultimately married his mistress, Mrs. Armistead, and had not the generosity to own that she was his wife. Lord Russell has some terrible words on Fox: "His life had from his youth been one of indulged passion and loose morality." The detection of Fox's illness was made by Lord Lauderdale. Fox had gone to Cheltenham, no one suspecting that he had any serious complaint; but Lord Lauderdale, whose father had died of the dropsy, first called the attention of Fox's friends to the swelling of his legs and the falling off about his neck and chest.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis indicates what he considers was the great turning-point in the life of Fox. "We believe that Fox's decision to separate himself from Lord Shelburne was the turning-point of his political life, and exercised an enormous influence upon the subsequent course of events." The way in which Fox deserted Lord Shelburne, on an imputation of insincerity, and formed a coalition with Lord North, is a remarkable chapter in politics. As Mr. Disraeli says, "England does not love coalitions, and henceforth he continues in hopeless opposition to Pitt."

Fox, a middle-aged man, growing old, has left his vices, or his vices have left him. He is enjoying his luxurious retirement at St. Ann's Hill, and gratifying that passionate love of Greek literature which appears to be innate in the higher order of English statesmen. Fox's death, which happened rather suddenly, is represented as a kind of euthanasia. "Read me," said the dying man, "the Eighth Book of Virgil." His last words were, "Liz," meaning his wife, and "I die happy." Lord Russell concludes his chapter with Lord Holland's remark: "If a consciousness of being beloved and almost adored by all who approached him, could minister consolation

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in the hour of death, no man could with more reason or propriety have closed his career with the exclamation of "I die happy," for no man ever deserved or obtained that consolation more certainly than Mr. Fox." Perhaps, however, we might desire a consolation even firmer and better than this.

I can not think that Lord Russell's estimate of Pitt is altogether impartial or even just. Lord Russell never for a moment loses the politician in his attempt to be biographer and historian. He entirely disapproves of Pitt's first war with France, which saddled us with the main burden of the national debt, as altogether unnecessary. He does not, however, appear to me to do justice to the point of view in which the majority of the nation looked on the matter; neither can I believe that Pitt was fighting without any defined views of the object of the contest. He is entirely in favor of that second war, after the rupture of Amiens, in part of which Fox was foreign secretary. Lord Russell does not appear to be very consistent in his opinion of the conduct and character of Napoleon. He can hardly mean both the one and the other of the following sentences:

"It was not possible, surely, for the First Consul to show, by experience, *his inclination and love of peace*, while he was forced by his enemies to carry on war with all the vigor he could command."—Page 200.

"He (Napoleon) meant to be undisputed master of the continent of Europe, to change the disposition of territories and the form of government of various countries at his pleasure, and to impose silence on all who might feel alarmed or indignant at the violence of his acts and the insolence of his language."—Page 264.

Lord Russell thinks that King George made a master of kingcraft, and yet sneers at him because he refused Fox as his minister before the death of Pitt, and accepted him afterward. But this very ability to discern the signs of the times,

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and not to aim at impossibilities, is the very difference between our Stuart and Hanoverian princes. We have the manifestation of great contempt for the royal understanding. Certainly it was nothing better than that of the average merchant and squire and rector. But average merchants, rectors, and squires make up a considerable section of the state, and it was as well that they should have so potent a voice as the king's in the councils of their country. "The national heart still beats true to George III.," truly said Mr. Thackeray. With all his drawbacks and thick-headedness, he was honest, he was pure, he was self-denying, he was religious, and, thank God, these are qualities which the great mass of Englishmen will always appreciate.

Fox's death was a euthanasia. Pitt's, certainly, was not; he died a miserable man. "My country, how I leave my country!" were his last words, extorted by his grief for Austerlitz. It is, we believe, a fact, that a visitor, calling at his Putney villa, found it deserted by his hireling servants, and passed through one deserted room after another, till he came to the chamber where the statesman was lying dead. When last thoughts came with his last illness, he was not happy, and he was not prepared. His friend, the Bishop of Lincoln, would have administered the sacrament, but Pitt said he had not strength to go through with it. He said that "he had, as he feared was the case with many others, neglected prayer too much to allow him to hope it could be very efficacious now." Yet he was enabled to pray earnestly, and to look back with some satisfaction on his innocency of life. He said: "I throw myself entirely upon the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ."

"It has been the misfortune of many great statesmen that they have regarded religion simply as a social organization, or as an instrument of government, or as an important element

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of public opinion. It is impossible that Virgilian cadences should effectually soothe a dying-bed. At the last, as in the case of Pitt, one must fall back upon principles that ought to have been tested and proved, and not now to be learned for the first time. We could not wish that the death-bed of such a one should be other than troubled and disturbed, nor yet could any last words better become any of us than those of poor Pitt: 'I throw myself entirely upon the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ.' "

We will now glance at the fortunes of a fallen statesman. We will seek a view of Lord Clarendon's inner life, with which the public is not very familiar, and which must mainly be sought for in his minor writings.

There are very few men who, in so large a manner as Lord Clarendon, have both lived history and written history. To a great degree, our knowledge of the times during which he lived is derived from his own immortal writings. During those times there are few names which emerge more frequently, or with broader influence, than his own. In the momentous period of the Long Parliament his influence is first seen on the side of the people, and then on the side of the crown. He was the leader of his party in the House of Commons; he was lord chancellor in the House of Lords; for many years he was prime minister of England; he became the grandfather of two English sovereigns. There has been no other English subject on whom such an accumulation of honors has thus rested. For many years his career was singularly chequered, exhibiting various efforts and faults, but at the same time great endurance and great virtues; and through good report and evil report, through good estate and evil estate, he clung close to the faith and hope of a Christian man. At last came his extraordinary elevation, and from that giddy eminence as ex-

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traordinary a fall. In exile, in poverty, in obloquy, closed that long and eventful career, so imperishably bound up with English history and English literature. His last days, though his saddest, were his happiest and his best; his fall proved to be a rising again, and he learned to look upon banishment as a season of rest, as a quiet pause, as a solemn audit of the past, before his active, crowded career came to an end on earth. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into any details of this period's political events. We take up the personal history of Lord Clarendon at the time when he became a conspicuous actor in the stirring events of his times. He had been known as a great lawyer; he now appeared in the character of a great statesman. Wherever a liberty was to be asserted, a wrong to be redressed, an inquiry to be instituted, a tyrannical institution to be abolished, a grievous criminal to be exposed, Edward Hyde was among the first and foremost on the popular side. But after a time, rightly or wrongly, he became firmly convinced that this side was pushing things too far, and to an extent which neither his conscience nor reason approved. He threw the whole weight of his influence into the declining side of the royalists, and withdrew to York to be in attendance on the king. He does not appear to have been very popular among the party whom he thus joined. Though he went over to the court, he carried thither the stern, rigid virtues of a republican, which rarely, indeed, find much favor among courtiers; an intrepidity in speaking unwelcome truth, a strict justice and moderation, a high-minded, incorruptible spirit. He was of great use to his party in the paper war that preceded actual hostilities; but when the military operations commenced, Hyde ceased for a time to appear in a prominent position.

Perceiving that the times in which he lived were perhaps the most memorable in the whole course of English history,

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he had commenced, while yet in Scilly, the "History of the Great Rebellion," a work disfigured, indeed, by inaccuracies, by personal feelings, and political partisanship, but of commanding merits which have made it classic. He continued it in Jersey. He was in the island for about two years, "and enjoyed," as he was wont to say, "the greatest tranquillity of mind imaginable." After a time, first one of his friends was obliged to leave him, and then the other. Sir George Carteret then received him into Elizabeth Castle. Here he built himself a lodging of two or three rooms, and over the door of his lodging he set up his arms with a Latin inscription: "Bene vixit qui latuit" (He has lived well who has escaped notice). "And he always took pleasure in relating with what great tranquillity of spirit he spent his time here, among his books, which he got from Paris, and his papers, between which he seldom spent less than ten hours in the day." King Charles himself sent him a variety of materials for his work. When the Prince of Wales left France, Hyde received directions from the king and queen to be in attendance upon them. The happy seclusion of Jersey was at once abandoned for a life of wandering and privation. The ship in which he sailed to Holland was seized by a privateer, and he was robbed of a sum of money which he could ill afford to lose. By-and-by Charles II. sent him on an unsatisfactory embassy to Madrid. Here Hyde, who always writes of himself as "the chancellor" —for he had received the empty office of chancellor of the exchequer at the mimic court of Charles—studied the country and language, and commenced his "Devotions on the Psalms." On his return he took up his abode at Antwerp, as embassador. Charles, after the battle of Worcester, having escaped to Paris, required his services there; and he resided at Paris and elsewhere, in close attendance on his wandering and unfortunate sovereign. From the Clarendon papers we

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can see the straits to which he was reduced, and the manner in which he bore them. "I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. Five or six of us eat together one meal a day, for a pistole a week; but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman that feeds us." "At this time I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season." "I am so cold that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a fagot." "I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am." "Keep up your spirits, and take heed of sinking under that burden you never kneeled to take up. Our innocence begets our cheerfulness; and that again will be a means to secure the other. Whoever grows too weary and impatient of the condition he is in will too impatiently project to get out of it; and that, by degrees, will shake or baffle or delude his innocence. We have no reason to blush for the poverty which is not brought upon us by our own faults. As long as it pleases God to give us health (which, I thank him, I have in a great measure), I shall think he intends me to outlive all these sufferings; and when he sends sickness, I shall (I hope with the same submission) believe that he intends to remove me from greater calamities." "I have no other counsel to give you than, by the grace of God, I mean to follow myself, which is to submit to God's pleasure and judgment upon me, and to starve, really and literally, with the comfort of having endeavored to avoid it by all honest means, and rather to bear it than do any thing contrary to my duty."

The evil days seemed over at last: in 1660 came the Res-

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toration. Hitherto his title had only been an empty mockery; it now became a splendid reality. And yet this period of grandeur and greatness to which we now approach in Hyde's career is the least pleasing in the retrospect. He had nobly withstood the effects of adversity; he by no means endured with equal success the influence of prosperity. The prosperity was as magnificent as his adversity had been protracted and deep. And now painful blots upon his character began to appear, which had hitherto escaped the notice of others, and perhaps his own, and which, perhaps, required the fierce heat of prosperity for their manifestation. He appears to have been greedy of power and grasping of gain. The sumptuous pile of Clarendon House, which he was raising for himself, betrayed an ostentatious magnificence. Sometimes he appears to have erred in departing from strict veracity. In some measure he must have forfeited his own dignity and self-respect. He himself, in the long days of banishment and old age, confessed to himself how much he had erred, and how greatly he had forgotten higher things in this season of brilliant sunshine. He confessed that those prosperous days contrasted ill with the calmness and happiness of his days of loneliness and want. If he had been content to take a full share in the wickedness of those wicked times, his lofty position might have been safe. Thank God, he was preserved from *that*.

Old Pepys has, in his "Diary," two or three passages that mark the decline and fall of Clarendon. Pepys has given the graphic account of the circumstances of Clarendon's departure from his final interview with the king, on which Mr. Ward's celebrated painting, "The Fall of Clarendon," is founded. The courtiers, when they saw him, used to tell the king that his "schoolmaster" was coming. They used to mimic the chancellor for the royal amusement. We are told that the in-

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famous Duke of Buckingham was peculiarly successful in imitating "the stately walk of that solemn personage." The king at first feebly reproved, and then delighted at this buffoonery at the expense of his old and faithful servant. Clarendon now seriously crossed the royal path. At last Charles sent the earl a message recommending him immediately to resign the great seal. In reply the falling minister requested an audience. The king could not with any decency refuse this, and appointed him to come on a certain day after breakfast. The day of the appointed interview was known to all the courtiers. The event, of course, excited the highest interest. A private conversation of two hours ensued. As they came forth from the conference, the courtiers eagerly watched the expression of both their countenances. They thought that both faces looked "very thoughtful." Pepys says that the king's infamous paramour "ran out into her aviary, and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away; and several of the gallants of Whitehall (of which there were many staying to see the chancellor's return) did talk to her in her bird-cage." Clarendon, in his "Life," has an allusion to the dissolute crew who were waiting about, eagerly hoping for his disgrace. For some days the king took no further steps. The courtiers were greatly alarmed at this. With ceaseless importunities they taunted him on his subserviency to "a cunning old lawyer, and nearly lectured him out of his wits." Then the king yielded, and sent a secretary of state with a warrant under the sign-manual to demand the great seal. When the secretary returned with this coveted ensign of office, a base courtier clasped his majesty's knees, exclaiming, "Sir, you are now a king."

Assuredly there was a great fall here; but still Clarendon's enemies were not satisfied. Perhaps they dreaded his future return to power. They determined to prevent this—they

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thirsted for his blood—they brought against him an impeachment for high-treason. The late Lord Chancellor Campbell has characterized the articles of the impeachment as "preposterously vague and absurd." There seemed little chance of a conviction against him. The king was anxious that he should leave the country: this would be enough to satisfy his enemies. Very unwillingly, but in obedience to the king's wish, which he had always treated with almost absolute submission, Clarendon withdrew beyond the seas. His enemies seized upon this as an occasion against him. They passed a bill through parliament banishing him forever, and making his return an act of high-treason. The days which followed are generally looked upon as the most sombre in Clarendon's career; but those who take a more solemn view of life, and chiefly regard a man's highest interests, will turn away with relief from the thronged galleries of Whitehall, and the rising glories of Clarendon House, to Montpellier, to Moulins, and to Rouen.

With a well-nigh broken heart and enfeebled form he betook himself to France. The French government treated him alternately with harshness and consideration, according to the variations of their political relations with the English government. After many chequered days he settled himself for a time at Montpellier. Here he finished his little work on the Psalms. He has prefaced this by a letter to his children, from which we make some quotations, as giving in the best form the state of mind to which his fall had brought him:

"My children, you have undergone so great a share with me in all the inconveniences and afflictions of my banishment, that it is but justice to assign you a share likewise of whatsoever I have gotten by them; and I do confess to you I found so great a serenity and tranquillity of mind in composing these considerations and reflections upon the Psalms

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of David, that I am willing to believe that the reading them may administer some kind of relief and ease to you in any trouble or adversity to which you may be exposed. In all times somewhat extraordinary hath been thought to be contained therein for the instruction, encouragement, and reformation of mankind, and for the rendering our lives more acceptable to God Almighty. . . . I began to exercise myself in these meditations in the time of a former banishment, when, to the public calamities with which the king and the kingdom were afflicted, and to my own particular, my forced absence for so many years from your dear mother and from you, the nature of that employment I had from the king, and the scene upon which that employment was to be acted, added very much to the melancholique of the condition I was in. . . . It pleased God, by a chain of miracles, at last to bring that to pass which all the world thought impossible to be done. . . . And in this miraculous restoration and prosperity I had my full share, which I enjoyed many years, in an envious proportion of the king's favor and good opinion, which I had endeavored to preserve by all the industry and fidelity a servant so obliged ought to perform; having (God knows) never any thing before my eyes or in my purposes but the king's honor and happiness. . . . I have too much cause to believe and confess that, though, to the utmost of my power, and according to the understanding God hath given me, which no doubt hath many defects, I have not failed in the performance of my duty to the king and to the country, I have abundantly failed in my duty to my God, and not enough remembered his particular saving blessings and deliverances of myself and family in the time of my adversity and banishment, nor the vows and promises I then made to him; and for that reason he hath exposed me to new troubles and reproaches for crimes I am in no degree guilty of, and condemned me to a new banish-

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ment in my age, when I am not able to struggle with those difficulties that encompass me. I am sure I discontinued this heavenly exercise upon the Psalms themselves and the whole body of the Scriptures; and God, in his great mercy, awakened me out of the lethargy I was in, by reproaches I least apprehended, and a judgment I least expected or suspected, and drove me out of that sunshine that dazzled me, withdrew the king's favor from me, out of that crowd of business that stifled all other thoughts, and condemned me to such a solitariness and desertion as must reduce my giddy and wandering soul to some recollection and steadiness." He learned to speak of his banishment as his "third and most blessed recess, in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of his mercies toward him." Three such "recesses or acquiesces" he used to reckon up in his life. The first of these was when he was living in Jersey; the second, when he was embassador at Madrid; the third was his final banishment. He used to say that, of the infinite blessings which God had vouchsafed to bestow upon him from his cradle, he used to esteem himself so happy in none as in these: "In every one of which God had given him grace and opportunity to make full reflections upon his actions and his observations, upon what he had done himself and what he had seen others do and suffer; to repair the breaches in his own mind, and to fortify himself with new resolutions against future encounters in an entire resignation of all his thoughts and purposes into the disposal of God Almighty, and in a firm confidence of his protection and deliverance in all the difficulties he should be obliged to contend with; toward the obtaining whereof he resumed those vows and promises of integrity and hearty endeavors which are the only means to procure the continuance of that protection and deliverance."

Yet, as the years rolled on, the old man earnestly desired

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once more to see his native country "before he went hence to be no more seen." To the last the fond hope was always before him that he might yet be restored to something of his old position. He removed to Rouen, that he might at least have the melancholy satisfaction of being so much nearer to English soil. He sent a petition to the unfeeling king that he might be allowed to die among his children. "Seven years," he pleaded, "was a time prescribed and limited by God himself for the expiations of some of his greatest judgments; and it is full that time since I have, with all possible humility, sustained the insupportable weight of the king's displeasure. Since it will not be in any one's power long to prevent me from dying, methinks the desiring a place to die in should not be thought a great presumption."

It was not so to be. The worthless monarch did not even vouchsafe a word of answer to this pathetic appeal. Rouen was to prove the last scene of his wanderings. He died there one winter day, in the cold, friendless winter of his life, at the age of sixty-five.

The moral of the fall of Clarendon is this—the moral to how many a sad narrative of a statesman's broken hopes and broken heart!—

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man."

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes."

Descending the stream of politics still farther, we take a glance at Sir George Cornewall Lewis, whose recent "Life and Letters" give us a view of some aspects of the statesmanship of our own days.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis was one of those great statesmen which Christ Church within the century has given to the

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country. His success as a scholar and a thinker always ran parallel with his success as an administrator and as a parliamentary speaker. He owed his success as much to his moral as to his intellectual faculties. No chancellor of the exchequer ever inspired city men with a greater degree of confidence. His brief, straightforward, inornate addresses were received with a degree of favor hardly accorded to the most scenic budgets of Mr. Gladstone, or the most brilliant orations of Mr. Disraeli. The utmost confidence was felt in his simplicity and good faith, and at the same time it was fully understood that his conclusions were the results of anxious inquiry and sound reasoning. But at the same time it would hardly be thought that he was the man to meet safely a great financial crisis, and although it is probable that, had he lived longer, he might have been the premier of a Whig administration, yet possibly he would have been little more than the bond of union to join together stronger spirits. The same characteristics belonged to the literary as to the political life of Sir George Lewis, and even in a greater degree. He was happier as the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* than as the chancellor of the exchequer. Indeed, the former employment was much more to his taste than the latter. In the field of criticism, particularly in the field of negative criticism, he was pre-eminent. His, in an especial way, was Bacon's *lumen siccum*. He pulled down even the ruins of those historical structures which Niebuhr had left. He was little more than destructive, was in no degree synthetic, and had more "light" than "sweetness." Those who are acquainted with Dr. Newman's late remarkable work, "Essays toward a Grammar of Assent," and can conceive a direct contradiction to its every page, will be able to form an idea of Sir George's governing mental characteristics. The result is that he was not much better than an iconoclast, and has not left—we had almost

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said was incapable of leaving—any durable monument to posterity.

There are many points of interest presented by the political and intellectual history of Sir George Lewis. Most of his letters were written at a time when letter-writing was still an art, and postage was so expensive that people were anxious to gain the value of the money. They are, therefore, written with a fullness which, we are afraid, will be wanting to the letters of the next generation of statesmen and authors. He speaks with certain severity of some of his contemporaries, but perhaps not more severely than the truth would warrant; yet it is easy to see, on the surface of the letters, that, though endued with a common-sense which amounted to positive genius, he made several egregious blunders in his reasoning. For instance, through the unhopefulness of his nature he expected nothing but disappointments in the expedition to the Crimea, and, through his inability to sympathize with forms of genius not akin to his own, he could see little that was likely to be permanently popular in the works of Dickens or Macaulay. In his own mind he gave literature a distinct preference over politics. The meeting of parliament is "that abominable meeting of parliament." After he had lost his seat it was with difficulty that he consented to re-enter the House once more, and with regret that he became a cabinet minister. The main interest of his letters lies in their touches of contemporary politics and literature, which will be a help toward the construction of the history of the period to which they relate. When he succeeded the present premier as chancellor of the exchequer, he writes to say that Mr. Gladstone had been very kind to him, and helped him very much. He was very severe on Macaulay's article on Bacon: "His remarks on ancient philosophy are, for the most part, shallow and ignorant in the extreme. . . . There is generally a want of sound-

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ness and coherency, and a puerile and almost girlish affectation of tinsel ornament, which, coming from a man of nearly forty, convince me that Macaulay will never be any thing more than a rhetorician." There is much substantial justice in this criticism, but at the same time we see that Sir George was totally incapable of appreciating an order of mind with which he had nothing in common. Lewis had not a spark of Macaulay's genuine brilliancy, and the result is that thousands have read Macaulay where only a reader here and there knows of the "Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics," and the "Enquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History." His latest and perhaps his best book was a collection of articles in the *Edinburgh Review* on the Administrations of Great Britain from 1783 to 1830. We find the statement in one of the letters that Macaulay reckoned on thirteen volumes of his history. "It is too long, and overdone with details," writes Lewis; and we may add, that if Macaulay really designed to bring down his history to "a period within the memory of men now living," as he stated, the rate of progress would have required not thirteen, but at least thirty volumes.

Here are some of his judgments on his contemporaries. Of Mr. Disraeli he says: "Disraeli, though a hard hitter in attack, failed as an exponent of a measure or a system of policy." Of Sir Robert Peel: "I can not say that I prized his judgment very highly, nor do I think that as a *guide* in public affairs, when he had ceased to be an *administrator*, he was of great value. He did not see far before him—he was not ready in applying theory to practice—he did not foresee the coming storm. Peel's death will exercise a great influence upon the Peelite body. Graham is a great sufferer by the change, as he had constantly stood by Peel when his other friends went different ways. Upon Gladstone it will have the effect of

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removing a weight from a spring." Here, again, is perhaps the most damaging sentence that has ever been written concerning the modern House of Commons, with which we may conclude this chapter. It is much to be regretted that Sir George did not draw the obvious exception of men actuated by Christian principle, and apparently does not perceive that Christian principle will alone save a popular legislature from the evil of selfish personal objects.

"I have written a long letter to Tocqueville, to explain to him that the present state of politics is dangerous to nothing, except the *morality of public men.* I have shown him how this danger equally besets both sides of the House—how public morality is equally promoted by finding excuses for supporting men who abandon their principles, and for not supporting men who act upon their principles, the motive in both cases being purely personal."

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CHAPTER XIV.

On Turning-Points in National History.

ANOTHER aspect of turning-points in life is that of those in the history of nations. This must be glanced at briefly. National life and individual life are closely connected. The individual is the state seen through a magnifying lens. The state is the individual seen through the diminishing lens. To use the Platonic image, what we read in the one case in small characters we read in the other case in large characters.

There is a well-known book which speaks of such turning-points as the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," an arbitrary enumeration indeed, but still, taking the uncertain for a certain number, indicating the tremendous issues dependent on such decisive turning-points.

For instance, what a moment was that when at Marathon the Medes and Persians, with their cimeters and lunar spears, broke before the Athenians, and were driven back into the marshes! Then Asia precipitated itself upon Europe, and the civilization of the West was for the moment trembling in the balance.

What a moment was that, nigh twenty-three centuries later, when the English had turned the French at Waterloo, and the Duke anxiously waited for Blucher that he might reap the fruits of victory! Again, let us look at that mighty historical drama which has been unrolled during the Franco-Prussian war. Did ever high-handed violence meet with so rapid and overwhelming a retribution? What a moment was that when,

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in the Cabinet of the Tuileries, Napoleon the Third, overpersuaded by his wife and the Duc de Grammont, and deceived by Lebœuf, returned to the council and declared that they must ask for further securities! One would almost have thought that a thunderbolt would have fallen from the clear sky. I see that the Count de la Chapelle says very frankly that the whole nation was enthusiastically bent on war, and makes them all accomplices together. In a historical point of view, Napoleon seemed right, but in the moral point of view he was wrong, and in the long run the moral element beats the political element.

Some of the battles discussed might be open to criticism, on the ground that they did not really determine a nation's fate. The unprosperous issue of the Sicilian expedition, as Dr. Arnold points out, hindered the expansion of Greece in the Western world, and reserved for Latin institutions the supremacy which might have belonged to Hellenic culture. It was in the East, and not in the West, that the destiny of the Greek race was to accomplish itself. The Athenian power survived the disasters of Syracuse, but it fell in a moment of carelessness, through characteristic Athenian faults, at the fateful Goat's River. Mr. Hallam says of a certain battle that "it may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."

Lord Dalling (Sir Henry Bulwer), in his recent "Life of Lord Palmerston," thinks that he discerns a great moment in modern politics. This was when Mr. Huskisson was ejected by the Duke of Wellington from his Cabinet. This led to the appointment of Mr. Fitzgerald; this led to the vacancy for Clare; this led to the election of Mr. O'Connell; this led to the agitation for the Catholic claims; this led to the first Reform; this led to the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the second

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Reform. By these means has been accomplished a silent but thorough revolution in England. The generalization, however, is perhaps a little too rapid.

The discovery of America is referred to by Humboldt as a "wonderful concatenation of trivial circumstances," which undeniably exercised an influence on the course of the world's destiny. "These circumstances are," Washington Irving has justly observed, "that if Columbus had resisted the counsel of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and continued to steer westward, he would have entered the Gulf Stream, and been borne to Florida, and from thence probably to Cape Hatteras and Virginia — a circumstance of incalculable importance, since it might have been the means of giving to the United States of North America a Catholic Spanish population in the place of the Protestant English one by which those regions were subsequently colonized. "It seems to me like an inspiration," said Pinzon to the admiral, "that my heart dictates to me that we ought to steer in a different direction." It was on the strength of this circumstance that, in the celebrated lawsuit which Pinzon carried on against the heirs of Columbus between 1513 and 1515, he maintained that the discovery of America was alone due to him. This inspiration, Pinzon owed, as related by an old sailor at the same trial, *to the flight of a flock of parrots*, which he had observed in the evening flying toward the southwest, in order, as he might well have conjectured, to roost on trees on the land. *Never has a flight of birds been attended with more important results.*"

We will here take some astute observations from the *Saturday Review*, as illustrating a somewhat different view of the question:

"*If something had happened which didn't happen, what would have happened afterward?* is a kind of speculation which is now much in fashion. Of course, no one can answer positively the

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above inquiry; yet, in looking back upon the course of history, it is impossible not to dwell for a moment upon some of the most important crises, and to remark how small a difference might have made an incalculable change. We know the usual sayings about the decisive battles of the world. If Themistocles had lost the battle of Salamis, if Asdrubal had won the battle of the Metaurus, if Charles Martel had been beaten by the Saracens, would not the subsequent history of Europe and the world have been altered, and a great many fine philosophical theories have been destroyed before their birth? It is impossible here to discuss so large a question as the frequency with which those historical crises occur, in which the merest trifle may turn the balance, or to inquire whether they ever occur at all. But we may notice shortly two or three conditions of the argument which are frequently overlooked, and which make most of these discussions eminently unsatisfactory. Thus, for example, the believers in decisive battles very seldom take the trouble to argue the real difficulty of the question. The defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig, or perhaps at Waterloo, it has been said, changed the history of Europe. It may be so; but the fact that a particular battle was the most crushing or the final blow which he received does not even tend to prove that a different result would have been equally decisive the other way. On the contrary, a victory might probably have been the next worse thing to a defeat. The battles in which the Saracens or the Hungarians received the final check to their advance are in the same way reckoned as decisive of victory. But, to make this out, we should have to prove that which is at first opposed to all probability—that, in the event of a victory, they could have permanently held their conquests; and afterward that, if they had not held them, they would not have been absorbed by the conquered population. When Canute rebuked his courtiers, he happened to select a time at

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which the tide was rising. If, by a little management, they had induced him to give the order just as the tide turned, they might perhaps have persuaded him that his order was the cause of the change. A good many historical heroes seem to have been Canutes, who issued their commands precisely at the turn of the tide; and historical writers have been crying out ever since that, if it had not been for this marvelous Canute, the tide would have swelled until the whole country had been engulfed. The analogy is of course imperfect; for the historical tide is really affected in some degree by the hero who opposes its progress at the proper moment, only he has a wonderful advantage if he happens to strike at the fortunate epoch.

"The absurdity of a series of 'ifs' has also been thus shown. 'If this did not happen, then something else must have happened, and the whole course of subsequent events must have been altered.' It is one of those far-fetched explanations which we can produce at will to account for any phenomenon. We might say, for instance, that the prophet Jonah was the cause of American slavery. If he had not preached, Nineveh would not have repented; if Nineveh had not repented, it would have been overthrown. Who knows the consequences? The whole course of empire would have been changed, and America might still be a forest.

"Mr. Phillimore, in his 'History of England in the Reign of George III.,' describes the difficulty of writing modern history, and laments that in modern times we have no Herodotus nor Thucydides, no Livy nor Tacitus. He says that if these Greek and Roman historians lived in our day—if they saw this, and if they saw that—if they were acquainted with India—if they were acquainted with America—and if they knew a great number of other things besides—the result, the grand result, the astonishing result would be that they would

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have known more than they knew, and would have told us more.

"In Whitaker's 'Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots,' that curious writer thus speculates in the true spirit of this paper. When dependence was made on Elizabeth's dying without issue, the Countess of Shrewsbury had her son purposely residing in London, with two good and able horses continually ready, to give the earliest intelligence of the sick Elizabeth's death to the imprisoned Mary. On this the historian observes, 'And had this not improbable event actually taken place, what a different aspect would our history have assumed from what it wears at present! Mary would have been carried from a prison to a throne. Her wise conduct in prison would have been applauded by all. From Tutbury, from Sheffield, from Chatsworth, she would have been said to have touched with a gentle and masterly hand the springs that actuated all the nation, against the death of her tyrannical cousin,' etc. So ductile is history in the hands of man! And so peculiarly does it bend to the force of success, and warp with the warmth of prosperity!

"'If Mary had lived a little longer, or Elizabeth died sooner,' says Mr. Mill, 'the Reformation would have been crushed in England.' People who believe in a steady development of human thought are naturally unwilling to allow that the spread of new ideas may be arrested or made possible by the accident of a single woman's life; for, on the same principles, we can have no certainty that in a few years hence we may not all be Roman Catholics or Mormons or followers of Comte.

"It is always a question among military writers how far the pause of Hannibal was compulsory—a question not likely to be solved unless Pompeii yields us further literary treasures. As far as one can decide, at such a distance of time and of scene, it seems all but certain that the rapid advance

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of Hannibal on Rome after the battle of Cannæ, that of Henry of Navarre on Paris after the battle of Ivry, or that of Charles Stuart on London after penetrating as far as Derby, would have changed the course of human history."

Without a religious reference, either history or science becomes dreary or unintelligible. Take history. From a merely secular point of view it is a study that is unutterably sad and dreary. It is like the bitter record of the prophet—lamentation, mourning, and woe. That nation is happy that has not a history, for history is the record of the tragedy and crimes of a nation's life. It creeps on from point to point of the same monotony of events, from siege to siege, from battle to battle, from treaty to treaty. It is the perpetual story of the monuments of Nineveh, where we see the long lines of captives led away into exile. It is the ever-renewed legend of *Judæa Capta*, of the medal that shows the discrowned one beneath the palm-tree. It is the imagery of the arch whereon is depicted lamentation, mourning and woe. But when we bring the divine life into such things the case altogether alters. Those generations of the past are the strata by which we attain to a higher level. We discern that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." God has been guiding the human race through the tangled course of its destinies. It is very striking to observe how so remarkable a writer as Mr. Wallace, who, indeed, elaborated Darwinism before Darwin, has broken away from his own theory of natural selection to admit that a Providence has directed the process: "A superior intelligence has guided the development of man in a definite direction and for a special purpose, just as man guides the development of many animal and vegetable forms." What is true of nature is also true of history. The great idea of the education of the world, suggested by Pascal, and elaborated by Bishop Temple, is in the main a true one. The world, in

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its corporate existence, is carried on in the course of improvement, and each generation starts from the vantage-ground of that which has been gained by its ancestry. Of the lives that momentarily fall, like rain-drops into the earth, none are lost or wasted. The broken purposes that fail on earth are carried out hereafter, and the worn, shattered banner of humanity, torn and drooping here, is planted again hereafter upon a happier shore.

We may take some instances of historical parallels suggested by the late war. The first of the philosophical historians noted the tendency of history to repeat itself in cycles. There are several periods of military history which present strong points of resemblance to the Prussian invasion of France. These are especially the invasion of 1793–4, and the invasion of 1814. At one point in the invasion of 1794, things seemed more hopeless for France than they did so lately after all the disastrous fighting between Metz and Verdun. In this campaign, the invaders, though at first prosperous, could not avail themselves of their prosperity through their want of vigor and of unity. The events of history give us an extraordinary number of duplicates. On October 13, 1793, the Germans attacked the lines of Wissembourg, and took possession of the place. The French general was obliged to fall back upon Haguenau, and so make a considerable sacrifice of territory. The Germans then, as lately, possessed an extraordinary preponderance of troops and resources, and the French were in the worst possible plight at the time. But in the earlier wars they were tardy, irresolute, inactive, and committing an extraordinary number of fatuous blunders. At one period of the campaign the Allies were within a hundred and fifty miles of Paris. The French army was in deep dejection, the capital in dismay, and the republican authorities were betaking themselves to flight. But the Germans never ventured to

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march upon Paris, and the great opportunity of concluding the war was lost. If they had advanced, England would probably have been saved six hundred millions of public debt. But the Committee of Public Salvation, however remorselessly cruel with their myriad assassinations, were energetic and patriotic men, and did not despair of the state. Even the vile Barère used thrilling language to arouse the defenders: "Liberty has become the creditor of every citizen; some owe it their industry; others their fortune; some their counsels; other their arms; all their lives. The Republic is a besieged city; all its territory must become a vast camp." Nothing illustrates the difference between the two periods as the conduct of the Germans at Wissembourg in 1793, and their conduct at Wissembourg and Woerth in 1870. The original achievement of 1793 was very great, but a historian of the Convention says, "Such was the tardiness of the Allies that the French lost only one thousand men in this general rout, which, if duly improved, might have occasioned the loss of their whole army. This important success, which once more opened the territory of the Republic to a victorious enemy, led to no results." But in this age men do not linger, but strike at the heart, on the maxim *frappez vite et frappez forte.* Never before or after has France been in a worse state than when she hurled back the invasion of 1794.

While the Allies were languid, France was aroused. A levy of 1,200,000 men was ordered, and in an incredibly short time were fairly disciplined. Above all, France was about to yield an extraordinary crop of military genius. There was one young officer of engineers, the founder of an empire, who was then saving Toulon from the British invader. There were more than a dozen men in the lowest orders of life who might be said to be carrying in their empty knapsacks a field-marshal's baton. For the immediate emergency there was the

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great Carnot, the head of the military department. "Carnot," said Napoleon, "has organized victory." He was the Von Moltke of the campaign of 1793–4, but on the side of the defense and not on the side of the attack. Carnot held the view which condemns the cold shade of the aristocracy, as Sir William Napier said, under which our soldiers fight. "He deemed it impossible that an army commanded by officers chosen exclusively from a limited class of society could long maintain a contest with one led by those chosen with discernment from inferior ranks." Carnot, like Jomini, wrote several treatises on scientific warfare, the one best known being that in opposition to the views of that great military genius, Vauban. It relates to the siege question. It was the assertion of Vauban that the means of defense in sieges were inferior to those of attack, and that the hour of the fall of every fortress might be calculated with mathematical certainty. Carnot, on the other hand, maintained that the means of defense in fortified towns may be made equal or superior to those of attack. His greatest improvement was the substitution of earthworks for masonry. While Carnot was developing a military genius almost possessing his mathematical accuracy, the Allies obstinately preserved the old "system of positions." The French were enabled to stem the tide of invasion and then roll back the waves upon their foes. The Allies were delayed by fortresses, which they were not content to "mask," but stayed to besiege, and this gave France time to complete her immense armaments which almost realized her dream of universal empire. It was a saying of the Archduke Charles, that the military superiority of France arises from the chain of fortresses with which it is surrounded, whereby it is enabled, with equal facility, to throw delays in the way of an invasion of its own, and to find a solid base for an irruption into its neighbor's territories; and that the want of such a barrier on

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the right bank of the Rhine is the principal defect in the system of German defense. By the recent war these conditions have been almost reversed. The German defenses had been organized, and the Germans have been able to pierce through the chain of fortresses which protected the imperial frontiers of France, and have since appropriated them.

We now turn to the invasion of 1814, which, in a still greater degree than 1794–5, abounds with historical parallels. France had been drained of men and arms by the fatal expedition to Russia, by the battle of Dresden, which was the last pitched battle which Napoleon won, and that awful field of Leipzig, where the charm of his invincibility was again rudely broken, and Germany, in resurrection from his despotism, forever broke off his yoke. All Europe was now in arms against France, and then, even more than at the present time, there were political elements hardly less destructive to empire and dynasty at work in Paris. The First Napoleon rejoiced to leave Paris with its festering passions, to make himself once more at home with his soldiers. The Allies, despite their enormous preponderance of forces, would willingly shrink from meeting Napoleon himself. Even the Duke of Wellington thought his presence substantially equal to an addition of forty thousand men to the amount of an army. Paris had then none of those fortifications with which M. Thiers has since surrounded her. There was only an *octroi*, which the emperor directed should be strengthened with palisades and artillery. When, on January 25, 1814, Napoleon reached Châlons, to withstand the flood of invasion, his generals hoped that he was being followed by supports of troops. He coolly told them "No," and proceeded to encourage them by unfolding the boldness and profundity of his plans. The campaign which he then fought is full of remarkable instances of a military genius which never shone brighter, but he could not

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achieve impossibilities. The enormous disciplined masses passing into France could not fail to overwhelm him eventually. Three great armies were prepared to act against him, with enormous reserves behind—in all more than a million of men. The Allies hardly ventured on any movement in the presence of Napoleon except in overwhelming masses. Though he suffered a defeat from Blucher through force of numbers, he had still such hope in his destiny that he even withdrew from Caulaincourt his *carte blanche* of making peace. He thought he could give his enemy on the wide plains of Champagne the same stunning blows which he had so often given them on the plains of Italy. To affect the political condition of Paris, he resorted, as his manner was, to illimitable lying, in which he was certainly not without imitators at the last great crisis. He held a review, and gave in the *Moniteur* next morning the numbers five times the amount of the truth. When Blucher won the battle of La Rothière, the rough Prussian eagerly struck off with his knife the necks of champagne bottles, and all with him vehemently drank the toast "Nach Paris" (to Paris). Napoleon fell back toward the interior: his plan was to concentrate his forces. By forced marches and incredible impetuosity he first threw himself on one army and then on another of the invaders, winning victory after victory. He thus won the brilliant fields of Montmirail, Nangis, and Montereau. On this last he gaily said: "Don't fear, my friends. The bullet is not cast that will kill me." Blucher found that it was not so easy, after all, to get to Paris. The Allies even offered an armistice, and were prepared for peace on the conditions which Caulaincourt had proposed in his name. But Napoleon had not as a politician the foresight which he possessed as a general. He did not perceive that his very victories were those of the kind which made King Pyrrhus exclaim, "One more such victory, and I am undone."

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His triumphs would not now produce final effects. The resistless might of Europe was setting in upon him, and he could not achieve miracles. It was in vain he sent to Paris artillery, flags, and thousands of prisoners. The end must come.

Still that marvelous campaign will always be studied, both in the popular pages of Thiers and Alison, and also in works written for military students. Step by step we are reminded of the recent war. On advancing toward the capital of France on the northeast or by the east, we arrive at the borders of a basin, of which Paris is the centre, and toward which the Marne and the Seine flow, forming an angle, whose sides unite at the common apex, Paris. Between the line of the Marne and Seine is the intermediate line of the Aube. It was between those lines that Napoleon showed his genius as a strategist and a general. The Allies justly considered that a march from the Vosges to Paris was the hardest part of the war. In the midst of his successes he might repeatedly have made peace on honorable terms, but he was deluded by his own hopes and wishes, and the victories which he won. He failed, also, to appreciate the fickleness of the capital and the reality of the Bourbon reaction. Success forsook him, when he could least spare a reverse, at Laon; but, though he fell back, in retreat he succeeded in retaking Rheims, the last city he ever took, and where he held his last review. He now felt bitterly his enormous error in leaving vast forces in frontier fortresses while he wanted troops so sorely to shield the very heart of the empire. There is nothing more glorious in French annals than that battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, where twenty thousand French opposed during a whole day ninety thousand Russians and Austrians—the last battle which he fought in this campaign. But he wanted more men. He determined to advance from the Aube to the Marne, in the direction of Metz, where he might be joined by the garrisons of Metz, Luxem-

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burg, Thionville, Verdun, and Strasburg. He accordingly went back so far as St. Dizier, where he halted. It was Count Pozzo di Borgo who persuaded the Emperor Alexander that it was best for him to advance on Paris, even at the risk of Napoleon attacking him in the rear with an army of a hundred thousand men. He calculated on the political effects of a march on Paris. By his march to the frontier, Napoleon, in the failure of his calculations, as happened in the event, was as much isolating himself as if he had been shut up like Bazaine in Metz.

In the March of 1814 the one subject of conversation at Paris was that of the defenses of the capital against the invader. Napoleon had made two great mistakes—Paris was unprovided with fortifications; Paris was unprovided with muskets. Thus it is that M. Thiers speaks: "An enemy advancing along the right bank of the Seine must of necessity encounter the half-circle of heights that surrounds Paris from Vincennes to Passy, and which incloses the most populous and richest part of the city. From the confluence of the Marne and the Seine, near Charenton, to Passy and Auteuil, Paris is encircled by a chain of heights, sometimes extending *en plateau*, as at Romainville, sometimes *saillant*, as at Montmartre, and these offered a most valuable means of resistance, even before a patriot king had covered these positions with impregnable fortifications!" So far M. Thiers. But we must ask: What became of the patriot king? what became of the impregnable fortifications? The small army, indeed, fought bravely at Montmartre and Belleville (M. Thiers's "Battle of Paris"), but as soon as the first bomb had fallen in the city it capitulated. There is no scene more striking in history than when the news of this great calamity came to Napoleon. He had a powerful army, he could have saved Paris if she had held out, he might yet reappear there and make the capital the

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tomb of the invaders. But the political situation was too strong for him; his own marshals put extreme pressure upon him, and said the army had no more blood to spill; and he himself admitted that "abdication was the idea of the hour." Even while signing the act of abdication he declared he could still beat them. One consolation, such as it was, he had: "England has done me much harm, undoubtedly; but I have left a poisoned arrow in her side. It is I who augmented that national debt that will press on future generations, and will become an unceasingly oppressive if not overwhelming burden to her." We think that it was on the night of the very day when he spoke of poisoning England that the emperor took poison himself, but ineffectually. He exclaimed: "How difficult death is here, and how easy on the field of battle! Ah! why did I not die at Arcis-sur-Aube?"

I do not know what may be my reader's private opinion of the Great Duke of Marlborough. Some of them may agree with Sir Archibald Alison in looking upon him as the great hero; others, with Lord Macaulay, in regarding him as the great villain of history. But all agree in regarding him as a great man, who humbled the pride of France, who raised the fame of England, and who was a mighty instrument in bringing about great events. God "maketh even the wrath of man to praise him;" and though there may have been little to please him in Marlborough's life, yet that life might be none the less directed by his providence. In thinking over the earlier career of the great duke, some sets of circumstances appear to be so providential that, as illustrations of "the hand of God in history," I think it well to put them down.

About the year 1670—that may be taken as a convenient date for the period—the power of France overshadowed all Christendom. Louis XIV., a selfish, cruel, bigoted voluptua-

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ry, was the absolute tyrant of the country. His neighbors dreaded his encroachments, and in the open field had found reason to tremble at his power. One country alone might have entered the lists against France, either as a single opponent or as the soul of an alliance. This was England—England, that in old historic wars had so often overthrown the chivalry of France, and, only twelve years before, under the lion-hearted Protector, had revived the fame of her ancient prowess. But a weak, sinful, guilty man, Charles II., was then king of England, and found in his brother of France a congenial spirit. He joined with Louis in a wicked conspiracy against the civil and religious liberties of the world. A secret treaty, of a character truly infamous, was concluded in 1670, at Dover, by which, practically, Charles sold England into the hands of the king of France. For a stipulated sum of money he really became the vassal of Louis. Nor was this all. The king of France was then engaged in a war against the Protestant Dutch, whom he hated with peculiar rancor. England, at the time of the great Queen Elizabeth, had been of the most essential assistance to Holland, in establishing and fostering her liberties and her religion. Charles was now prepared to join with Louis in crushing both. He covenanted to send him some troops to assist in the subjugation of Holland.

There was in those days at the court of London a soldier of fortune named Churchill. He was descended of a good stock—on his mother's side from the renowned sea-captain Drake. He was a man of great ability, of great daring, of surpassing personal beauty. He had gone out some time before, under the notorious Colonel Kirke, to the African fortress of Tangier, a place which had lately come into the possession of the English through the king's marriage with Catherine of Braganza. He was now in London, and, as we should say in

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modern parlance, quite the rage. He stole away the hearts of all the court beauties. Among the rest, the king's chief favorite, the Countess of Castlemain, was in love with him, and made him the present of a little fortune. King Charles was violently jealous of his good-looking subject, as far as his easy, languid nature was susceptible of violent jealousy. He thought it best to get rid of Churchill by giving him a company of horse to serve in the French army against Holland.

Churchill was very popular among the French. He went by the name of "the handsome Englishman." The war went disastrously for the Dutch, and that brave, industrious people was reduced to the utmost despair. Churchill distinguished himself greatly—so greatly, indeed, that King Louis XIV. publicly thanked him at the head of his army, and promised to use his influence to procure him promotion. According to all human calculation, France was now, and was long likely to be, at the head of the world. This alliance with the king of England, this presence of the English troops on the French side, were not the least proofs of it. And yet these very facts were now developing circumstances which hereafter should tell with deadly effect against the French. The English army, from the insularity of their country, had not had much experience in general warfare; but they were now thoroughly drilled in the Continental system. Churchill obtained the best military education in the world. He learned fortification through the famous engineer Vauban, and the science of war from those most famous generals, Condé and Turenne: arts of siege and arts of warfare which he afterward turned against his teachers on many memorable occasions.

Now is not all this very remarkable, say providential, that a worthless king, for the sake of a worthless minion, should send the most soldierly genius in England to learn the dread trade of war in the best military school in the world? that France,

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who in the insolence of success employed these English soldiers, should thus be training an army which should hereafter reduce her to the verge of ruin and despair? that Marlborough should learn from the marshals of France those lessons which enabled him afterward to bring them to defeat and disgrace? that King Louis of France should himself personally obtain the promotion of the man who proved to be his deadliest enemy, and put him on the high road to great military rank, which was eventually the means of covering his own gray hairs with well-merited shame and disappointment?

Let us now pass over a term of thirty years. We come to the scene of Marlborough's most famous triumphs, and an occasion of a great peril and deliverance. That dashing Captain Churchill has become the great Earl of Marlborough. On various occasions, in various critical campaigns, he has proved his great genius. This he has done in the civil wars of England, and in the Low Countries. The Grand Alliance has now been formed, to curb the towering ambition of Louis. Marlborough is the generalissimo of the army. The campaign of the first year of the war has just been fought; it was a year unmarked by any such victory as those which afterward ensued—Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet—but, nevertheless, Marlborough's success had been brilliant; he had taken several important places; especially, he had captured the city of Liége. The campaign was now over; all hostilities were suspended by the winter. The army had gone into winter quarters.

Marlborough set out from Flanders to proceed to the Hague. Some Dutch commissioners were in his company. He resolved to do part of his journey by water, and embarked on the Meuse. The Meuse is an affluent of the Rhine, and retains many of the beauties of the parent stream. Although the livery of winter was on land and stream, the river

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was still navigable, and its banks presented much of that eminently pleasing scenery which at the present day delights multitudes of tourists. The boat preserved an easy, prosperous course. Every thing around was as peaceful as if there was a general pacification, instead of universal war. The many-sided Marlborough must have enjoyed this peaceful change. Perhaps he anticipated the wide field now open for his genius and ambition, exulting in the success which he had just attained, and looking forward to plans of future victory.

If such were his meditations, they were destined to be rudely interrupted. A band of marauding Frenchmen, in the love of adventure or desire of plunder, were just at this time making a daring incursion on the banks of the Meuse. They saw the boat, and from its size and equipment judged that it might be a prize of unusual value. Passengers and boatmen included, the whole crew were quite incapable of competing with the superior number of Frenchmen. The French soon perceived and used their opportunity; the crew were surrounded, the boat seized, and all were made prisoners.

Yes, there was no doubt at all about the humiliating fact; the great Earl of Marlborough, the generalissimo of the allied armies, was a prisoner in the hands of the French. Not at the close of some late-contested field, in honorable defeat by the fair, open foe, was the great commander taken captive, but thus ingloriously by a band of mere marauders. It was not for him to wield the thunderbolts of war. Immured in some strong fortress, he would perhaps drag on his days as a dishonored prisoner, while others fought the campaigns and won the battles of the day.

The French dealt with their prize in sharp, business-like fashion; they overhauled the boat to look for any valuables it might contain. To their extreme satisfaction the search proved exceedingly, abundantly productive. Valuable plate,

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rich furs and coverings, a round sum of money, handsome wearing apparel formed their lucky booty. They then turned round to investigate their prisoners; it was just possible that they might be persons of rank, very well worth the capturing. If they had only known it, there was one prisoner there worth that boatful of gold, yea, that boatful of gold told ten times over; ay, and if the king of France with prescient eye could have read the future, he would have promoted the captain of the band to the third place in the kingdom if he had brought Marlborough as a prisoner to Versailles. If this had only been the case, the fate of the war and the history of Europe might have been different.

The Dutchmen were overhauled—solid, robust, substantial men. Not much was to be made out of them. The Frenchmen must have perceived that Marlborough was treated with high consideration, but his real rank did not transpire. Even the intrepid spirit of Marlborough must have quailed in this moment of consternation and danger. Just at this crisis his servant noiselessly came behind him, and slipped a piece of paper into his hand.

With his usual presence of mind, Marlborough did nothing to betray the incident; but he found an opportunity to take a quick glance at the paper.

It was an old passport—a passport which had been made many years ago—a passport which belonged to himself. It was made out to him under the name of General Churchill.

His captors came to examine him. He exhibited the passport; the title of Marlborough did not appear there. If it had, he would have been seized at once, with the utmost joy and delight; but his captors, ignorant and unlearned men, though the name of Marlborough was then ringing in all ears, did not recognize the former appellation. To them the passport was a mere credential of respectability.

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What should they do with the prisoners? This was now an object of consultation. Perhaps the dark thought occurred to them that they had better put them to death. This is what would have been done immediately in ancient times. Happily, Christianity, even in the worst wars, has mitigated materially the ferocious spirit of warfare. Should they take their prisoners to France? There were serious difficulties in the way. It would not be easy to carry away their prisoners as well as their booty. Besides, the country might be aroused, and they might be compelled to abandon both. After all, their booty had been very satisfactory. Besides, these poor people had lost all their property. Ultimately they determined to do them no further harm, but let them proceed on their journey.

With what a feeling of relief Marlborough must have watched their vanishing forms! In due season he arrived in safety at the Hague. He was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was redoubled when his narrow escape from captivity became known. And now all Marlborough's previous successes were thrown into the shade by the wonderful victories which have made Marlborough a household name in England for all time. So greatly was that name dreaded by the foe that the French nurses long hushed their children to sleep by telling them that Marlborough was coming. Napoleon counted him the first of modern generals; and when setting out on his Russian campaign he whistled the air, "Marlbrook s'en va t'en guerre," a romantic remembrance of the renown of the great captain.

The great Schlegel does not hesitate to speak of turning-points in a man's life where the Spirit of the Living God has interposed; and there is a crisis not only for individuals, but for nations, and for the world. In some deeply moving catastrophe of a man's life it makes a distinct and speaking mani-

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festation of itself, working in him a total change of his feelings and sentiments. But the Spirit's flaming sword of judgment may be turned not only upon individuals, but also upon whole nations and ages, to divert them from error and unbelief, and to lead them back to truth. Lastly, it may also be directed toward the whole world and the whole human race.

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CHAPTER XV.

Force of Adverse Circumstances.

HITHERTO we have chiefly dwelt on the bright side of human endeavor, but there is also a dark side to be stated. There are those who have turned the corner and gone down hill; who have come to the turning-point and have taken the wrong turning; who have come to the spot where the two roads parted off, and have stood a little while and gone a little way, and have come back and pondered, and have then definitely made up their minds—in the wrong direction. Let us consider this a little.

I suppose that there is no expression more commonly used among young men than "going to the bad." Now it may be well to inquire what this "going to the bad" may happen to mean.

In the first place, the number of men who, born under fair stars and with fair prospects, nevertheless "go to the bad," is awful, is simply incalculable. It is a subject which suggests many sad reflections. It is one which belongs to every man's experience, and, the wider the experience, the more decisive becomes the observation of failure and downfall. Thackeray used to dwell upon the doctrine that there was a skeleton in every closet. If he meant that each man had some dark secrets in his mind which he dared not reveal, I think he was wrong in that impression. It was a libelous hit at human nature. Such a position would be intolerable to a Christian man and a gentleman. Depend upon it, he has opened the door

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and window of his closet, and has exorcised the ghost. But if it is meant that there is some *mauvais sujet* in each family, some member, perhaps deeply beloved, who has altogether gone wrong, then I suspect that the saying is true. It is said, for instance, by our teetotal friends—let us hope that they have put a pardonable spice of exaggeration into the matter—that there is no single family but has a drunkard in it.

Let us look at cases in which people break down.

I suppose most of us know the "agony" column in the London *Times*. I don't suppose that people invent hints of agonizing stories for the mere sake of spending seven shillings on an advertisement. What touching hints of family history do we find there! How often the intimation, clear or veiled, that some one has "gone astray!". That is the pretty uniform tenor of a large proportion of these very curious advertisements.

We hear a great deal of people who emerge from the working-class—which, indeed, is not a class, but the stuff and staple from which all classes are formed—and a bracing, healthful, cheering reading it is, though perhaps a little misleading to many hopeful aspirants, yet telling us how poor men, by energy, skill, and character, have attained fame and fortune. It is always exhilarating to read records of progress. But the wheel of life revolves. There is both upward and downward. If there are men who emerge from the masses and win their way upward, there are also men who lose their position, gravitate downward, and are lost in the masses.

Let a man run over the list of his school-fellows, and he will find that a considerable proportion of them have been ruined for life.

At college we often hear of a man "going to the bad." It is the most mournful bit of college slang I know. To some it only means that a man has taken a very low class instead of a high class, or has been plucked instead of taking any class

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at all. Or perhaps it means that a man has accumulated a great deal of debt, which his friends have much difficulty in discharging, or which has become a great incubus upon himself. There is no doubt but these are serious things in themselves, and the precursors to things still more serious. But university men who burn the candle at both ends little imagine the smoke and sputtering with which the darkness comes on. Gunning, in his "Reminiscences of Cambridge," speaks of several cases within his experience. Once a gentleman, called out at dinner to see a poor wretch lying senseless in a cart, recognized the wreck of a university man who had been one of the most courted and brilliant members of the best society of his day. You ask after such a man, and you find he left college one night suddenly, and long years passed before he turned up as usher in the vulgarest of commercial schools. Another has left hopelessly in debt, and has been unable to take a degree. Another has been refused his college testimonials, and consequently can not take a family-living. His relations allow him a pound a week, on the strength of which he degenerates into a useless vagabond. Another enlisted in the Line, and went out as a common soldier to India. Another is in the police force. Another is driving a hansom. Another is in the fire brigade. Another emigrated to America, working his way behind the mast. The other day a cabman touched his hat to a gentleman, who recognized in him an old schoolfellow. I do not cite these cases as being altogether unfortunate. Doubtless each shows a great fall off from a university career, but still there was decent bread honestly earned. But there are many worse cases than these. A man starving in a garret at Islington; a man turned bush-ranger in Australia; a man dying in a work-house; a man convicted at the bar of the Old Bailey, and so on, are instances of that most serious tragedy that may underlie the slang saying of "going to the

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bad." A very common form of a man "going to the bad" is that he drinks himself to death, or is cut off by disease which is his own fault. A man, to use another slang expression, may sow his wild oats, but he is never sure when he has finished reaping them.

All such persons had their turning-points. You might trace up the evil to its genesis. A critical moment came to them unknown, when they had to choose between the right hand and the left, and the choice, apparently arbitrary, was most probably led up irresistibly by antecedent events to a foregone conclusion.

Take another set of cases, where the moral obliquity is not equally apparent. All of a sudden a man is arrested suddenly by some great misfortune. It is not in reality any fault of his. The blow comes with a crushing force, and is not, in many cases, without a very serious and sometimes a deleterious effect upon his character.

A bank suddenly fails. One man loses his whole fortune. Another has a mere nothing, and he loses that nothing.

Mr. Reade in one of his novels makes a man lose his money at a bank. He then turns atheist, and burns the family Bible.

Even a sorer trial than the loss of fortune is the indifference and neglect with which the world, or mere summer friends, "flies of estate and sunshine," view such misfortunes.

I knew a man once who had possessed a considerable fortune and some literary reputation. By some fell stroke he lost the whole of his property—by a stroke sudden, fatal, and irretrievable. He went round to his friends to try and get some help. Among others he went to the late Lord Macaulay, then Mr. Macaulay. He came at an inopportune moment. Macaulay had just lost his seat for Edinburgh, and, refusing to sit for any other constituency, he resigned office, and some five thousand a year with it. The Whigs were at that time firmly in

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office, and he was abandoning a large income apparently insured for years. He received my poor friend with the greatest kindness, and handed him thirty pounds, adding, if I remember aright, many kind words and promises of further assistance. The poor man dwelt greatly on Macaulay's cheering kindness. He told me, apparently in accordance with some scientific vagary, that he made dinner the single meal of the twenty-four hours. I know some people have had the idea, and acted upon it, not unprosperously, but the sickening thought occurs to me that perhaps it was want or forced economy that made my poor friend adopt the theory. His only means of support was the giving lessons in German. He was called in to give lessons to some family, that of a great dignitary, who had known him on equal terms in his days of affluence. The callousness, the uninterested and matter-of-course way in which they took his misfortunes—above all, the manner in which they abandoned their cordiality toward an old friend for an indifference toward a new language-master, weighed heavily upon his spirits. One day the luckless German master committed suicide by cutting his throat.

In such cases it can hardly be broadly asserted that a man has by his own misconduct gone utterly the wrong way. There has been some staggering blow of adversity, and his nature has reeled and sunk beneath it. Some splendid stroke of prosperity might have had an equally disastrous effect. A man told me once that, having come into an unexpected legacy, he had no sleep in consequence for eleven nights. I think that people who speak of such prolonged sleeplessness unconsciously exaggerate, and do not allow for some surreptitious winks: life, without any sleep at all, could hardly be sustained beyond a few days. Once I traveled in a railway carriage in the north of France, and met a madman in charge of his keepers. They told me that the unhappy man had

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suddenly come into a large fortune, and had lost his reason. Dr. Forbes Winslow has a striking anecdote in that striking and most remarkable work on the "Obscurer Diseases of the Mind." A man on the Stock Exchange one day made ten thousand pounds. His brain was turned in a moment. He commenced saying "Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds!" and went on saying it, with incredible rapidity, through many weary months of madness. One is very sorry to refer madness to a sufferer's own fault, but a sounder moral sense, undebased by excessive love of money, might have averted such a catastrophe.

There is only one way of meeting such misfortunes as may assuredly come to us. So to speak, we live in the trembling valleys, such as those below the slopes of Etna, and are liable to the fiery irruption.

There is only one way of meeting the instances where men break down, or come to grief in consequence of some sudden stroke of fortune or misfortune—the two opposing poles, arctic and antarctic, on which one is equally liable to be wrecked. A man's philosophy will not suffice. It would conduct us either to Epicureanism or Stoicism. The one is an organized selfishness, that would turn wealth to basest uses; the other, a pride and inhuman disdain of outward circumstances that in an extreme case would take refuge from sorrow in suicide. It is only the ballasted mind which, self-poised, would be unswayed by veering currents. However far back removed the stages of the radical defect may be, the matter narrows itself at last to the want of that religious sense which determines the relative proportion of things. Where the overwhelming thought of a future life is present, it absorbs minor cares and elevates ordinary motives. Neither is it any answer to say that men who profess to be actuated by such motives often practically forget them. I have somewhere read of a man

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who day by day was approaching some vast mountain, whether Alp, or Andes, or Himalayan. The vast snowy height above him, however, governed all the horizon, and dominated all other natural phenomena. It might be that any casual employment or chain of thought caused a brief forgetfulness. It might be that the interposition of a hand's breadth before the eyes served to blot out the mountain from the view. But there was no confusion of thought between the relative proportions of the hand's breadth and of the mountain. Even so in life, when the great aspiration of immortality is firmly grasped, there human things sink into a comparative insignificance. There will be little of permanent elation or permanent depression. The inequalities on the earth's surface are as nothing when we are simply considering the magnitude of the earth.

There is always a consolation for those who may look back sorrowfully on life, and think, as Mr. Dickens made one of his characters say, "that it is all a muddle!" and, as one man sorrowfully said toward the end of his life, that "his youth was a blunder, his manhood a struggle, and his old age a regret." The blunder, the struggle, and the regret may have formed part of the discipline of life. It would have been ill indeed for a man to be able to assert that his youth was triumph, his manhood rest, and his old age comfort and complacency. All men need through errors to attain to truth, through struggles to victory, through regrets to that sorrow which is a very source of life, that repentance which is not to be repented of. Men must rise in an ever-ascending scale, like that ladder of St. Augustine, by which men, through stepping-stones of their dead selves, rise to higher things, or those steps of Alciphron, the Epicurean, which crumbled away into nothingness as fast as each footfall left them. Our very mistakes in life may be overruled for a higher end, and our very tears water spiritual

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growth that may be rich with immortal foliage and fruit. It is not, after all, what a man may have been, but what a man is, which makes his true happiness and fixes his real state. If only we are saved at last, if only we escape safe to shore, it matters little though we are only rescued in clinging to spars and broken pieces of the ship. When one views the miseries of humanity, where perhaps some single act has ruined a whole life, and has brought a misery that seems incommensurate to the offense, there is only one way in which consolation can be found. This sharp suffering may be remedial, and indeed essential for life. The image that comforts one most is that suggested by surgery. You see a surgeon about to perform some operation which we know will inflict pain, and perhaps be perilous to life. The instruments look so cold and keen and bright, and there seems something almost cruel about the surgeon as with calm nerve and decision he proceeds to operate. But his course is dictated by skill and wisdom, and frequently enough by the purest benevolence. This is just the same way that we may believe God deals with us. Having endowed his creatures with free will, we may say that a state of sin follows at once on the power of free volition. And all the sorrow of life is but the Divine Master's hand cutting away the diseased portions of our nature, that we may live and not die. The force of adverse circumstances is one of the weapons in the divine arsenal whereby our self-discipline is accomplished, and we are brought out of ourselves by the sorrow that comes not from the ground, and the trouble that comes not from the dust, into simple dependence on a supernatural power.

"You thought, by efforts of your own,
To take at last each jarring tone
Out of your life, till all should meet
In one majestic music sweet;

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And deemed that in your own heart's ground
The root of good was to be found;
And that by careful watering,
And earnest tendance, we might bring
The bud, the blossom, and the fruit
To grow and flourish from that root;
You deemed you needed nothing more
Than skill and courage to explore
Deep down enough in your own heart
To where the well-head lay apart,
Which must the springs of being feed,
And that these fountains did not need
The soil that choked them moved away,
To bubble in the open day.
But thanks to heaven it is not so;
That root a richer soil doth know
Than our poor hearts could e'er supply:
That stream is from a source more high;
From God it came, to God returns,
Not nourished from our scanty urns,
But fed from his unfailing river,
Which runs, and will run on forever."*

There is somewhere on our coast a fountain within high-water mark on the sea-shore. Twice a day the tide spreads over it, and the pure, sweet water is defiled and spoiled by the salt, bitter wave. But the tide goes down, and the fountain washes itself clear from the defilement. As that troubled sea goes down once more the fountain gushes pure and sweet beneath the pure, sweet heavens. This is the emblem of a life that is in daily conflict with the world and with adverse circumstances. Again and again it is overpowered by those perplexed circumstances and tumultuous voices, but these all subside, and the soul is left alone with God.

* Archbishop Trench.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Theories of Life.

EVERY man is, in some sort of way, a philosopher. As he accumulates the facts of experience he begins to generalize from them. A man more and more perceives the immense importance of *intention* as determining the moral quality of actions. Somehow a man finds the necessity of clinging to some moral support. In cases of failure he will at least try to have the consolation that he acted for the best. Very probably the man turns an optimist, believing that every thing has really been for the best; or even if he turns pessimist, determinately believing that every thing has happened for the worst, he is still constructing some kind of philosophy for himself.

Of course many men can only philosophize these philosophies in a very crude kind of way. Many, on the other side, do so in a very elaborate and complicated manner. But whether men distinctly formulate their views or not, they certainly do make out some kind of theory of life for themselves. Here is our life, and the question is, "What shall we do with it?" In such an inquiry every thing depends on what theory of life we may adopt. There are various theories of life before the world. *Approfondissez*—go to the bottom of things—is a motto that has a wide predominance at the present day. Men are not so well content as they used to be with being practical atheists, but in an age of general discussion and information they seek some basis of argument that may give color to and explain their lives. The question that un-

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derlies the whole matter is whether we believe in a Living God, and, supposing we believe in him, whether we regard him as a Loving Father, loving and caring for his children, or whether we regard him simply as the impersonation of the causes which are at work in the material universe, "looking with sober satisfaction upon the successful expansion of the original seed which commenced the formation of the vast material organism."

A man, therefore, must arrive at some solid view of human life. He must not be one of those who are ever learning and yet never able to come to a knowledge of the truth. Until the central idea of life is adjusted, we shall be unable to find a balanced and well-ordered life. A man will, indeed, be ever proceeding in knowledge, and from time to time he will have to put his added experience and ideas into definite relation with his belief. Some people form their opinions dogmatically, and then, as they say, lay them on the shelf. Others always hold their opinions "in solution," prepared to modify or reject them on any advent of further light. An opinion permanently laid upon the shelf, or, on the other hand, one only retained in a settled state of unsettledness, seems equally removed from an intelligent holding of it. A man will, above all things, hold the love of truth. He will reverence truth as he does his conscience. But having sought carefully for it, and attained it, not as a matter of opinion, but from all the best thought and experience, he will seek to be settled and grounded. Above all, he will know that, with the safeguard of a pure, unselfish, and laborious life, he can not wander far from it. He will know, indeed, that there may be an inaccuracy and incompleteness in his views which time alone can clarify and extend; and in his own mind he will be constantly adjusting the relations of things new to things old. He will also constantly hold the supreme majesty of truth, and wel-

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come every fact, however opposed to his dearest beliefs, which is brought home by irrefragable argument or fact. But he holds firmly to his belief, since he has sought to build upon a rock, and has so built up the edifice of his faith from deep waters and amid many storms; and he feels pretty certain that no difficulties will represent that investigation and thought with which former difficulties have been overcome. What Philip van Artevelde says is especially true of religion:

> "All my life long
> I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
> And from among them chose considerately,
> And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purpose."

The great tendency of the present day is in the direction of physical science. We observe, we note, we examine and cross-examine facts, and from phenomena we attain to law. For a time we seem bound up and delivered over to dead, impersonal, pitiless laws. The world seems as some vast manufactory, in which we hear incessantly the clash and whirring of a complex machinery. But we come to learn that the Lawgiver is behind his laws, and that, paradoxical as it may sound, while he hides himself behind them, he also reveals himself through them. For these laws, too, are "emanations of the all-beauteous mind." In a sense they shadow forth the Divinity that contrived them. Moreover, we learn the limitations of these laws; that there are other facts, the facts of mind and conscience, as certain as any material facts, though unamenable to physical law. As Mr. Palgrave strikingly says:

> "To matter or to force
> The All is not confined;
> Beside the law of things
> Is set the law of mind;

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One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the brain,
In unison at times,
And then apart again;
And both in one have brought us hither,
That we may know our whence and whither.

"The sequences of law
We learn through mind alone;
'Tis only through the Soul
That aught we know is known:
With equal voice she tells
Of what we touch and see
Within these bounds of life
And of a life to be;
Proclaiming one who brought us hither,
And holds the keys of whence and whither."

Or as Principal Shairp* acutely puts it: "One thing often said before must be repeated. This supposed necessity to rest in the perception of ordered phenomena is no necessity at all, but an artificial and arbitrarily imposed limitation, against which thought left to its natural action rebels. It is impossible for any reflective mind, not dominated by a system, to regard the ordered array of physical forces, and to rest satisfied with this order, without going on to ask whence it came, what placed it there. Thought can not be kept back, when it sees arrangement, from asking what is the arranging power; when it sees existence, from inquiring how it came to exist; and the question is a natural and legitimate one, in spite of all that phenomenalism may say against it, and it will not cease to be asked while there are reasoning men to ask it."

* I must in this chapter express my obligations to Principal Shairp's admirable little book, "Culture and Religion," which I would venture very strongly to recommend.

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Men will, either consciously or unconsciously, philosophize on life; and there is no greater "moment" than when a man resolutely takes up some system of life, and determines to abide by it. Here is Professor Huxley's famous view: "That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order—ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or art; to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself." This is a noble passage, regarded as an eloquent exposition of a merely scientific theory of culture. But it is concerned merely with the phenomena of life. We are to take all the facts of life; we are to look at human life as a game, as Professor Huxley goes on to explain, in which we are to seek to win for ourselves. Man is to be "the servant of a tender conscience;" but we are at a loss to see how, under such a system, a tender conscience is to be framed. God is reduced to an automaton, a mere personification of dead law. Such a system, if consistent with itself, would abjure the moral elements; but, by the introduction of high-sounding moral phrases, we have to see how far it is consistent. The whole merit of life is made to consist in winning a merely human game. But how does it apply to those who have been liberated from merely secular aims; those who have been content to sacrifice all the ordi-

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nary aims of life, who have been content to labor and suffer and die, if knowledge can be extended, if society can be purified, if the limits of the kingdom of Christ can be enlarged? Would the true heroes of the world ever have done any thing on this view of life? Some men lay the greatest stress upon culture—that new and somewhat artificial word on which so much is built up by our philosophical culturists, of whom, perhaps, Mr. Matthew Arnold is the greatest exponent since Göthe. But it is important to have a clear idea of what is really meant by culture. "Culture," says Principal Shairp, "is not a product of mere study. Learning may be got from books, but not culture. It is a mere living process, and requires that the student shall at times close his books, leave his solitary room, and mingle with his fellow-men. He must seek the intercourse of living hearts as well as of dead books—especially the companionship of those of his own contemporaries whose minds and characters are fitted to instruct, elevate, and sweeten his own. Another thing required is the discipline which must be carried on by each man in himself; the learning of self-control, the forming of habits, the effort to overcome what is evil, and to strengthen what is good in his own nature. But to enumerate all the means of culture would be impossible, seeing they are wide as the world, and the process begins with the cradle, and we may well believe does not end with the grave." This eloquent writer goes on to argue: "Start from the manward pole, and go along the line honestly and thoroughly, and you land in the divine one. Start from the divine pole, and carry out all that it implies, and you land in the manward pole, or the perfection of humanity. Ideally considered, then, culture must culminate in religion, and religion in culture." But most men find it difficult to reconcile the two, and reconcile the claims of culture and religion. But if we refuse to limit culture by any narrow definition, if

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we refuse to confine culture within the limits of positivism, and make it embrace the nature of man in its totality, then culture must rise to some better idea of culture than that entertained by the culturists.

Of these, Göthe would probably be considered the chief. He endeavored to confine culture entirely within the limits of human development. There is probably nothing contrary to this, even in the second part of "Faust," although the Germans have imported into Göthe, as they have imported into Shakespeare, very much of what Göthe or Shakespeare must have been altogether unconscious. Göthe was a many-sided man, and it is impossible to contemplate without wonder all that he did in the development of his nature in so many varied relations. But the career was not a satisfactory one, and a darkness seems to rest upon it at the last. His purely selfish system was not one which traveled beyond the precincts of sense. The philosophy of Shakespeare, if he may be said to have held a philosophy, was like Comte's, like Göthe's, like Bacon's, in its natural system, entirely limited to the facts of this life, ignoring those higher spiritual facts, which, though immeasurable, imponderable, invisible, are as true as any of the objective facts of nature.

I can not but think that Mr. Tennyson's fine poem of the "Palace of Art" portrays the soul that has built up its rest in every thing that can administer gratification to the senses and the intellect, but has found all this utterly break down in a moment of supreme trial. When the fool in the parable says, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," I do not understand by these goods that which relates merely to the eating, drinking, and making merry. The expression is used of the soul that trusts to its own powers and its own resources, trusts to that which is altogether external to the love and will of God.

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The Soul abides in the wide, royal palace, lavished with every thing of literature and art, of all that the "supreme Caucasian mind" can invent or suggest, and filled with contempt for humbler men.

"O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the great and wise,
My gods with whom I dwell!

"O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain;
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain!

. . . . . .

"Then of the moral instinct she would prate,
And of the rising from the dead,
As hers by right of full-accomplished fate,
And at the last she said:

"I take possession of man's mind and deed;
I care not what the sects may brawl;
I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

The downfall of that Soul is then set forth by the poet in the finest vein of human parabolic preaching.

I can very well understand how to many the pursuit of knowledge is indeed every thing. And the poet beautifully shows how knowledge may be gloriously used after the soul has gained the supreme good:

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there,
When I have purged my guilt."

I read the other day of a great man beginning to learn German after his fortieth year. When Robert Hall, aged and racked with pain, read Macaulay's first essay, he set to work

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at Italian in order to judge of the parallel drawn between Milton and Dante. I remember hearing of some Americans who imagined, in a moment of preternatural acuteness, that the judgment-day was at hand. They concluded, however, that the judgment-day could not find them better employed than lighting their candles and going to their proper business. A similar story is related of the most saintly of English judges.* A man might be profitably employed to the last day of his life in gathering up new facts in science or new conclusions. It is sometimes said that the next world finds us very much as this world leaves us. The remark is perhaps truer than might be supposed. Our stock of ideas and knowledge now may have some direct relation to that which we may start with hereafter.

But besides anti-Christian philosophical systems, there are practical plans and theories of life which, without rising to the dignity of being in any degree philosophical, do largely domi-

* "In the year 1666 an opinion did run through the nation that the end of the world would come that year. This had spread mightily among the people; and Judge Hale going that year the Western Circuit, it happened that as he was on the bench at the assizes, a most terrible storm fell out very unexpectedly, accompanied with such flashes of lightning and claps of thunder that the like will hardly fall out in an age: upon which a whisper or a rumor ran through the crowd, that now was the world to end and the day of judgment to begin; and on this there followed a general consternation in the whole assembly, and all men forgot the business they were met about, and betook themselves to their prayers. This, added to the horror raised by the storm, looked very dismally, insomuch that my informant, a man of no ordinary resolution and firmness of mind, confessed it made a great impression upon himself. But he told me that he did observe the judge not a whit affected, and was going on with the business of the court in his ordinary manner; from which he made this conclusion—that his thoughts were so well fixed, that he believed if the world had been really to end, it would have given him no considerable disturbance."—*Life of Sir Matthew Hale.*

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nate in the minds of many. There is no common denominator that can measure the immense difference between human minds. While one man's nature is entirely occupied in the cultivation of the intellectual faculties and the eradication of moral evil, another man's soul is wrapped up in dreams of pride, selfishness, and wealth One man's whole nature is deeply moved and troubled because he can not understand the origin of evil or the dealings of Providence, and another man's soul is troubled by no deeper emotions than those relating to the rise or fall of stock. We can not but think that in the ordinary novel one finds the expression of vulgar theories of life. It is easy to see of some French novelists that their imagination can invent no higher state of life than lots of pleasure, money, and wine, and to roll under some gorgeously laden table in the small hours of the morning.

Moreover, there is a point of view from which the most ordinary novel has its moral and psychological interest. If it tells us little else, it tells us a great deal about its author. It reveals to us many both of the most common and the most curious workings of the human mind. For the fortunes of the hero or the actors we have little sympathy. The hero may stop, or not, the runaway horse, with its lovely but senseless burden; the unjust will may stand or be critically overthrown as the judge is about to sum up; the villain may leave, or may not leave, a full confession of his guilt; so far as we ourselves are personally concerned, the narrative may quite fail to excite our flagging interest. But it is really worth while to examine the particular kind of mind which has produced a particular kind of novel. By use we may learn to discriminate between the real character of the novelist and the mere veneering of language. The novelist really answers a great many interrogatories which we might feel inclined to put to him. He truly goes into the confessional, whispers

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every fact of his history, unbares the cogitations of his soul. There are not many novels from which we may not, more or less, disentangle an autobiographical element. Only, as in the case of the confessional, though it may be interesting at first, there is a terrible sameness about it afterward. The character of this self-inculpating evidence is, however, mainly of a negative kind. We detect the want of earnestness and simplicity of feeling. We see the want of real discrimination of character, of true delicacy of mind. We see how thin and worthless and conventional is the whole estimate of life and character. We notice the absence of any broad sympathies, of any high aims, of any heart-felt religious motives. Most of all, we see what are the ordinary aspirations of essentially vulgar people. They reveal to us their day-dreams and reveries. We see their discontent, with the duties and the work they have to do, and their sighings after the boundless wealth and enjoyment which will really be their ruin. They permit us to observe what would be the Elysium of their souls. There was a merchant who wished for no better heaven than the world, with the addition of a good many more thousands in the funds. It is a heathenish notion—that of the Turk or Indian, who believes that the next world will be the heightened sensual pleasures of this life—which the novel-writer too often shares with the candid mercantile man we have cited. Nor is this all. The enervating scenes of luxury, and the suggestions of passion and voluptuousness, which are so invariable in sensational fiction, are, most probably, the reflex of the author's mind. It is quite possible that a woman may write sensational novels, as a mere branch of useful industry, while she spends most of her leisure time in cutting bread and butter for her children. But, generally, the world is right, in spite of indignant protests, in conceiving that some sort of relationship subsists between a writer and his works. It is not an agreeable idea that we

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derive from being favored with glimpses into these polluted chambers of imagination.

Of course we are very far from saying that the facile habit of novel composition has lost its value and compensation for many minds. Only too often it is the favorite occupation of the mannish woman or the womanish man. But on many minds it must act beneficially, as a gentle stimulant or a gentle sedative. To many it affords a natural outlet to overcharged feelings, to tender reminiscences, to the desire to vindicate uncomprehended characters and careers. Many natures expand into fiction as naturally as the earth into flowers or the birds into song. But in many cases it affords only an ugly exhibition of a false ideal of life. It would be a good plan, after people have written their novels, and have richly reaped occupation and pleasure from the pursuit, to commit the pages to the flames,

> "And watch with an unfaltering eye
> Their darling visions till they die."

There is one other subject of supreme importance which fitly belongs to this chapter, on which we can not dwell, but which we would not leave without a mention, although a mention altogether disproportioned to the real value of the subject. This is the question of a particular Providence presiding in the events of human life. On this point we shall content ourselves with reproducing the views of one who may almost be said to have solved this great enigma.

There is the difficulty of reconciling the belief in a superintending Providence with that of the free will and free agency of man, which question leads to the mysterious difficulty concerning the origin of evil. Dr. Coplestone, the late Bishop of Llandaff, regards the events of this life as subject to the control of Divine Providence, but he will not allow the belief of this controlling power to be contradictory to the belief of

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the freedom of human actions. He says, in his work on "Necessity and Predestination:" "It does not follow that because we believe this power to be exercised, therefore it is exercised to the exclusion of all other influence. And again, it may be (to speak in a manner adapted to human conceptions and human experience), it may be kept in reserve to act upon occasions: it may form the *plan* and the *outline*, and delegate the subordinate parts to minor agents; it may, for the purpose of exercising the fidelity and zeal of those agents, one while keep itself out of sight; or at another, to animate their exertions, let them perceive its presence; or, to check their folly and presumption, make them feel their dependence, and frustrate their endeavors; it may, supposing these agents to have a will of their own, incline that will to act conformably to their duty, by making that duty appear easy and agreeable, by removing obstacles and terrors, and placing attractive objects in their way; or, if the will be stubborn, it may make it feel the ill consequences of that stubbornness, and it may contrive that its perverseness shall defeat its own purpose, and forward some other purpose which is kind and beneficial; it may make the misconduct of one instrumental to his own correction, or to the improvement and fidelity of the rest, by showing, in ordinary cases of disobedience, the evils he brings upon himself, or, in cases of extreme depravity, the utter abandonment and ruin to which the delinquent is left."

He proceeds to say: "Does any part of such a scheme either detract from the notion of a Supreme Intelligence planning, governing, guiding, and accomplishing the whole; or can such a conception in the mind of man, of the scheme of Divine Providence, tend to relax his energy, to discourage his industry, to impair the distinctions of right and wrong, or weaken the principle of duty and obedience?"

It has been truly said that we can not help feeling, and this

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we collect to be Dr. Coplestone's opinion, that as God deals with us, so in effect we are; and that nothing can be more absurd and presumptuous than to deduce the nature and condition of man from any speculation about the attributes of God; or to begin with determining what God is, in order to decide upon our predicament in his creation.

Bishop Coplestone says: "Now if we consider how small a part of God's works, both in extent and in duration, our faculties can embrace, and, further, how intimately and variously connected all the parts of those works are, plainly indicating one scheme, of which the remotest parts have numerous and complicated relations with each other, so that much of what we see is essential to what we do not see, and to suppose one without the other would be a contradiction in terms as literal, though not so palpable, as a circle with unequal radii—when, I say, all our inquiries into nature only tend to impress upon our minds this wonderful concatenation; and when, again, a scheme perfectly analogous to this has been traced in the *moral* world, insomuch that in the history of mankind there is no one event, however trivial, but may have intimate and essential connections with all other events, however grand and important; and these connections may run out into all possible combinations, and multiply to all infinity; when, I say, we reflect on all this, he must, indeed, be a rash and vain reasoner who does not admit the *probability* that all his own perplexities arise from imperfect acquaintance with the objects of his speculation; and that where facts militate against his reasonings, some impossible condition was involved in his own expectations, something destructive of the very essence of that thing which was the main object of his thoughts.

"And thus we may conclude with regard to all questions in which the infinite power of God is represented as being irreconcilable with something that either is, or is alleged to be

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—that unless an actual contradiction can be pointed out in the terms of the proposition, no difficulties can justify a denial of its possibility—and, on the other hand, that many of those things which fill us with difficulty to account for are necessary conditions to other things, the existence of which we assume, and could not without involving a contradiction have been otherwise. So that what we first thought to be *impossibilities*, turn out to be only *difficulties;* and, on the other hand, many of the *difficulties* which perplex us in the scheme of Providence are such that the removal of them, keeping other things as they are, would be an *impossibility*."

Similarly, that amiable metaphysician, Abraham Tucker, says: "A universal Providence, disposing all events without exception, leaves no room for freedom; but there is such Providence, therefore no freedom; or, on the other side, there is a freedom of the will, therefore no such Providence. Thus, both parties lay down the same major, without which they would make no scruple to admit the minor assumed by their antagonist. But the most sober and considerate part of mankind, induced by the strong evidences both of freedom and Providence, have forborne to pronounce them incompatible, *the only obstacle against* the reception of either; yet look upon their consistency as one of those mysteries which we are forced to admit, though we can not explain."

The question has been thus summed up: "It is indeed impossible not to feel, with Dr. Coplestone and the author of the 'Analogy,' that a state of probation is almost included under the idea of God's moral government of the world, and that the notion of a righteous judgment hereafter implies some sort of temptation to do what is wrong. Such, too, is the *natural* government of God. We find ourselves placed in a balance between right and wrong, with a power of choice, and an anticipation of the consequences of that choice. Present fru-

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ition and succeeding pain, present forbearance and consequent enjoyment, mark out to us plainly a sort of conditional covenant which God has made with us in respect to our passage through this temporal state; and that which constitutes our trial in our temporal capacity does also constitute it in our religious capacity: the description of the one will be a description of the other, if only what we call temporal interest in the one place we call future in another, and substitute virtue for prudence in speaking of the trial for a future life. Thus our trials of difficulties and dangers, in our temporal and religious capacities, are evidently analogous and correspondent. Why we are involved in hazards which our Almighty Parent foresees will end, in some cases, in our confusion and misery; or why any sort of danger or hazard should be imposed on mortals; why evil is permitted to reign in the world; how all this is to be reconciled with the character of infinite mercy: these are matters which Dr. Coplestone does not pretend to tell us, but leaves them as difficulties of speculation, so to remain till we are furnished with higher degrees of intelligence than it is the lot of our present nature to enjoy. We have no business with the speculation at all; we can know nothing of God but in his relations to man, and those relations he practically points out, and positively reveals; and there our inquiries must rest, or terminate in disappointment and confusion."

We will take one more citation—it shall be from Principal Shairp—on the practical bearing of the question:

"To be thus perfectly single-hearted and candid is, I know, a most difficult attainment. Entire candor and honesty regarding ourselves, instead of being the first, is one of the last and highest attainments of a perfectly fashioned character. But though this is true, it is also the beginning of all well-doing: without some measure of it, even though weak and un-

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steady, no good thing can begin. We must be honest with ourselves, desire to know the truth about ourselves; desire, however faintly, to be better than we are, or there is no bettering possible for us. But if this desire is in us, it is the germ out of which all good may come. The first honest acting out of this desire will be to face conscience, as I said, to walk according to the light we have, to do the immediate thing we know to be right, and then more light will follow.

"We shall desire to get beyond mere notional religion, and to lay a living hold on living truth. And the way to do this is to take our common thoughts of right and wrong into the light of God, and connect them with him, and act them out in the conviction that they come straight from him. One of the first results of such an effort to act up to conscience will be the conviction that there is in us something essentially wrong inwardly, which, of ourselves, we are quite unable to set right; that to do this is a task to which our own internal resources are wholly inadequate; and the more honestly the attempt is made, the more entirely will a man feel that the powers of restoration he needs must lie out of himself, above himself. Of such powers no tidings reach him from any quarter of the universe, save only from the Revelation that is in Christ."

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Philosophy of Life.

It is perfectly possible to construct a scheme of the social philosophy of life. Something of the nature of such a plan might be almost gathered from the preceding pages. Men practically either adopt a religious theory or a secular theory of life. Now, after the theory has been adopted, there is room for a great deal of tact in the management of the details of human life. You may make the best of it or you may make the worst of it; or you may, to an indefinite extent, spoil and curtail it. The one great business of human life is attained when the soul has been led to conscious affiance in its Maker through the work of the Redeemer. But the business of life is not concluded then. Any school of religion that can so regard life is essentially defective. Rather, it is only just begun. The goal is reached that shall be our starting-point. In ordinary theological language it is said that henceforth the life of the believer must be one of holiness, that he must grow in grace and in knowledge, and that he lives now that his life may be a process of sanctification to his spirit. That also must be accepted as substantial truth. But there is a further truth beyond this that must be accepted and explained, and the want of it has been the cause of much narrowness and intolerance. God has placed us on this earth, and amid the relationships of life, in order that we may grow in the love and knowledge of his works as of himself, and also of man, his greatest and dearest work of all.

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Thus every province of knowledge may become informed with a religious motive, and be made subsidiary to divine life. The two hemispheres of knowledge are those which relate to nature and to man. In studying nature we obtain glimpses of the Divine Mind. Each fact is part of the divine order. If the Almighty has been pleased to exhibit his exquisite skill and wisdom in the construction of organic forms, it may be reverently said that in the investigation and reconstruction of such forms we are walking in his steps. If we believe that in history or in contemporary life we see the development of his moral laws and the superintendence of his providence, the observation and investigation of such history is an intellectual pursuit which becomes glorified in the light of religion. The acquisition of intellectual truth becomes part of religious duty.

"The plan of life!" says an illustrious French writer—"here is the great fact! the greatest of all!

"Who can thoroughly understand all that it means, and all that it could put into existence, were it lived as it ought to be lived? Certain it is that life is a serious thing, that should be governed neither by caprice nor thrown away on chance.

"Life is long, and in its many succeeding ages and phases brings in its train many duties, and with the duties the highest responsibilities.

"Life is often rugged; it is not always young and joyous. Soon come trials, struggles, labors, and contrarieties of every kind. These are the real foundations of life. Amusement and pleasure are never more than the brilliant and deceitful surface.

"During the inexperience of youth life flies gaily on like a pleasant adventure, without care, without any foresight, without any plan. This we understand, deplore."

There are few books more interesting and important in this respect than the wise writings of the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr.

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Dupanloup. His book, "La Femme studieuse," might almost equally suit Frenchmen and Englishmen. He has a keen eye for the frivolities of society, for the indolence, stupidity, and mistakes of average life, and, above all, he has a decided specialty for the weaknesses of the unoccupied female mind. "La vie! elle n'est un jeu ni une fiction pour personne; et c'est vous surtout, femmes du monde, qui apprenez cela vite par vos mécomptes et vos douleurs! Mais croyez-en mon expérience: une vie bien gouvernée, un temps utilement employé, préviendrait bien des tristesses, ou aiderait à les supporter." He quotes Madame Swetchine's remark, "que la piété seule ne me suffit pas, s'il ne s'y joint le rayon lumineux d'intelligence." The bishop holds that the education of the seventeenth century, "*réfléchir, comparer, raisonner juste*," more truly attained the aim of education than can be found in modern education. He makes a noble plea for the intellectual culture of women. He forcibly insists, in the first place, that a woman should perform all her ordinary duties—and he might have added that some of these duties, such as cookery, have an intellectual character—but that when she has done her best for her husband, her children, and her family, when she has wisely attended to her household accounts and all the details of domestic management, she has then leisure hours which she should employ in study and literature. He echoes Fénelon's old-fashioned advice, which is not so inappropriate as might be thought—that in the first place they should learn to read and write correctly. He says that if Molière had lived longer he would have regretted having attacked *des précieuses, des femmes savantes*, when he contrasted them with the kind of women turned out by a later generation. It is very urgent on women to be careful what they read: "I ask all Christian women to disdain in their reading whatever is crude and mediocre, and to read nothing in their leisure hours but the best

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books. I ask them above every thing to repel far from them whatever is evil and pernicious. Conscience itself makes it an imperious duty not to touch any unhealthy book, by which they would lose their delicacy of spirit or purity of soul. Through their vivacity of animation and intelligence, strong reading will, with astonishing ease, develop virtues, or the converse lead to inevitable and lamentable weaknesses." The good bishop gives a list of books, which might, perhaps, be enlarged, which is well worthy of consultation. He goes carefully into detail, and thinks that ladies may claim some fresh morning hours before lunch peculiarly their own. "L'usage accorde généralement aux femmes le libre emploi de leurs matinées, c'est-à-dire des heures qui s'écoulent depuis leur lever jusqu'au déjeuner, lequel il convient, afin de se laisser plus de temps, de renvoyer assez tard, à onze heures au plus tôt, si cela dépend d'elles. Elles ne sont pas tenues de paraître au salon à ces premiers moments de la journée; elles doivent donc garder soigneusement cette liberté, et la consacrer au travail sérieux, réservant la simple lecture, le dessin, la musique, la correspondance, pour les heures de l'après-midi. Le matin donc, après les exercices pieux, qu'il ne faut jamais omettre, après un coup d'œil attentif donné au ménage, aux enfants, à la maison, à toutes ces choses qui sont facilement réglées, *si la veille elles ont été prévues et ordonnées:* ce qu'il faut, c'est de se ménager quelques heures, deux ou trois, s'il est possible, pour son travail à soi, ses études favorites, et une fois ces heures fixées, y tenir fortement. Sinon, sans cesser, se présentera un prétexte ou un autre pour les entamer et les sacrifier. Je l'ai dit pour les hommes, et je le redis ici: toute femme qui ne se ménagera pas le matin ces quelques heures sacrées, se laissera nécessairement envahir, distraire, éparpiller, et elle ne fera jamais rien."

Much the same thing may be said about the leading serious

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practical aims of life. At the outset there seems a very prodigality of life. We aim at so many things that the sum of them is infinitely beyond the scope of the threescore years and ten, even if such are granted to us. Most men of letters have had ideas, or have even sketched out plans of writing and study which would last them three times the length of a lifetime. All men of any education know that there are at least some half-dozen objects on which they might concentrate their powers, which would profitably exercise heart and mind or any special gifts. But it becomes necessary for them to make an election. If there is any solidity of character, they will desire to make some especial vocation their own. They will desire to intermeddle with all knowledge, but on that golden circlet of their sympathies and tastes there must be worn the fixed jewel of their especial gift and calling. They will carefully choose this lot in life. In a large degree it will be decided by the antecedents of connection and education, and also upon a large, deliberate survey of the field of human life and endeavor. And when the choice has been made, it will be persevered in until the signal of retreat or retirement is given, with a steadfast view to the development of one's own character and powers, the good of man, and the glory of God. This will quicken a man in his business, and make him do his work with all his might. It is true that it will add a more solemn tinge to life, but it will also give a brighter aspect to death. It opens a bright and ever broadening horizon, flushed with unutterable brightness, and radiant with glorious forms.

Taking a retrospect of life, we perceive that the whole difference lies between fruitful and unfruitful lives. Not those who have little to do, who may imagine themselves exempted by affluence from work, but those whose energies are fully taxed may have the brightest hopes of harvest. The finer-

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tempered natures feel the tacit appeal which ease of circumstances makes to their sense of generosity and duty; and in England, perhaps, none work harder than those who, from a secular point of view, have no need to work at all. It makes very little difference what part we play in life, but it makes all the difference how the part is played. In a drama, few ask who played the king or who the peasant; the inquiry is, who played the part, though lowliest, the best.

The great demand on each human life is for fruit. The whole earth, with its exquisite balance and proportion of laws, is constructed for the production of fruit. The great philosophy of our age, so crowned with magnificent results, is the philosophy of fruit. However valuable an element the beauty of a thing may be, yet fruitfulness and use are the great objects whose attainment is sought. The difference between one life and another in this respect is often absolutely immeasurable in degree. In the case of most people, few are those who consider themselves bound by the teaching of Christianity. Most men perform their modest percentage of charity with that comfortable feeling of prudence and security with which men may pay their five pounds a year to cover some five thousand pounds' worth of property. The analogy, however, fails in one most important particular. The chance is only very remote that a man's house will be destroyed; but it is an absolute certainty that the mortal house of this tabernacle will be taken down, and no system of insurance would provide against the risk. It is easy to understand that there are men who have deliberately ignored the existence of any supernatural element in life, but the phenomenon is odd enough among people who profess to adjust their management of life on a religious basis.

There is no doubt, then, that life may be made, if not exactly joyous, at least exceedingly comfortable, to those who do

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not expect much from it, and at the same time get all they can. There is an art of life—an *ars vivendi*—in avoiding the rough corners, in keeping clear of misery and sorrow, in eating and drinking luxuriously within the limits which do not injure health, in steeling the mind against emotion, which has been brought to its highest perfection amid the civilization of our nineteenth century. Yet it is easy to see, even on mere intellectual grounds, how in gaining these lower ends some higher ends are sacrificed. "Grief," says Schubert, "sharpens the understanding and strengthens the soul, whereas joy seldom troubles itself about the former, and makes the latter either effeminate or frivolous." A class that venerates mere comfort must be sordid and low-minded. It is no part of our philosophy to deprecate the comforts, conveniences, and pleasures of life. But a wise man will take them at their worth, will use them without using them to the full, and remember the uncertainty of the tenure by which they are held. He will enter into the meaning of one who spoke of knowing how to want and to be full, how to abound and to suffer need. There is a forcible Yorkshire saying about men who do not know how to "carry corn," that is, how to bear prosperity. I believe as much happiness and prosperity are given to Christian men as they are able to bear. It is withdrawn when they abuse it, and is not given where it might be abused. I am speaking of those who look upon life as in a sense ordered for them, and view existence in relation to a future existence. As for those whose horizon is limited entirely to this life, they are doubtless permitted to get the most of it, seeing that they voluntarily abdicate their best chances of the next.

Those who are wiser, and who are content to take the sharp lessons of the school of adversity, will find their happiness therein. Certainly adversity is not joyous, but grievous; but it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that

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are exercised thereby. There is something very significant in the use of this word *exercised.* It implies that the affliction should be continuous, and not momentary. Directly any care or sorrow happens to us, it is the passionate desire of the heart, it is the earnest prayer of the mind, that the affliction should be removed at once. Let but this sharp stroke be removed, let this keen suspense, this bitter remorse pass away. But this is not the divine plan. We have to be *exercised* thereby. There is a work to be done, and it has to be done thoroughly. The ground has to be broken up, and harrowed and furrowed, and this work, as all great work, has to be done gradually. The stake in the flesh is not removed; the destiny of life is not altered. Compensation may arise to restore the balance; strength is given to sustain the burden. But we are to be exercised by the trouble. It has to seek and search each nook and cranny of our characters. It is, to use a medical expression, to *precipitate*, to bring to the surface that mental or spiritual disease which may be poisoning our being. It is a wonderful thing how the long discipline of life gradually accomplishes its mission. The ground is prepared, and the rains and the sunshine visit it; the seed grows secretly. It is often difficult to see in what way any special discipline of life is related to the effect which the discipline is intended to produce. But somehow, as the time wears on, we see that great results have been achieved. We perceive that some crisis of spiritual life, which is the truest crisis of the life of all, has been safely tided over. Somehow the life is not allowed to drain away into the morass of worldliness, but is somehow lifted up into clearer light and to the serene heavens. To the soul that can rest on what is infinitely higher than itself, that can rise above the cares and sorrows of human life, and rest with faith and assurance upon the Fatherhood of God, life must be disarmed of its cares and terrors. They are not

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afraid of evil tidings. They look upon the fortuitous as something that, at least, can not harm them, as embracing nothing that is not ordained or permitted by the providence of God. As Jeremy Taylor says: "We are in the world like men playing at tables: the choice is not in our power, but to play it is; and when it is fallen, we must manage it as we can, and let nothing trouble us; but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly—these things God hath put into our powers; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they can not fall under our deliberation, and, therefore, neither are they fit for our passions." And as he again says: "Let us choose God, and let God choose for us." And so in our Collect, we pray, "that among all the changes and chances of this mortal life our hearts may there be fixed where alone true joys are to be found."

That our nature should instinctively desire a future life is in itself no mean proof that there is a future life in store for us. This is the argument for immortality drawn from the constitution of man. The present faculties which we possess, the emotions, intelligence, will, of the human soul, seem to argue that these faculties shall have a full scope hereafter. The love of truth now will be the love of truth evermore. Those who love and those who know will be ever as the angels that know and the angels that burn. We may believe that the mental and the moral habits of this life adumbrate in some kind of way the faculties of a future life. The habit of thoughtfulness, of exact observation, of the wise employment of time, of feeling and affection, will, under altered conditions, as we may well believe, continue with us hereafter. Possibly the wider and ampler a man's experience may be in this world, the richer and more varied the fruitage in another state of existence.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

That Life is a School of Faculties to be Trained.

So, after glancing at so many departments of human life, we come back to that thought that underlies so many of our sketches, as to what is the value and the meaning of life. We have seen that there is such a thing as a theory of human life to be established, and a certain philosophy in ordering it in all its details in accordance with the theory. There is something to be added supplemental to these considerations, the view that flows naturally from what we have said: That life is a school of faculties to be trained. It is such a thought as this which is full of comfort and meaning, which gives some kind of coherency to the multitudinous details of life, imparting simplicity to what is complex, and unity to what is manifold. If there were not some such thought as this, there would be an insufferable weariness and satiety in human life. I have heard of the case of a man who committed suicide, and left in a letter his reason for the act that he was perfectly tired of dressing and undressing day after day. There was a great surgeon who made his fortune and retired to a beautiful estate which he had purchased. As he looked upon his glorious trees, he murmured that one day he would assuredly hang himself from the branches of one of them. There was a great duke who had the most charming of villas on the shore of the Thames. As he looked on the living stream brimming the green turf, he could only say, "Oh! that wearisome river, will it never cease flowing?"

Without indorsing any of those views which one might call

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anthropomorphic respecting a future state, I might venture to put broadly the propositions that the things of this world are closely related to the things that shall be hereafter; that the other world finds us much as this world leaves us; that the stock of experience, knowledge, and ideas which we accumulate here has a direct connection with that knowledge upon knowledge, that glory upon glory, to which we look hereafter. Ordinarily a Christian man comprehends the sphere of duty and belief; he understands and discharges what he calls his religious duties. Perhaps he is able to take a wide and wise view of his duties, and to see that his religion ought to have an hourly influence upon the details of his life. But he might advance a stage beyond that, and see that there is a divine meaning, a divine training, even in the most secular and trivial of his daily engagements. Of course, much more is this apparent in those higher aspects of human life which of themselves assert their solemn meaning. In a vast number of instances a man leaves human life exactly at the time when he might consider himself best fitted to make the most of it. Often it is, when a man has accumulated his greatest experience, when passion and prejudice have passed away, when character is exalted and refined, when splendid possibilities appear within the grasp, that some casual incident, a mere stumbling footfall, or chance infection, or some mechanical derangement of our marvelous organization, superinduces death. We undertake to say, as death approaches more nearly, the soul seems more vehemently to assert its energies, and all spiritual faculties appear keener, fresher, and brighter. And so we can easily understand how one poet looks forward to a higher destiny beyond life for the loved, lost friend of his youth, and believes

> "Whate'er thy hands are set to do,
> Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."

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Very often amid the discipline and cares of life it becomes the impatient desire of the soul to be relieved from the struggle, and the mind's eye dwells on imaged scenes of quietude and repose. We grow impatient of our burden, and we long to be rid of it. But if we consider human life to be a discipline and a school of our faculties, we shall not dare to avoid the lessons or to abridge the time that is granted us for learning them. There is a drill of our faculties, painful, monotonous, and perpetual, which nevertheless is necessary in making us good soldiers and servants. It is only practice that makes perfect. Every one who has attended to the culture of the moral nature knows what repeated efforts are necessary to extirpate the evil instincts and tendencies of our nature, and to implant the habits which are for the health of mind and body. We are told of afflictions, that they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are *exercised* thereby. Now most of us, as we have before said, when we feel the slightest touch of affliction, immediately make it the most earnest desire that we may be relieved from it altogether. But this relief, we have seen, would exclude the notion of a man's being *exercised* by his trouble. Life is the development of man's intellectual nature. That is too limited a definition by far. That object might be defined as the balanced, harmonious development of all the various factors of man's nature. It would include the growth of natural feeling in the various relationships of life. It would imply some experience in the conflicts, sorrows, and repentances of the soul. It would indicate the exercise of a skilled and disciplined moral sense. That would indeed be a dwarfed and stunted nature that is developed on the intellectual side alone to the cost of the feeling and the conscience. There is greater equality probably than we imagine in human life. Those who are stationary or

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slow in mental growth may receive an ample compensation in the advancement of other faculties.

We believe, then, that the world is one great school in which the scholars of time learn lessons for eternity. Mr. Thackeray, in one of the happiest and most pathetic of his touches, makes Thomas Newcome in his last wanderings recall his Carthusian days, and answer, "Adsum," as he stood in the presence of The Master. Mr. Kingsley says that the great reward of having done work well is having more work to do; "this is the true and heroical rest which only is worthy of gentlemen and sons of God." The laureate, in his poem of "Wages," asks for Virtue, "Give her the glory of going on and not to die." This is simply the human imaginative way of putting the divine truth that those who have wrought well here shall be the possessors of many talents, and the rulers over many cities. It implies that work done here bears a relation to more glorious work hereafter, and that all the powers of the soul will find limitless scope in the æons of eternity.

Such an estimate surely lends an ennobling and attractive aspect to human life. It transfigures and glorifies the whole course of it. It lends "the consecration and the poet's dream" to the hard, dry facts of human life. The merchant, amid the multiplicity of his engagements and avocations, may think that he is forming and disciplining some special faculty which it has been given him to cultivate, and which may be developed hereafter. The humblest laborer who tills the soil may, in the same way, cultivate the garden of his own soul, and may believe that he is sowing seed that will yield fruit a hundredfold. Such a theory shows that, not in retirement and separation from the world, but in the energies and activities of life are the true means of man's highest culture to be found. It will not deprive life of its happiness or its innocent gayety, but

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will rather give the settled sunshine of a heart which is firmly based on that serene, deep love. Here, then, we have the expression of the belief that human gifts and faculties, here vouchsafed, are the embryo and blossom of what shall be fully developed hereafter. We may, perhaps, believe this of great men and even of men in the great occasions of their lives. But the same truth belongs to the most ordinary details of the most commonplace life. Take the common trials, struggles, efforts, checks, disappointments of human existence. At first sight they are so very small that they seem even contemptible, yet we own their power to disturb serenity and even to embitter life. They shape and train and develop the soul. Take such a text as this, "God is strong and patient, and God is provoked every day." Now we believe that it is the object of religion to renew in us the faded image of God, and to make us "perfect, as our Father in Heaven is perfect." According to our nature we have to learn to be strong and patient, and to bear provocations. And this training of life, in its care and worry and multitudinous details, is probably that very training which will make us strong and patient, and tolerant of evil and provocation. These are divine elements, which, doubtless, may be essential toward the happiness of future life, and may be seeds which shall germinate in immortal fruits.

Perhaps, however, there is a very large portion of humanity to whom such considerations hardly apply. It may be said generally, that while some men act from sense, others act from feeling. I can not but think, also, that the emotions are divinely given to men as guides of action. Those who have not the skill to weave a chain of argument may yet be able, by the sure instinct of cultivated feeling, to arrive at a correct conclusion. This is pre-eminently the case with woman, whose instinctive feeling flies straight to the point which reason only reaches by a circuitous process. It is true that feeling may

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often lead us astray, but perhaps not oftener than defective reasoning conducts us into equal blunders.

But there is a kind of social philosophy that applies to us all alike. This is the *vivre savoir* in its true sense, the *ars vivendi*, the art of life, the making the most of life. Men construct some kind of philosophy for themselves. They find the necessity of reposing upon some moral idea as the basis of their lives, and referring the details of life to governing principles. I think it was Göthe who said that a man ought, every day, to read a fine book, see a noble picture, and look at a beautiful person. I have no doubt but Göthe, when thus agreeably occupied, felt pleasure in referring the details of daily life to the principle of æsthetic culture. Few men care to live at random, and spend their days without a plan.

The first thing for all men is to arrange the principles of action, and to form the basis of life. When this is attained, I think there is a never-ending education going on for us, in the way in which we spend our time wisely and happily, act rightly in the manifold relationships of life, progress in the harmonious culture and balance of life, attain to that proportion of happiness which may be best for us, and share fully in the blessings and progress of the world in which we live.

According to any true scheme of social philosophy, it is first of all necessary, while traveling through this world, to have an assured, good hope of the future life. There is a touching proverbial expression about a warm nest on a rotten bough. It is frequently applied to men of life incomes, to the clergyman or officer whose benefice or annuity fails with him. The broken bough is suddenly precipitated upon the ground, the nest is despoiled, and the younglings scattered. But the image holds good for a much larger proportion of human life than might be expected. Any man who lives careless and at ease in his possessions might find that suddenly, perchance in

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a single night, for him those possessions are gone, and his soul is required of him. Now there is a way in which *making the most of both worlds* may be impossible for a man. This world, though so urgent and immediate, is by far the lesser object as compared with the next. It is often—surely, we should say, it is invariably necessary—that many sacrifices should be made in insuring some great object. Now so it is in the lives of Christian men. They are not forbidden to enjoy all that which God has given them richly to enjoy; but their object is to attain to a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. So they consciously forbid themselves, as they find that there is virtually forbidden to them much that they would desire to have. It may even please God to lay upon them great trials, troubles, and deprivations to insure this great object, just as the soldier must undergo great hardships before he can win the city, and the statesman do hard work before he can attain to the glory of power. Make up the mind clearly as to what is the greatest object of all to be secured, and in comparison be content to let every thing else in the world go as soon as this object is attained. No lot in this world will come amiss if only life's great end be achieved.

At the same time there is an immense amount of avoidable stupidity and unhappiness in this world. There is always abundant opportunity for the exercise of prudence and skill in the planning out of the arrangements of our daily life, and its business and occupations. Some people are absurdly ascetic, and miss much of the happiness and the enjoyment that might be theirs. This error is certainly not very widely extended, and men more generally fall into the opposite error. Still there is a frightful amount of self-inflicted misery in the world. The ages of superstition, of course, give the most flagrant examples of this, and although we may admit that nothing short of stern, high purpose could have rebuked the sur-

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rounding wickedness and worldliness in those times, which some people call "the Dark Ages," and others the "Ages of Faith," yet such austerities have been mainly based upon religious error. Our loving Father in Heaven wishes his children to be happy, to be happy throughout eternity, and to be happy through their earthly life, so far as such happiness may safely be vouchsafed to them. It is commonly said that, after all, happiness and unhappiness are very evenly distributed. This may be true; and yet, after all, it is also true that there are many persons whose serene blue sky seems hardly marred by a cloud. It may be possible for us all to attain peace and sunlight within our own breasts.

By every man there is work to be done. The rule is inflexible. Most people are obliged to work by the necessities of their position; and if there are any who seem absolved by this necessity, such persons are really placed in the van of progress; their work is, as it were, really left to their honor by the Great Task-master. It is the better for them if they truly work, it is infinitely the worse for them if they do not. For work alone insures health, or gives any true enjoyment. Without occupation the whole nature lags; it makes no progress, it attains no true value or dignity.

Nothing is more productive of happiness to a man than that he should be in harmony with his work, that he should have the faculty of work, and be able to feel that he can do it thoroughly and well. Of course it is part of the very idea of work that it should involve labor and weariness. A man needs fully to reconcile his mind to this, so that he may work on with patience and perseverance. There are various helpful considerations that might well occur to him. To most men their very livelihood and subsistence depend upon work; if they will not work, neither will they eat. But there is a higher than this compulsory ground. The worker feels that

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in his way he is carrying on the order of the world. Without work the world would have been a wilderness, or into a wilderness would speedily return. There is no work without its use. I believe that in the long run every scrap of labor tells. No labor is labor in vain. It is a thought full of incitement and encouragement that we too are of use in the world, that we are co-operant toward good. The consideration also arises, that while we thus work both for our own subsistence and for a moral end, our labor returns in blessings to ourselves. We are adding to our own culture, we are promoting our own development. Any man who works benefits himself, chiefly and foremost, beyond any one else. The earnest preacher who preaches to others preaches most of all to himself. The public writer who appears to teach others, has chiefly been bringing together facts and ideas for himself. Above all, there is the supreme satisfaction of knowing that in work we are fulfilling the will of God. He condescends to employ us as fellow-laborers with himself. He has made work a law to himself, and he has assigned it as a law to us. The highest title which he vouchsafes to any man is that of a good and faithful servant. Such thoughts will never make hard work other than hard work; but they will save us from lassitude; they will cause perseverance, cheerfulness, and hope. There is much social wisdom constantly required. There is the regulation of our time, the adjustment of the hours of rest and labor. Then so many questions occur of engagements, amusement, friendship, acquaintance, the rich and poor, reading, travel, society; the whole of which constitutes, in point of fact, a protracted kind of education. Then matters of daily life afford employment to the whole complex nature of man, and afford countless opportunities of exercising the judgment.

It is so easy to fall into error on the right hand and on the left hand; in point of fact we commit numberless errors, and

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it is only by incessant practice in the art of life that we make any approach toward wisdom. Of course a man must have fixity of purpose and resoluteness of character. But even these degenerate so easily into weaknesses. For instance, a man lays down rules of conduct, and he is wise in so doing. But instead of making his rules his servants, he is often an abject slave to his inflexible rules. All sorts of present harm happen in order that no precedent may be set for possible harm in the future. Then a man may work hard and yet work unwisely. A man will saunter and dawdle, looking at his work for a long time before he seriously takes it in hand, and at last finishing with a rush, in which he has hardly been able to do himself justice. There is the morning for the morning's work, and the work can not be huddled up in the uncertain twilight. I think that every body must feel how immense is the temptation to fritter away a morning, and how keenly the lost morning is regretted. The post brings the letters that are fraught with so many interests and cares; the people call who know that you are sure to be at home in the morning; the newspapers come in, lately so crowded with their appalling and enchaining narratives. It requires considerable adroitness and determination, when you have attended to the more pressing demands which these things present, to grapple with the hardest points in the best hours, and reserve lighter employment for lighter hours. On the other hand, a man may be so engrossed with his work that he may be unable to give any attention to the most important matters that may be suddenly brought before him. It is a grand item of the art of life to be able to seize opportunities. A man should have the insight to seize any occasion that may present itself.

There are countless points of life in which a Christian casuistry must be exercised. It is in the building up of Christian

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character and conduct that our main work will lie. The inflexible rule is, that one should adhere to Christian principle. Sometimes the prudential maxims of the world come into conflict with a higher Christian philosophy. For instance, those who hold the favorite theory that the world is an oyster, which they must open for themselves, generally select all their acquaintance with a rigid view to their utility to themselves. They will not know any one below themselves in the social scale. They will not cultivate any intimacy with a poor or uninfluential man of their own standing. It is nothing to them that they are told to mind not high things, but condescend to those of low estate. Similarly take the subject of promises. Nearly every man has at times made some kind of indiscreet promise. Some men, indeed, seem to make a practice of large promises, from the performance of which they exonerate themselves. The habit of such easy promising is one of the greatest meanness. The promiser has the gratification of at once discounting a large amount of gratitude; he has the pleasure of giving pleasure; he creates at the moment a very warm feeling of appreciation toward himself. But he incurs the responsibility of creating a legitimate expectation which he does not satisfy, and generally incurs the contempt and indignation of the person he has deluded. If a man has made an unwise promise on the spur of the moment, or in a fit of thoughtless generosity, he should redeem it to the full extent of his power. He knows that if he swears to his neighbor, he should perform it although it be to his own injury. It is perhaps not paying too high a price if he learns to be more guarded and moderate in his language, and to rise superior to the cheap gratification of a moment. Again, all insincerity of speech should be specially guarded against. Nothing is more easily detected, or brings a readier return of indifference and dislike than such insincerity. The words

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that are duly weighed will always be treasured and counted up. We fall back more and more on the simplicity of the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay."

It is so difficult in life to strike the golden mean, and in this golden mean the true wisdom of life so often consists. There is the incentive to labor, and there is the desire for rest, and we have to steer between the two; between giving too much or too little thought to our worldly interest; between shrinking altogether from amusement and becoming too addicted to it; between shunning and courting society; between neglecting books for observation and reflection, or neglecting observation and reflection for mere reading, and so on through many pairs of contrasts. All this shows us the extreme frailty and feebleness of man, his liability to commit blunders and to fall. But all this time a kind of education is going on for and in him. His powers of volition are in incessant exercise. Again and again he has to make his election between this course and that. By-and-by this power of choice is so constantly exercised that the mind acts instinctively, and the right course is taken, or at least those cautious steps which, if wrong, may be easily retraced. When once the habits of scrutiny into our actions, of self-examination of the details of our lives, of referring each transaction to the principle involved, are distinctly formed, then comes that other habit of decision, and decision according to a right judgment.

Innumerable are the little hints that might be given about the practical details which belong to the science of life; for instance, the use of stray minutes in the course of the day, especially in the bright morning hours, can be turned to the highest account. The Chancellor D'Aguesseau said, "Here are the books that I have composed during the daily five minutes that Madame D'Aguesseau has kept me waiting for dinner during twenty years." A similar statement has been

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made of the composition of one of the most important theological works of the age. Then, again, the character of the morning's work—and the morning is the essence of the day—depends on the character of the evening before. If you have sat up very late, or if you have had a bad night, you will hardly be up to the mark for the severe duties of the day. Mere duties of routine can be generally managed, even if it be with some drag upon the mind; but in intellectual pursuits a man can hardly venture to do this: he dare not injure the quality of his work. Under these circumstances, a man suits his work to the conditions of his mental and physical health. If he can not follow his first line, he falls back upon his second; and if he can not follow his second line, he falls back upon his third. If a man can not compose, he can make his notes and abstracts; and if he can not make notes and abstracts, he can go on with his reading. It is better to do it quietly and determinately; and a man who tries, even under unfavorable circumstances, adheres to the line of duty.

Sometimes a sudden light seems to break upon the soul. The whole landscape of life seems lighted up. We see clearly the paths which we should take, and the high duties for which we should brace ourselves. Then we impose upon ourselves the tasks that are necessary to fulfill our path and destiny in life. But this rare, fine light dies away. Indeed, the clouds soon gather where the sunshine had shone brightest. The season of depression succeeds the season of exaltation. Then is it that, like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," who

> "Through the heat of conflict keeps the law
> In calmness made, and saw what he foresaw."

With which we may compare Ben Jonson's lines:

> "A valiant man
> Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
> But worthily and by selected ways;

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He undertakes with reason, not by chance;
His valor is the salt to his other virtues:
They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting-maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet.
He can assure himself against all rumor,
Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury can not reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soil."

To some people there are times when almost a paralysis falls upon the powers of volition. The mind is unnerved for decision, and incompetent to strike out independent lines of action. In such a time of gloom we fall back upon the steadfast resolve of a happier time. We adhere to the lines we had marked out for ourselves in the happier moments when our intellectual and spiritual vision was unclouded. As Burke said, "Never despair; and, if you do, work in despair."

It is a "many-chambered" school, that in which God trains. None are excluded from it; all are welcome. It has room for all gifts, all circumstances, all conditions. It makes allowance for defects and shortcomings which are ruin in this world. Trained in this school many have reached a high place who have had no "tincture of letters." Most of us must have known some, especially in the humbler places of society, who had not any of this world's learning, had never heard even the names of the greatest poets and philosophers, yet who, without help from these, had been led by some secret way, up to the serenest, most beautiful heights of character. It is, indeed, a many-chambered school. These were led through some of its chambers to their end; we are being led through others. To those who, like ourselves, have large opportunities of culture placed within their reach, these are the instruments

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of the divine discipline. It is part of that discipline to put large opportunities in men's hands, and to leave it to themselves whether they will use or neglect them. There shall be no compulsion to make us turn them to account. Occasions of learning and self-improvement come, stay with us for a while, then pass, and the wheels of time shall not be reversed to bring them back once they are gone. If we neglect them, we shall be permanent losers for this life. We can not say how much we may be losers hereafter. But if we do what we can to use them while they are granted, we shall have learned one lesson of the heavenly discipline, and shall be better prepared for the others, whether of action or endurance, which are yet to come.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Patient Continuance in Well-doing.

ADHERING to the practical character of these pages, let us lastly inquire what principle may be defined as the mainstay of life, and which best sets forth the *raison d'être*, the object and aim of existence. In that inspired language which we have learned to recognize and reverence as the authoritative utterances of God, we are told of those who make it their lofty aim to seek for glory, honor, and immortality. Human life has its whole work and meaning as connected with such a prize as *that*. The heart and intellect of man can conceive of nothing higher. The method and means are defined to us as "patient continuance in well-doing." And perhaps it is not without a feeling of disappointment that we come to the examination and analysis of such a phrase. The aim is so splendid as contrasted with the plain, prosaic, homely character of the means. It is no sudden act of devotedness, no height of faith, no deed of heroism, no great intellectual power, that can achieve this object, but something that almost implies repetition and monotony, that taxes the energies, submission, and endurance of a lifetime, the "patient continuance in well-doing."

That homely virtue of patience is thus brought into its fullest relief. There seems to be two reasons why such prominence should be given to patience in the Christian scheme. The first is, that it is uniform in its requirements; the second, that it is impartial in its application. Life may be pop-

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ularly said to be decided by its turning-point; that turning-point is the result of an epoch, and its issue the symbol of a character. If any great event in a man's life is to be settled by his patience, that habit of patience must be successfully built up through time and experience. And often at a critical moment the patience is found to give way: the habit has not been securely built up, and breaks down at the application of a severe test. Then, slowly and sorrowfully, we have to begin all over again. We have to seek the point of departure, though with dimness and weakness. Patience is a test that with equable pressure applies to the whole period of life. It is the moral discipline which we can never abdicate for an hour. It is a divine accomplishment in which we may be always students. And while patience is a test designed to last till the end of life, it is also one that is found always to act with extreme impartiality. It is one that applies with perfect equality to all sorts and conditions of men. The refined and the educated and the thoughtful have advantages by this test over those who in character and inclination are the very opposite. It may even be said that patience is a heavier trial for the more refined and intellectual nature; but then, again, such natures are better able, through long discipline, to sustain the trial. The most exalted characters have an added mellowness and beauty in its exhibition. Indeed, this virtue illustrates the essential connection between truth and goodness, between the moral and intellectual life. Patience is the instrument by which all prolonged intellectual efforts are conducted, the inseparable co-efficient of intellectual power.

We believe that this "patience" is to be exercised in a special and particular direction in "well-doing." Dr. Arnold used to say "that no student would continue long in a healthy religious state unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or by frequent intercourse with the poor and

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suffering." Most people of a religious turn of mind will indorse the truth of this remark. Whenever they have tried to do good in this way, they have found that it rebounds to their own good. Clergymen may teach others, but they know that it is at the bedside of the sick that they learn the highest lessons for themselves. It is here that mercy is twice blessed; that a man's kindness returns into his own bosom. Nothing is a greater mistake on the part of intellectual people than to suppose that their main work in life is the cultivation of the intellect. As much might a man suppose that constitutional vigor lies in the brawny development of an athletic arm, or in the hypertrophy of an over-exerted and over-nourished heart. The true development of a man consists in the balanced, harmonious development of all his powers. His physical and mental powers must keep even pace, and there must be the diligent culture of the moral feelings. We sometimes meet with men who have a mind, indeed, but hardly body or soul. True manhood consists not in mere intellect, for then Satan would be altogether superior to us; nor yet in physical power, for then the very beasts of the field would surpass us; but in approximation to the nature of the Christ, who was Perfect God and also Perfect Man. In the especial directions indicated by Dr. Arnold, those true good works of well-doing, the visiting of the sick, and the mingling with little children, we find an ample field for the development of tenderness, sympathy, and charity. The sick-bed of others brings before us both memories and anticipations. It reminds us of those terms of weakness and insecurity which are the conditions on which we hold human life. It brings back to us the recollection of hours of waiting and watching and hoping and despairing It significantly points, in the hushed footfall and the darkened lights, to the silence and suffering and resignation which we must one day make our own. It is in these sad re-

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treats that we learn some of the kindest and costliest lessons of humanity. We do but render what we hope to receive; *hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* We learn a true sympathy with affliction. We learn patience and watchfulness. We learn to bear and forbear. We are often also permitted to see how mind and faith preserve a victorious supremacy over lassitude and disease, and how the veil between the human and the disembodied states becomes almost translucent. The purified spirit can almost live in heaven before it leaves earth. There is no one who can truly mingle with little children without unsealing new founts of tenderness and mystery. When God makes men fathers, by one more precious means he is carrying on the education of the world. He teaches us by the children as much as he teaches the children by us. Perhaps only the childless or those who have lost a child can quite appreciate the full meaning and beauty of such lessons. We discern how it is necessary that we should become as little children. We begin to understand how their love and faith and weakness and dependence and tenderness should symbolize our dependence on the Father of Spirits. It is through loving tendance on the sick and children that our sympathies and loving interests continue fresh and green, and are not withered in the fierce noontides of life. In that patience which we seek to show them is the foresight of their wants; in tender dealings with their weakness and ignorance and inexperience, in the constant guidance and instruction they require, are seen dimly shadowed forth the compassion and patience of God toward us, the children of larger growth.

We have spoken of "well-doing" as exhibited in these two forms of beneficence. But every form of beneficence is covered by the expression. The special characteristic of the Christian is that he is zealous for good works. The well-doing includes the doing well in every department of life, the

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looking forward to the anticipation of the final "well done." The only way by which we can possibly accomplish the highest arts of life, attain to its highest meaning, is by drawing our strength and inspirations from the highest source. Through any more secular system, through any "enlightened self-interest," we should infallibly break down. In all well-doing we have to consider that we get by losing, and lose by getting. We must rise altogether from the region of self. Newman speaks of "a remarkable law of ethics which is well known to all who have given their minds to the subject, *i.e.*, all virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in this world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue." Again: "Virtue is its own reward, and brings with it its truest and highest pleasures; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure sake are selfish, not religious, and will never gain the pleasure, because they never can have the virtue." The saying is of wider import in practical life than might perhaps be thought. In ordinary, average, respectable English life, many people strive to be virtuous and good, not for the sake of virtue and goodness, but on account of the pressure of public opinion brought to bear upon them. Men live in the full glare of a mutually destructive criticism. They accommodate their actions to a certain semblance and standard. They may gain influence, but may not attain to virtue; they may gain the respect of others, but hardly their own respect. The man who does well in deference to the current opinion of his class, the standard of conduct among his friends, must always be haunted by the unhappy suspicion of hypocrisy, and must be liable to fall back into the very contrary of his professions whenever the exterior pressure is withdrawn. Let the incubus be removed, and there is a rebound of the spring; the character reverts to its natural type. But to desire to do well because our life is linked with the divine life, and we seek to be the children of

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our Father in heaven, must be a well-spring of joy, and source of the purest delight. "From *Me* is thy fruit found!" "All my fresh springs shall be in Thee!"

The well-doing can only be accomplished by the divine, energizing power of Love. Love, the imperishable, the indestructible, ennobling, purifying, "the very bond of peace and of all virtue." This must be the principle in the heart, which is abhorrent to every form of evil and injustice, and ever seeks the highest good of all. Or rather, let us say, that the glorious Three—Faith, Hope, and Charity—must assist; but Love shall hereafter be all in all—one God, one Lord, one Life. "I venture to assert," says Schlegel, "that the human consciousness, which otherwise ends in itself, is entirely a prey to discord, and beset with irreconcilable contraries, is by Faith, Hope, and Love, relieved from this dissension, is raised from its innate law of an erring and dead thought, and of an absolute will which is no less dead, and will bring mankind gradually to a perfect state of union and harmony." We have spoken of Love as the great motive power; let us also speak of Faith and Hope.

By this faith I understand a simple, objective faith in God and his revealed truth, belief in the objective truth of religion. Our idea is that man's thought and consciousness, and any system, must be based on the external facts of revelation, which are preternaturally revealed to us. There must be a firm belief in the living Fatherhood of God. The soul that finds no rest in itself, must come to rest in God as its source and centre, to believe the Heavenly Father's declaration, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" that before ever the world was formed, God's infinite love contemplated his creatures, and loved them, and rejoiced in them. To it God will be no mere abstraction, but a living, loving, personal being. Our weak erring wills will be submitted to the Divine

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will, and in that submission the discords of life will be hushed. Our faith will rest in God our Saviour, on the finished work of Jesus, and the righteousness which he both imputes and imparts, on his sympathy with us as the Divine Friend and Brother, on his helping us and pleading for us as our Mediator and Intercessor. It will include a humble, firm reliance on the help of a Divine Spirit. We shall learn to look beyond this world for real enlightenment and comfort. Not from scenes of earth, but from the golden gates of heaven must come those salutary airs which shall purify, revive, and invigorate the soul. That blessed Spirit is the source of peace, the very focus and centre of the soul; by it our darkness is illuminated, and the soul is restored after the likeness of the moral image of the Creator.

True, living faith is the reception into the soul of God's eternal truth, bringing it into harmony with itself, and into unity with God. Even in this world Faith is the greatest force in life, leading us to rely on human testimony, and to trust in the recorded facts of experimental science, and in the divine plan this is made the great agency of human happiness and salvation.

The third great force of the soul is Hope, the "better hope," as it is pathetically described. We have spoken of the illusions and disappointments of life. It is sad to speak and to think of them. But we may believe that there is no hope of youth, however ardent, no illusion of life, however brilliant, that shall not receive an infinite accomplishment in the infinite future. We are told that "the parched ground shall become a pool;" according to the true meaning, "the mirage shall become the lake;" the illusions shall be accomplishments, appearances realities. The heart of man is so constituted that it is full of a divine despair and a noble longing. "In this noble hope is longing, that marvelous flower of the

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soul, expanded into its perfect and boldest point." Still is the eye unsatisfied with seeing and the ear with hearing, and we have those vague dreams of happiness which our human experience may sternly assure us can never be satisfied on earth. Evermore there is unrest and dissatisfaction, and a yearning, a longing, an aspiration for something that eludes our reach and lies beyond the region of our life.

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the day for the morrow;
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

Now to divine hope we look for the realization of whatever is true and good in the dreams of the soul. And we are sure that this hope will not fail us, for it rests upon an anchor sure and steadfast—even upon God; "round our incompleteness his completeness, round our restlessness his rest." In him lies our better hope, the hope of that blessed state where pain and disease and error and misconception, and the sense of sin and want will be removed; the "better hope" that even all these things, by some divine alchemy, shall be overruled for good—the blessed hope of eternal life.*

The time comes when, perhaps, we are tempted to grow weary and faint in our minds. The fresh morning yields to the hot, white light of the long dull afternoon of life. There seems a monotony about existence. We find that we are compassed about with petty cares, and the routine of com-

* Schlegel, in speaking of the relation of knowledge to belief, has these words on the relation of faith and love to knowledge: "The free spirit of knowledge can not look down on its own height and pay no regard either to faith or love. In the depths of sensuous observation, amid all the rich treasures of physical and historical science, it can not move as sovereign without being first invested with the luxurious garment of pure faith and love. Otherwise, it does only hasten from one error to another, to fall from the first abyss into a second and still deeper one."

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monplace duties. We do not see that our work is prosperous, or that we are making any real or wide impression where we would most desire to do so. Life seems hardly worth the having. It is dull, emotionless, stereotyped, uninteresting. Such are the complaints which one hears; and, indeed, it is not uncommon to hear men of elevated minds, and of happy external circumstances, declare that they would not continue life at their own option, and, indeed, if the power of choice had been given them, they would have elected never to have been born. It is here that the true science of life comes into play. It was never meant that the glorious existence conferred upon us should be barren of interest and devoid of sympathy. That this should be the case would augur something strangely amiss both in heart and mind. The play of thought and feeling ought to be fountain-like and fresh. There is always friend, child, or kinsman to own our love, and in the Christian heart love is wider than these, and can even take in the loneliness of the most estranged and degraded and most distant, and expand beyond the barriers of one's own land and age. By the skillful management of life we are able to take more and more out of it, we are able to alternate rest and activity, recreation and work. We are able to add new objects of intellectual interest; to win "fresh woods and pastures new;" to attain and retain the hearing ear and the seeing eye. We may believe also that the effort of moral and religious progress is truly germinant, that we may learn and act down to the last day of our lives, and whatever we learn and act here, in some sort of way will have a relation to the fruition of a future life.

Then there comes the supreme turning-point of all, the transition between life and death, or rather between life and life—this dim, shadowy, incomplete life, and that which has the fullness of joy and pleasure for evermore. In one sense, all life is but a preparation for this great turning-point, and it is

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obvious that the turning-point is determined by the whole antecedent life. The whole life, not only the religious part of life—if, indeed, any part of human life can be separated from a religious aspect—has gone toward the issues of that supreme event. We may so prepare for a crisis that when it comes it shall be determined in the foreseen direction. So to speak, we go into training for it. I remember a man who had just accomplished a matter very dear to his heart in the ascent of Monte Rosa. He had steadily prepared for it. When the day for the effort came, it was really no effort for him. The feat, now no uncommon one, was without difficulty and without danger. Which things are an allegory. Night after night we die and are born again. It has been truly said that he who lies down in his bed as in his grave, will one day lie down in his grave as in his bed. We may so prepare that the time shall not come unawares, but whenever it may happen it shall be at "a convenient season."

As Dean Milman said:

> "It little matters at what hour of the day
> The righteous falls asleep. Death can not come
> To him untimely who has learned to die.
> The less of this brief life the more of heaven;
> The shorter time the longer immortality."

That great change comes, and for such a one as that it shall be a happy one, yea, the happiest turning-point of all. The soul, refusing the lower aims of life, has thirsted for glory, honor, and immortality; and by that living faith in a Saviour which consists in following his law of love, the law of the patient continuance in well-doing, has been brought through the changes and chances of existence, and has gained that boon beyond all boons, eternal life.

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